UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 000 025 575 2

V. 15



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

John D. Lebold
this book

SOUTHERN BRANCH
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LIBRARY
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/playsofwilliamsh15shakiala

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FIFTEENTH.

Printed by S. Hamilton, Weybridge, Surry.

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FIFTEENTH.

CONTAINING

KING HENRY VIII.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Nichols and Son; F. C. and J. Rivington; J. Stockdale; W. Lowndes; G. Wilkie and J. Robinson; T. Egerton; J. Walker; Scatcherd and Letterman; W. Clarke and Sons; J. Barker; J. Cuthell; R. Lea; Lackington and Co.; J. Deighton; J. White and Co.; B. Crosby and Co.; W. Earle; J. Gray and Son; Longman and Co.; Cadell and Davies; J. Harding; R. H. Evans; J. Booker; S. Bagster; J. Mawman; Black and Co.; J. Black; J. Richardson; J. Booth; Newman and Co.; R. Pheney; R. Scholey; J. Murray; J. Asperne; J. Faulder; R. Baldwin; Cradock and Joy; Sharpe and Hailes; Johnson and Co.; Gale and Co.; G. Robinson; C. Brown; and Wilson and Son, York.

1813.

30348

A 1153
J63
V.15

KING HENRY VIII.*

* KING HENRY VIII.] We are unacquainted with any dramatick piece on the subject of Henry VIII. that preceded this of Shakspeare; and yet on the books of the Stationers' Company appears the following entry: "Nathaniel Butter] (who was one of our author's printers) Feb. 12, 1604. That he get good allowance for the enterlude of *King Henry VIII.* before he begin to print it; and with the wardens hand to yt, he is to have the same for his copy." Dr. Farmer, in a note on the epilogue to this play, observes, from Stowe, that Robert Greene had written somewhat on the same story. STEEVENS.

This historical drama comprizes a period of twelve years, commencing in the twelfth year of King Henry's reign, (1521,) and ending with the christening of Elizabeth in 1533. Shakspeare has deviated from history in placing the death of Queen Katharine before the birth of Elizabeth, for in fact Katharine did not die till 1536.

King Henry VIII. was written, I believe, in 1601. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. II.

Dr. Farmer, in a note on the epilogue, observes, from Stowe, that "Robert Greene had written something on this story;" but this, I apprehend, was not a play, but some historical account of Henry's reign, written not by Robert Greene, the dramatick poet, but by some other person. In the list of "authors out of whom Stowe's *Annals* were compiled," prefixed to the last edition printed in his life time, quarto, 1605, Robert Greene is enumerated with Robert de Brun, Robert Fabian, &c. and he is often quoted as an authority for facts in the margin of the history of that reign. MALONE.

PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree,
The play may pass; if they be still, and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat,[1] guarded with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show

[1] —— *or to see a* fellow
In a long motley coat,] Alluding to the *fools* and *buffoons*, introduced in the plays a little before our author's time: and of whom he has left us a small taste in his own. THEOBALD.

In Marston's 10th Satire there is an allusion to this kind of dress:

"The *long foole's coat*, the huge slop, the lugg'd boot,
"From mimick Piso all doe claime their roote."

Thus also Nashe, in his Epistle Dedicatory to *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596: "—*fooles*, ye know, Iwaies for the most part (especiallie if they bee naturall *fooles*) are suted in *long coats*." STEEVENS.

As fool and fight is,[2] beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
(To make that only true we now intend,[3])
Will leave us never an understanding friend.

[2] —— *such a show*
As fool and fight is,] This is not the only passage in which Shakspeare has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men with swords, gave a very unsatisfactory idea of an army, and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he allows that a theatrical fight would destroy all *opinion* of *truth*, and *leave* him *never an understanding friend. Magnis ingeniis et multa nihilominus habituris simplex convenit erroris confessio.* Yet I know not whether the coronation shown in this play may not be liable to all that can be objected against a battle.
JOHNSON.

[3] —— *the opinion that we bring,*
(*To make that only true we now intend,*)] These lines I do not understand, and suspect them of corruption. I believe we may better read thus:
—— *the opinion, that we bring*
Or *make; that only* truth *we now intend.* JOHNSON.

To *intend*, in our author, has sometimes the same meaning as to *pretend.* So, in *King Richard III:*
"The mayor is here at hand: *Intend* some fear——."
Again:
"Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
"*Intending* deep suspicion." STEEVENS.

If any alteration were necessary, I should be for only changing the order of the words, and reading:
That *only true to make* we now intend:
i. e. that now we intend *to exhibit only what is true.*
This passage, and others of this Prologue, in which great stress is laid upon *the truth* of the ensuing representation, would lead one to suspect, that this play of *Henry the VIIIth.* is the very play mentioned by Sir H. Wotton, [in his Letter of 2 July, 1613, *Reliq. Wotton*, p. 425,] under the description of "*a new play*, [acted by the king's players at the Bank's Side] called, *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the VIIIth." The *extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty*, with which, Sir Henry says, that play was set forth, and the particular incident of *certain cannons shot off at the*

Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,[4]

King's entry to a masque at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, (by which the theatre was set on fire and burnt to the ground,) are strictly applicable to the play before us. Mr. Chamberlaine, in *Winwood's Memorials*, Vol. III. p. 469, mentions "the burning of *the Globe*, or playhouse, on the *Bankside*, on St. Peter's-day [1613,] which (says he) fell out *by a peale of chambers*, that I know not on what occasion were to be used in the play." Ben Jonson, in his *Execration upon Vulcan*, says, they were *two poor chambers*. [See the stage-direction in this play, a little before the King's entrance: "*Drum and trumpet, chambers discharged.*"] The Continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*, relating the same accident, p. 1003, says expressly, that it happened at *the play of Henry the VIIIth.*

In a MS. Letter of Tho. Lorkin to Sir Tho. Puckering, dated *London, this last of June*, 1613, the same fact is thus related: "No longer since than *yesterday*, while Bourbage his companie were acting at the Globe the *play of Hen. VIII.* and there shooting of certayne *chambers* in way of triumph, the fire catch'd," &c. MS. Harl. 7002. TYRWHITT.

I have followed a regulation recommended by an anonymous correspondent, and only included the contested line in a parenthesis, which in some editions was placed before the word *beside*. *Opinion*, I believe, means here, as in one of the parts of *King Henry IV. character*. ["Thou hast redeem'd thy lost *opinion*." *King Henry IV.* Part I. Vol. XI. p. 422.] To realize and fulfil the expectations formed of our play, is now our object. This sentiment (to say nothing of the general style of this prologue) could never have fallen from the modest Shakspeare. I have no doubt that the whole prologue was written by Ben Jonson, at the revival of the play, in 1613. MALONE.

[4] *The first and* happiest *hearers of the town*,] Were it necessary to strengthen Dr. Johnson's and Dr. Farmer's supposition, (see notes on the epilogue,) that old Ben, not Shakspeare, was author of the prologue before us, we might observe, that *happy* appears, in the present instance, to have been used with one of its Roman significations, i. e. *propitious* or *favourable*: "Sis bonus O, *felixque* tuis!" *Virg.* Ecl. 5. a sense of the word which must have been unknown to Shakspeare, but was familiar to Jonson. STEEVENS.

Be sad, as we would make ye: Think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,[5]
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat,
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

[5] —— *Think*, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,] Why the rhyme should have been interrupted here, when it was so easily to be supplied, I cannot conceive. It can only be accounted for from the negligence of the press, or the transcribers; and therefore I have made no scruple to replace it thus:
—— *Think*, before ye. THEOBALD.

This is specious, but the laxity of the versification in this prologue, and in the following epilogue, makes it not necessary.
JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath would read:
—— *of our* history. STEEVENS.

The word *story* was not intended to make a double, but merely a single rhyme, though, it must be acknowledged, a very bad one, the last syllable, *ry*, corresponding in sound with *see*. I thought Theobald right, till I observed a couplet of the same kind in the epilogue:
" For this play at this time is only *in*
" The merciful construction of good *women*."
In order to preserve the rhyme, the accent must be laid on the last syllable of the words wom*en* and sto*ry*.
A rhyme of the same kind occurs in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, where Master Humphrey says:
" Till both of us arrive, at her request,
" Some ten miles off in the wild Waltham for*est*."
M. MASON.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry *the Eighth.*
Cardinal Wolsey. *Cardinal* Campeius.
Capucius, *Ambassador from the Emperor*, Charles V.
Cranmer, *Archbishop of* Canterbury.
Duke of Norfolk. *Duke of* Buckingham.
Duke of Suffolk. *Earl of* Surrey.
Lord Chamberlain. Lord Chancellor.
Gardiner, *Bishop of* Winchester.
Bishop of Lincoln. *Lord* Abergavenny. *Lord* Sands.
Sir Henry Guildford. *Sir* Thomas Lovell.
Sir Anthony Denny. *Sir* Nicholas Vaux.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
Cromwell, *Servant to* Wolsey.
Griffith, *Gentleman-Usher to Queen* Katharine.
Three other Gentlemen.
Doctor Butts, *Physician to the King.*
Garter, King at Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Brandon, *and a Sergeant at Arms.*
Door-keeper of the Council-Chamber. Porter, and his Man.
Page to Gardiner. *A Crier.*

Queen Katharine, *Wife to King* Henry, *afterwards divorced.*
Anne Bullen, *her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.*
An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
Patience, *Woman to Queen* Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE, chiefly in London *and* Westminster; *once, at* Kimbolton.

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, *at one Door; at the other, the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *and the Lord* ABERGAVENNY.[1]

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace:
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer[2]
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory,[3] those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

[1] *Lord Abergavenny.*] George Nevill, who married Mary, daughter of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham. READ.

[2] ——*a fresh admirer*—] An admirer untired; an admirer still feeling the impression as if it were hourly renewed. JOHNSON.

[3] *Those* suns *of glory,*] That is, those glorious suns. The editor of the third folio plausibly enough reads—Those sons of glory; and indeed as in old English books the two words are used indiscriminately, the luminary being often spelt *son*, it is

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:[4]
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;[5]
Which had they,
What four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single; but now married
To one above itself.[6] Each following day

sometimes difficult to determine which is meant; *sun*, or *son*. However, the subsequent part of the line, and the recurrence of the same expression afterwards, are in favour of the reading of the original copy. MALONE.

Pope has borrowed this phrase in his Imitation of Horace's Epistle to Augustus, v. 22:

"*Those suns of glory* please not till they set."

STEEVENS.

[4] ——*Guynes and Arde:*] Guynes then belonged to the English, and Arde to the French; they are towns in Picardy, and the valley of Ardren lay between them. *Arde* is *Ardres*, but both Hall and Holinshed write it as Shakspeare does. REED.

[5] ——*as they* grew together;] So, in *All's well that ends well:* "I *grow to you*, and our parting is as a tortured body." Again, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream:* "So we *grew together*." STEEVENS.

——as *they grew together;*] That is, *as* if they grew together. We have the same image in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

"——— a sweet *embrace;*
"Incorporate then they seem; face *grows* to face."

MALONE.

[6] *Till this time, pomp was single; but now married*
To one above itself.] The thought is odd and whimsical; and obscure enough to need an explanation. Till this time (says

Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's:[7] To-day, the French,
All clinquant,[8] all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India: every man, that stood,
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,

the speaker) pomp led a single life, as not finding a husband able to support her according to her dignity; but she has now got one in Henry VIII. who could support her, even above her condition, in finery. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has here discovered more beauty than the author intended, who only meant to say in a noisy periphrase, that *pomp was encreased on this occasion to more than twice as much as it had ever been before.* Pomp is no more married to the English than to the French King, for to neither is any preference given by the speaker. Pomp is only married to pomp, but the new pomp is greater than the old. JOHNSON.

Before this time all pompous shows were exhibited by one prince only. On this occasion the Kings of England and France vied with each other. To this circumstance Norfolk alludes. M. MASON.

[7] ——*Each following day*
Became the next day's master, &c.] *Dies diem docet.* Every day learned something from the preceding, till the concluding day collected all the splendor of all the former shows. JOHNSON.

[8] *All* clinquant,] All *glittering*, all *shining*. Clarendon uses this word in his description of the Spanish *Juego de Toros*. JOHNSON.

It is likewise used in *A Memorable Masque*, &c. performed before King James at Whitehall in 1613, at the marriage of the Palsgrave and Princess Elizabeth:

"—— his buskins *clinquant* as his other attire." STEEVENS.

As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise:[9] and, being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure.[1] When these suns
(For so they phrase them,) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.[2]

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing[3]
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;[4]

[9] —— *him in eye,*
Still him in praise:] So, Dryden:
"Two chiefs
"So match'd, as each seem'd worthiest when alone."
JOHNSON.

[1] *Durst wag his tongue in* censure.] *Censure* for determination, of which had the noblest appearance. WARBURTON.

See Vol. IV. p. 190, n. 4. MALONE.

[2] *That Bevis was believ'd.*] The old romantick legend of Bevis of Southampton. This Bevis, (or Beavois,) a Saxon, was for his prowess created by William the Conqueror Earl of Southampton: of whom Camden in his *Britannia*. THEOBALD.

[3] —— *the tract of every thing* &c.] The course of these triumphs and pleasures, however well related, must lose in the description part of that spirit and energy which were expressed in the real action. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *All was royal;* &c.] This speech was given in all the editions to Buckingham; but improperly; for he wanted information, having kept his chamber during the solemnity. I have therefore given it to Norfolk. WARBURTON.

The regulation had already been made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.[5]

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes,[6] that promises no element[7]
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is free'd
From his ambitious finger.[8] What had he
To do in these fierce vanities?[9] I wonder,

[5] —— *the office did*
Distinctly his full function.] The commission for regulating this festivity was well executed, and gave exactly to every particular person and action the proper place. Johnson.

[6] ——*certes,*] An obsolete adverb, signifying—certainly, in truth. So, in *The Tempest:*
" For, *certes*, these are people of the island."
It occurs again in *Othello*, Act I. sc. i.
It is remarkable, that, in the present instance, the adverb *certes* must be sounded as a monosyllable. It is well understood that old Ben had no skill in the pronunciation of the French language; and the scene before us appears to have had some touches from his pen. By genuine Shakspeare *certes* is constantly employed as a dissyllable. Steevens.

[7] ——*element*—] No initiation, no previous practices. *Elements* are the first principles of things, or rudiments of knowledge. The word is here applied, not without a *catachresis*, to a person. Johnson.

[8] —— *no man's pie is free'd*
From his ambitious finger.] To have a finger in the pie, is a proverbial phrase. See Ray, 244. Reed.

[9] ——fierce *vanities?*] *Fierce* is here, I think, used like

That such a keech[1] can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o'the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends:
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, (whose grace
Chalks successors their way,) nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web,[2] he gives us note,[3]
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.[4]

the French *fier* for *proud*, unless we suppose an allusion to the mimical ferocity of the combatants in the tilt. JOHNSON.

It is certainly used as the French word *fier*. So, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, the puritan says, the hobby horse "is a *fierce* and rank idol." STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"Thy *violent vanities* can never last."

In *Timon of Athens*, we have—

"O the *fierce* wretchedness that glory brings!"

MALONE.

[1] *That such a* keech—] A *keech* is a solid lump or mass. A cake of wax or tallow formed in a mould, is called yet in some places, a *keech*. JOHNSON.

There may, perhaps, be a singular propriety in this term of contempt. *Wolsey* was the son of a *butcher*, and in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* a butcher's wife is called—Goody *Keech*. STEEVENS.

[2] *Out of his self*-drawing *web*,] Thus it stands in the first edition. The latter editors, by injudicious correction, have printed:

Out of his self-drawn *web*. JOHNSON.

[3] ——he *gives us note*,] Old copy—*O* gives us &c. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[4] *A gift that heaven gives* for him, *which buys*
A place next to the king.] It is evident a word or two in the sentence is misplaced, and that we should read:

ABER. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him:[5] Whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

BUCK. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file[6]
Of all the gentry; for the most part such

A gift that heaven gives; which buys for him
A place next to the king. WARBURTON.

It is full as likely that Shakspeare wrote:
——*gives* to *him*,——
which will save any greater alteration. JOHNSON.

I am too dull to perceive the necessity of any change. What he is unable to give himself, heaven gives or deposits *for* him, and that gift, or deposit, *buys a place*, &c. STEEVENS.

I agree with Johnson that we should read:
A gift that heaven gives to *him:*
for Abergavenny says in reply,
" I cannot tell
" What heaven hath *given him:*"
which confirms the justness of this amendment. I should otherwise have thought Steevens's explanation right. M. MASON.

[5] ——*I can see his pride*
Peep through each part of him:] So, in *Troilus and Cressida:*
" ——her wanton spirits *look out*
" *At every joint and motive of her body.*" STEEVENS.

[6] ——*the file*——] That is, *the list*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure:* "The greater *file* of the subject held the duke for wise." Again, in *Macbeth:*
" ——I have a *file*
" Of all the gentry——." STEEVENS.

Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,[7]
Must fetch him in he papers.[8]

ABER. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

BUCK. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey.[9] What did this vanity,

[7] ——*council out*,] Council not then sitting. JOHNSON.

The expression rather means, "all mention of the board of council being *left out* of his letter." STEEVENS.

That is, left out, omitted, unnoticed, unconsulted with. RITSON.

It appears from Holinshed, that this expression is rightly explained by Mr. Pope in the next note: *without the concurrence of the council.* "The peers of the realme receiving letters to prepare themselves to attend the king in this journey, and no apparent necessarie cause expressed, why or wherefore, seemed to grudge that such a costly journey should be taken in hand—*without consent of the whole boarde of the Counsaille.*" MALONE.

[8] *Must fetch him in he* papers.] He *papers*, a verb; his own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the council, must fetch him in whom he papers down.—I don't understand it, unless this be the meaning. POPE.

Wolsey published a list of the several persons whom he had appointed to attend on the King at this interview. See Hall's *Chronicle*, Rymer's *Fœdera*, Tom. XIII. &c. STEEVENS.

[9] *Have broke their backs with laying manors on them*
For this great journey.] In the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date, but apparently printed in the reign of King Henry VIII. there seems to have been a similar stroke aimed at this expensive expedition:

"*Pryde.* I am unhappy, I se it well,
"For *the expence of myne apparell*

But minister communication of
A most poor issue?[1]

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd,[2] was

" *Towardys this vyage—*
" What in horses and other aray
" Hath compelled me for to lay
" *All my land to mortgage.*"

Chapman has introduced the same idea into his version of the second *Iliad:*

" Proud-girle-like, that doth ever beare *her dowre upon her backe.*" STEEVENS.

So, in *King John:*

" Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
" Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
" *Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,*
" To make a hazard of new fortunes here."

Again, in Camden's *Remains*, 1605: " There was a nobleman merrily conceited, and riotously given, that having lately sold a mannor of an hundred tenements, came ruffling into the court, saying, am not I a mighty man, that beare an hundred houses on my backe?" MALONE.

See also Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, edit. 1780, Vol. V. p. 26; Vol. XII. p. 395. REED.

So also Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy:* " 'Tis an ordinary thing to put a thousand oakes, or an hundred oxen, into a sute of apparell, to weare a whole *manor* on his back." Edit. 1634, p. 182. WHALLEY.

[1] *What did this vanity,*
But minister &c.] What effect had this pompous show, but the production of a wretched conclusion. JOHNSON.

[2] *Every man,*
After the hideous storm that follow'd, &c.] From Holinshed: " Monday the xviii. of June was such an *hideous storme* of wind and weather, that many coniectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortly after to follow between princes."—Dr. Warburton has quoted a similar passage from Hall, whom

A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

NOR. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

ABER. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd?[3]

NOR. Marry, is't.

ABER. A proper title of a peace;[4] and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

BUCK. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.[5]

NOR. 'Like it your grace,

he calls Shakspeare's author; but Holinshed, and not Hall, was his author: as is proved here by the words which I have printed in Italicks, which are not found so combined in Hall's *Chronicle*. This fact is indeed proved by various circumstances. MALONE.

[3] *The ambassador is* silenc'd?] *Silenc'd* for recalled. This being proper to be said of an *orator;* and an ambassador or publick minister being called an orator, he applies *silenc'd* to an ambassador. WARBURTON.

I understand it rather of the French ambassador residing in England, who, by being refused an audience, may be said to be *silenc'd*. JOHNSON.

[4] *A* proper *title of a peace;*] A fine name of a peace. Ironically. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth:*

"O *proper* stuff!
"This is the very painting of your fear." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *this business*
Our reverend cardinal carried.] *To carry a business* was at this time a current phrase for to conduct or manage it. So, in this Act:

"—— he'd *carry* it so,
"To make the scepter his." REED.

The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power: You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,[6]
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, (*the Purse borne before him,*) *certain of the Guard, and two* Secretaries *with Papers. The Cardinal in his Passage fixeth his Eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of Disdain.*

WOL. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
Where's his examination?

1 *SECR.* Here, so please you.

WOL. Is he in person ready?

1 *SECR.* Ay, please your grace.

WOL. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt* WOLSEY, *and Train.*

[6] —— *comes that rock,*] To make the *rock come*, is not very just. JOHNSON.

Buck. This butcher's cur[7] is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.[8]

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only,
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick:[9] He's gone to the king;
I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,

[7] —— *butcher's cur*—] Wolsey is said to have been the son of a butcher. Johnson.

Dr. Grey observes, that when the death of the Duke of Buckingham was reported to the Emperor Charles V. he said, "The first buck of England was worried to death by a *butcher's dog*." Skelton, whose satire is of the grossest kind, in *Why come you not to Court*, has the same reflection on the meanness of Cardinal Wolsey's birth:

"For drede of the *boucher's dog*,
"Wold wirry them like an hog." Steevens.

[8] —— *A beggar's book*
Out-worths a noble's blood.] That is, the literary qualifications of a bookish beggar are more prized than the high descent of hereditary greatness. This is a contemptuous exclamation very naturally put into the mouth of one of the ancient, unlettered, martial nobility. Johnson.

It ought to be remembered that the speaker is afterward pronounced by the King himself a *learned gentleman*. Ritson.

[9] *He* bores *me with some trick:*] He stabs or wounds me by some artifice or fiction. Johnson.

So, in *The Life and Death of Lord Cromwell*, 1602:
"One that hath gull'd you, that hath *bor'd* you, sir."
Steevens.

And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full-hot horse;[1] who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour[2] quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself:[3] We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,

[1] —— *Anger is like*
A full-hot horse;] So, Massinger, in *The Unnatural Combat:*

"Let passion work, and, like a hot-rein'd horse,
"'Twill quickly tire itself." STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"Till, like a *jade*, *self-will* himself doth *tire*."

MALONE.

[2] ——*from a mouth of honour*—] I will crush this base-born fellow, by the due influence of my rank, or say that all distinction of persons is at an end. JOHNSON.

[3] *Heat not a furnace* &c.] Might not Shakspeare allude to *Dan.* iii. 22.? "Therefore because the king's commandment was urgent, and the furnace exceeding hot, the flame of fire slew those men that took up *Shadrach*, *Meshac*, and *Abednego*."

STEEVENS.

Or but allay, the fire of passion.[4]

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription:—but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,[5]) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,[6]
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform it: his mind and place
Infecting one another,[7] yea, reciprocally,)
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master[8]

[4] *If with the sap of reason you would quench,*
Or but allay, the fire of passion.] So, in *Hamlet:*
" Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
" Sprinkle cool patience." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *sincere motions,*)] Honest indignation, warmth of integrity. Perhaps *name* not, should be *blame* not.
Whom from the flow of gall I blame *not.* JOHNSON.

[6] ——*for he is* equal *ravenous,*] *Equal* for *equally.* Shakspeare frequently uses adjectives adverbially. See *King John*, Vol. X. p. 523, n. 4. MALONE.

[7] —— *his mind and place*
Infecting one another,] This is very satirical. His mind he represents as highly corrupt; and yet he supposes the contagion of the *place* of first minister as adding an infection to it.
WARBURTON.

[8] —— suggests *the king our master*—] *Suggests*, for excites.
WARBURTON.
So, in *King Richard II:*
" *Suggest* his soon-believing adversaries." STEEVENS.

To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

NOR. 'Faith, and so it did.

BUCK. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o'the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, Thus let be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-cardinal[9]
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview, betwixt
England and France, might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily[1]
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted,
Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;—
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal

[9] ——*our* count-*cardinal*—] Wolsey is afterwards called *king* cardinal. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*court*-cardinal. MALONE.

[1] —— He *privily*—] *He*, which is not in the original copy, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,[2]
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
Something mistaken in't.[3]

Buck. No, not a syllable;
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

Enter Brandon; *a* Sergeant at Arms *before him, and two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.[4]

[2] —— *thus the cardinal*
Does buy and sell *his honour as he pleases,*] This was a proverbial expression. See *King Richard III.* Act V. sc. iii. Malone.

The same phrase occurs also in *King Henry VI.* Part I:
" —— from *bought and sold* lord Talbot."
Again, in *The Comedy of Errors:* " It would make a man as mad as a buck, to be so *bought and sold.*" Steevens.

[3] —— *he were*
Something mistaken *in't.*] That is, that he were something different from what he is *taken* or supposed by you to be. Malone.

[4] —— *practice.*] i. e. unfair stratagem. So, in *Othello,* Act V:
" Fallen in the *practice* of a cursed slave."
And in this play, Surrey, speaking of Wolsey, says:
" How came his *practices* to light?" Reed.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present:[5] 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that die is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company:—The king [*To* Abergavenny.
Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute;[6] and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court,[7]
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,[8]—

[5] *I am sorry*
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present:] I am sorry that I am obliged to be present and an eye-witness of your loss of liberty. Johnson.

[6] —— *lord Montacute;*] This was Henry Pole, grandson to George Duke of Clarence, and eldest brother to Cardinal Pole. He had married the Lord Abergavenny's daughter. He was restored to favour at this juncture, but was afterwards executed for another treason in this reign. Reed.

[7] —— *John de la Court,*] The name of this monk of the Chartreux was *John de la Car*, alias *de la Court*. See Holinshed, p. 863. Steevens.

[8] One *Gilbert Peck, his* chancellor,] The old copies have it—his *counsellor;* but I, from the authorities of Hall and Holinshed, changed it to *chancellor*. And our poet himself, in the beginning of the second Act, vouches for this correction:

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: No more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?[9]

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd already:[1]
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;[2]
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.[3]—My lord, farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

" At which, appear'd against him his surveyor,
" Sir Gilbert Peck, his *chancellor*." THEOBALD.

I believe [in the former instance] the author wrote—*And* Gilbert &c. MALONE.

[9] —— Nicholas *Hopkins?*] The old copy has—*Michael* Hopkins. Mr. Theobald made the emendation, conformably to the *Chronicle:* " Nicholas Hopkins, a monk of an house of the Chartreux order, beside Bristow, called Henton." In the MS. *Nich.* only was probably set down, and mistaken for *Mich.* MALONE.

[1] —— *my life is* spann'd *already:*] To *span* is to *gripe*, or *inclose in the hand;* to *span* is also to *measure* by the palm and fingers. The meaning, therefore, may either be, that *hold is taken of my life, my life is in the gripe of my enemies;* or, that *my time is measured, the length of my life is now determined.* JOHNSON.

Man's life, in scripture, is said to be but a *span* long. Probably, therefore, it means, when 'tis *spann'd* 'tis ended. REED.

[2] *I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;*] So, in the old play of *King Leir*, 1605:

" And think me but *the shadow of myself*." STEEVENS.

[3] *I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;*
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By *dark'ning my clear sun.*] These lines have passed all the editors. Does the reader understand them? By me they

SCENE II.

The Council-Chamber.

Cornets. Enter King HENRY, *Cardinal* WOLSEY, *the Lords of the Council, Sir* THOMAS LOVELL, *Officers, and Attendants. The King enters leaning on the Cardinal's Shoulder.*

K. HEN. My life itself, and the best heart of it,[4]
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level

are inexplicable, and must be left, I fear, to some happier sagacity. If the usage of our author's time could allow *figure* to be taken, as now, for *dignity* or *importance*, we might read:

Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out.

But I cannot please myself with any conjecture.

Another explanation may be given, somewhat harsh, but the best that occurs to me:

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,

whose port and dignity is assumed by the Cardinal, that overclouds and oppresses me, and who gains my place

By dark'ning my clear sun. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare has expressed the same idea more clearly in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *King John*:

" O, how this spring of love resembleth
" Th' uncertain glory of an *April* day,
" Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
" And, by and by, a cloud takes all away."

Antony, remarking on the various appearances assumed by the flying vapours, adds:

" —— now thy captain is
" Even such a body: here I am Antony,
" But cannot hold this visible shape, my knave."

Or, yet more appositely, in *King John*:

" —— being but the shadow of your son
" Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow."

Of a full-charg'd confederacy,[5] and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us

Such another thought occurs in *The famous History of Thomas Stukely*, 1605:

" He is the *substance* of my *shadowed* love."

There is likewise a passage similar to the conclusion of this, in *Rollo, or the Bloody Brother*, of Beaumont and Fletcher:

" —— is drawn so high, that, like an ominous comet,
" He *darkens all your light*."

We might, however, read—*pouts* on; i. e. looks gloomily upon. So, in *Coriolanus*, Act V. sc. i:

" ———— then
" We *pout upon* the morning, are unapt
" To give, or to forgive."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. sc. iii:

" Thou *pout'st upon* thy fortune and thy love."

Wolsey could only reach Buckingham through the medium of the King's power. The Duke therefore compares the Cardinal to a cloud, which intercepts the rays of the sun, and throws a gloom over the object beneath it. " I am (says he) but the shadow of poor Buckingham, on whose figure this impending cloud looks gloomy, having got between me and the sunshine of royal favour."

Our poet has introduced a somewhat similar idea in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

" —— the pleached bower,
" Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
" *Forbid the sun to enter;—like favourites*
" *Made proud by princes* ——."

To *pout* is at this time a phrase descriptive only of infantine sullenness, but might anciently have had a more consequential meaning.

I should wish, however, instead of

By *dark'ning my clear sun*,

to read—

Be-*dark'ning my clear sun.*

So, in *The Tempest:*

" —— I have *be*-dimm'd
" The noontide sun." STEEVENS.

The following passage in Greene's *Dorastus and Fawnia*, 1588, (a book which Shakspeare certainly had read,) adds support to Dr. Johnson's conjecture: " Fortune, envious of such happy successe,—turned her wheele, and *darkened their bright*

That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

sunne of prosperitie with the mistie *cloudes* of mishap and misery."

Mr. M. Mason has observed that Dr. Johnson did not do justice to his own emendation, referring the words *whose figure* to Buckingham, when, in fact, they relate to *shadow*. Sir W. Blackstone had already explained the passage in this manner.

MALONE.

By adopting Dr. Johnson's first conjecture, "puts *out*," for "puts *on*," a tolerable sense may be given to these obscure lines. "I am but the shadow of poor Buckingham: and even the figure or outline of this shadow begins now to fade away, being extinguished by this impending cloud, which darkens (or interposes between me and) my clear sun; that is, the favour of my sovereign." BLACKSTONE.

[4] —— *and the best* heart *of it*,] *Heart* is not here taken for the great organ of circulation and life, but, in a common, and popular sense, for the most valuable or precious part. Our author, in *Hamlet*, mentions the *heart of heart*. Exhausted and effete ground is said by the farmer to be *out of heart*. The hard and inner part of the oak is called *heart of oak*.

JOHNSON.

[5] —— *stood i' the* level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy,] To stand in the *level* of a gun is to stand in a *line with its mouth*, so as to be hit by the shot. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

"—— not a heart which in his *level* came
"Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim."

STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's 117th Sonnet:

"Bring me within the *level* of your frown,
"But shoot not at me," &c.

See also Vol. IX. p. 271, n. 4; and p. 294, n. 8. MALONE.

The King *takes his State. The Lords of the Council take their several Places. The* Cardinal *places himself under the* King's *Feet, on his right Side.*

A Noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. *Enter the* Queen, *ushered by the Dukes of* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK: *she kneels. The* King *riseth from his State, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

Q. KATH. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

K. HEN. Arise, and take place by us:—Half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. KATH. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. HEN. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. KATH. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions,[6] yet the king our master,

[6] —— *as* putter-on
Of these exactions,] The *instigator* of these exactions; the

(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing,[7] have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them.[8]

person who suggested to the King the taxes complained of, and *incited* him to exact them from his subjects. So, in *Macbeth:*

" —— The powers above
" *Put on* their instruments."

Again, in *Hamlet:*

" Of deaths *put on* by cunning and forc'd cause."

MALONE.

See Vol. X. p. 252, n. 4. STEEVENS.

[7] *The* many *to them 'longing,*] The *many* is the *meiny*, the train, the people. Dryden is, perhaps, the last that used this word:

" The kings before their *many* rode." JOHNSON.

I believe the *many* is only the *multitude*, the οἱ πολλοὶ. Thus, *Coriolanus*, speaking of the rabble, calls them—

" —— the mutable rank-scented *many*." STEEVENS.

[8] *And* Danger *serves among them.*] Could one easily believe that a writer, who had, but immediately before, sunk so low in his expression, should here rise again to a height so truly sublime? where, by the noblest stretch of fancy, *Danger* is personalized as serving in the rebel army, and shaking the established government. WARBURTON.

Chaucer, Gower, Skelton, and Spenser, have personified *Danger*. The first, in his *Romaunt of the Rose;* the second, in his fifth Book, *De Confessione Amantis;* the third, in his *Bouge of Court*—

K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file[9]
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things, that are known alike;[1] which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

"With that, anone out start *dangere*;"
and the fourth, in the 10th Canto of the 4th Book of his *Fairy Queen*, and again in the fifth Book and the ninth Canto.
Steevens.

[9] ——*front but in that file*—] I am but *primus inter pares*. I am but first in the row of counsellors. Johnson.

This was the very idea that Wolsey wished to disclaim. It was not his intention to acknowledge that he was the first in the row of counsellors, but that he was merely on a level with the rest, and stept in the same line with them. M. Mason.

[1] *You know no more than others:* &c.] That is, you know no more than other counsellors, but you are the person who frame those things which are afterwards proposed, and known equally by all. M. Mason.

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now,
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will.[2] I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.[3]

[2] ——*tractable obedience* &c.] i. e. those who are tractable and obedient, must give way to others who are angry. MUSGRAVE.

The meaning of this is, that the people were so much irritated by oppression, that their resentment got the better of their obedience. M. MASON.

The meaning, I think, is—Things are now in such a situation, that resentment and indignation predominate in every man's breast over duty and allegiance. MALONE.

[3] *There is no primer* business.] In the old edition—
There is no primer baseness.
The queen is here complaining of the suffering of the commons, which, she suspects, arose from the abuse of power in some great men. But she is very reserved in speaking her thoughts concerning the quality of it. We may be assured then, that she did not, in conclusion, call it the highest *baseness;* but rather made use of a word that could not offend the Cardinal, and yet would incline the King to give it a speedy hearing. I read therefore:
There is no primer business.
i. e. no matter of state that more earnestly presses a despatch. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton (for reasons which he has given in his note) would read:
——*no primer* business:

K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but
By learned approbation of the judges.
If I am traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person,[4] yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint[5]
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope[6] malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones,[7] is

but I think the meaning of the original word is sufficiently clear. No *primer baseness* is *no mischief more ripe* or *ready* for redress. So, in *Othello*:

"Were they as *prime* as goats, as hot as monkies—." STEEVENS.

[4] *If I am traduc'd by tongues, which neither know*
My faculties, nor person,] The old copy—*by* ignorant *tongues*. But surely this epithet must have been an interpolation, the *ignorance* of the supposed speakers being sufficiently indicated by their *knowing neither the faculties nor person* of the Cardinal. I have, therefore, with Sir T. Hanmer, restored the measure, by the present omission. STEEVENS.

[5] *We must not* stint—] To *stint* is to *stop*, to *retard*. Many instances of this sense of the word are given in a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. iii. STEEVENS.

[6] *To* cope—] To engage with, to encounter. The word is still used in some counties. JOHNSON.

So, in *As you like it*:

"I love to *cope* him in these sullen fits." STEEVENS.

[7] —— once *weak ones*,] The modern editors read—*or* weak.

Not ours, or not allow'd;[8] what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality,[9] is cried up
For our best act.[1] If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,[2]
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;[3]

ones; but *once* is not unfrequently used for *sometime*, or *at one time or other*, among our ancient writers.

So, in the 13th Idea of Drayton:

"This diamond shall *once* consume to dust."

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "I pray thee, *once* to-night give my sweet Nan this ring."

Again, in Leicester's *Commonwealth*: "—— if God should take from us her most excellent majesty (as *once* he will) and so leave us destitute—." Steevens.

[8] —— *or not* allow'd;] Not approved. See Vol. V. p. 95, n. 5. Malone.

[9] ——*what worst, as oft,*
Hitting a grosser quality,] The worst actions of great men are commended by the vulgar, as more accommodated to the grossness of their notions. Johnson.

[1] *For our best* act.] I suppose, for the sake of measure, we should read—act*ion*. Perhaps the three last letters of this word were accidentally omitted by the compositor. Steevens.

[2] *Things done well,*] Sir T. Hanmer, very judiciously in my opinion, completes the measure by reading:

Things that are *done well*. Steevens.

[3] *From every tree*, lop, *bark*, *and part o' the timber*;] *Lop* is a substantive, and signifies the *branches*. Warburton.

And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission: Pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you.
[*To the* Secretary.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That, through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes:[4] I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit* Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.[5]

Q. Kath. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd,[6] and a most rare speaker,

[4] *That, through our intercession*, &c.] So, in Holinshed, p. 892: "The cardinall, to deliver himself from the evill will of the commons, purchased by procuring and advancing of this demand, affirmed, and caused it to be bruted abrode that *through his intercession* the king had pardoned and released all things." Steevens.

[5] *Enter Surveyor.*] It appears from Holinshed that his name was *Charles Knyvet*. Ritson.

[6] *The gentleman is learn'd*, &c.] We understand from "The Prologue of the translatour," that the *Knyghte of the Swanne*, a French romance, was translated at the request of this unfortunate nobleman. *Copland*, the printer, adds, "——this present history compyled, named *Helyas the Knight*

To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.[7]
Yet see
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd,[8] the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so cómplete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell.[9] Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust,) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

of the Swanne, of whom linially is descended my said lord." The duke was executed on Friday the 17th of May, 1521. The book has no date. Steevens.

[7] *And* never *seek for aid* out of himself.] Beyond the treasures of his own mind. Johnson.

Read:

And ne'er *seek aid out of himself. Yet see,—*. Ritson.

[8] —— *noble benefits* ——
Not well dispos'd,] Great gifts of nature and education, not joined with good dispositions. Johnson.

[9] —— *is become as black*
As if besmear'd in hell.] So, in *Othello:*

" —— Her name, that was as fresh
" As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
" As mine own face." Steevens.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it[1] so
To make the scepter his: These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.[2]
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.[3]

[1] —— he'd *carry it*—] Old copy—*he'l*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[2] *This dangerous conception in this point.*] Note this particular part of this dangerous design. Johnson.

[3] By *a vain prophecy of Nicholas* Hopkins.] In former editions:

By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.

We heard before from Brandon, of one Nicholas Hopkins; and now his name is changed into Henton; so that Brandon and the surveyor seem to be in two stories. There is, however, but one and the same person meant, Hopkins, as I have restored it in the text, for perspicuity's sake; yet it will not be any difficulty to account for the other name, when we come to consider that he was a monk of the convent, called Henton, near Bristol. So both Hall and Holinshed acquaint us. And he might, according

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney,[4] did of me demand
What was the speech amongst the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; *that oft*, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal[5]

to the custom of these times, be called Nicholas of Henton, from the place; as Hopkins from his family. Theobald.

This mistake, as it was undoubtedly made by Shakspeare, is worth a note. It would be doing too great an honour to the players to suppose them capable of being the authors of it. Steevens.

Shakspeare was perhaps led into the mistake by inadvertently referring the words, "called Henton," in the passage already quoted from Holinshed, (p. 26, n. 9,) not to the monastery, but to the monk. Malone.

[4] *The duke being at the Rose*, &c.] This house was purchased about the year 1561, by Richard Hill, sometime master of the Merchant Tailors company, and is now the Merchant Tailors school, in Suffolk-lane. Whalley.

[5] —— *under the* confession's *seal*—] All the editions, down from the beginning, have—*commission's*. But what *commission's*

He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king, nor his heirs,
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love[6] *of the commonalty; the duke*
Shall govern England.

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on:—
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions

seal? That is a question, I dare say, none of our diligent editors asked themselves. The text must be restored, as I have corrected it; and honest Holinshed, [p. 863,] from whom our author took the substance of this passage, may be called in as a testimony.—"The *duke* in talk told the *monk*, that he had done very well to bind his chaplain, John de la Court, under the seal of *confession*, to keep secret such matter." Theobald.

[6] *To* gain *the love*—] The old copy reads—*To* the love. Steevens.

For the insertion of the word *gain* I am answerable. From the corresponding passage in Holinshed, it appears evidently to have been omitted through the carelessness of the compositor: "The said monke told to De la Court, neither the king nor his heirs should prosper, and that I should *endeavour to purchase the good wills of the commonalty* of England."

Since I wrote the above, I find this correction had been made by the editor of the fourth folio. Malone.

It had been adopted by Mr. Rowe, and all subsequent editors. Steevens.

The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dang'rous for him,[7]
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He answer'd, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage: adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. HEN. Ha! what, so rank?[8] Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man:——Canst thou say further?

SURV. I can, my liege.

K. HEN. Proceed.

SURV. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About sir William Blomer,—

K. HEN. I remember,
Of such a time:—Being my servant sworn,[9]
The duke retain'd him his.——But on; What hence?

SURV. *If*, quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*
As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon

[7] ——*for* him,] Old copy—for *this*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[8] ——*so* rank?] *Rank* weeds, are weeds grown up to great height and strength. *What*, says the King, *was he advanced to this pitch?* JOHNSON.

[9] ——*Being my servant sworn*, &c.] Sir William Blomer, (Holinshed calls him *Bulmer*,) was reprimanded by the King in the star-chamber, for that, being his sworn servant, he had left the King's service for the duke of Buckingham's.
Edwards's MSS. STEEVENS.

The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.[1]

K. Hen. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee; What say'st?

Surv. After—*the duke his father*,—with *the knife*,—

[1] *Have put his knife into him.*] The accuracy of Holinshed, if from him Shakspeare took his account of the accusations and punishment, together with the qualities of the Duke of Buckingham, is proved in the most authentick manner by a very curious report of his case in East. Term, 13 Henry VIII. in the year books published by authority, fol. 11 and 12, edit. 1597. After, in the most exact manner, setting forth the arrangement of the Lord High Steward, the Peers, the arraignment, and other forms and ceremonies, it says: "Et issint fuit arreine *Edward Duc de Buckingham*, le derrain jour de Terme le xij jour de *May*, le *Duc de Norfolk* donques estant Grand seneschal: la cause fuit, pur ceo que il avoit entend l' mort de nostre Sñr. le Roy. Car premierment un Moine del' *Abbey de Henton* in le countie de *Somerset* dit a lui que il sera Roy command' luy de obtenir le benevolence del' communalte, & sur ceo il doña certaines robbes a cest entent. A que il dit que le moine ne onques dit ainsi a lui, & que il ne dona ceux dones a cest intent. Donques auterfoits il dit, si le Roy morust sans issue male, il voul' estre Roy: & auxi que il disoit, si le Roy avoit lui commis al' prison, donques il voul' lui occire ove son dagger. Mes touts ceux matters il denia in effect, mes fuit trove coulp: Et pur ceo il avoit jugement comme traitre, et fuit decolle le *Vendredy* devant le *Feste del Pentecost* que fuit le xiij jour de *May* avant dit. Dieu à sa ame grant mercy—car il fuit tres noble prince & prudent, et mirror de tout courtesie." Vaillant.

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was,—Were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: By day and night,[2]
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

[2] ——*By day and night,*] This, I believe, was a phrase anciently signifying—*at all times, every way, completely.* In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Falstaff, at the end of his letter to Mrs. Ford, styles himself:

"Thine own true knight,
"*By day or nighte,*" &c.

Again, (I must repeat a quotation I have elsewhere employed,) in the third Book of Gower, *De Confessione Amantis:*

"The sonne cleped was Machayre,
"The daughter eke Canace hight,
"*By daie bothe and eke by night.*"

The King's words, however, by some criticks, have been considered as an adjuration. I do not pretend to have determined the exact force of them. Steevens.

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain,[3] *and Lord* SANDS.[4]

CHAM. Is it possible, the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?[5]

[3] ——*Lord* Chamberlain—] Shakspeare has placed this scene in 1521. Charles Earl of Worcester was then Lord Chamberlain; but when the King in fact went in masquerade to Cardinal Wolsey's house, Lord Sands, who is here introduced as going thither with the Chamberlain, himself possessed that office. MALONE.

Lord Chamberlain—] Charles Somerset, created Earl of Worcester 5 Henry VIII. He was Lord Chamberlain both to Henry VII. and Henry VIII. and continued in the office until his death, 1526. REED.

[4] *Lord* Sands.] Sir William Sands, of the Vine, near Basingstoke, in Hants, was created a peer 1521. He became Lord Chamberlain upon the death of the Earl of Worcester in 1526. REED.

[5] *Is it possible, the* spells *of France should juggle*
Men into such strange mysteries?] *Mysteries* were allegorical shows, which the *mummers* of those times exhibited in odd fantastick habits. *Mysteries* are used, by an easy figure, for those that exhibited *mysteries;* and the sense is only, that the travelled Englishmen were metamorphosed, by foreign fashions, into such an uncouth appearance, that they looked like *mummers* in a mystery. JOHNSON.

That *mysteries* is the genuine reading, [Dr. Warburton would read—*mockeries*] and that it is used in a different sense from the one here given, will appear in the following instance from Drayton's *Shepherd's Garland:*

"——even so it fareth now with thee,
"And with these *wisards* of thy *mysterie.*"

The context of which shows, that by *wisards* are meant *poets*, and by *mysterie* their *poetick skill*, which was before called

SANDS. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

CHAM. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o'the face;[6] but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold them, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

SANDS. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one would take it,
That never saw them[7] pace before, the spavin,
A springhalt reign'd among them.[8]

CHAM. Death! my lord,

" mister artes." Hence the *mysteries* in Shakspeare signify those *fantastick manners* and *fashions* of the French, which had operated as *spells* or *enchantments*. HENLEY.

[6] *A fit or two o'the face;*] A fit of the face seems to be what we now term a *grimace*, an artificial cast of the countenance. JOHNSON.

Fletcher has more plainly expressed the same thought in *The Elder Brother:*

" ——learnt new tongues——
" To *vary his face* as seamen do their compass."
STEEVENS.

[7] *That never* saw *them*—] Old copy—*see* 'em. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[8] *A* springhalt *reign'd among them.*] The *stringhalt*, or *springhalt*, (as the old copy reads,) is a disease incident to horses, which gives them a convulsive motion in their paces.

So, in *Mulcasses the Turk*, 1610: " —by reason of a general *spring-halt* and debility in their hams."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair:*

" Poor soul, she has had a *stringhalt*." STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors, without any necessity, I think, for *A* springhalt, read—*And* springhalt. MALONE.

Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,[9]
That, sure, they have worn out christendom. How now?
What news, sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad, 'tis there; now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions,) leave these remnants
Of fool, and feather,[1] that they got in France,

[9] ——*cut* too,] Old copy—cut *to't*. Corrected in the fourth folio. MALONE.

Both the first and second folio read—cut *too't*, so that for part of this correction we are not indebted to the fourth folio. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*leave these remnants.*
Of fool, and feather,] This does not allude to the *feathers* anciently worn in the hats and caps of our countrymen, (a circumstance to which no ridicule could justly belong,) but to an effeminate fashion recorded in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617: from whence it appears that even young gentlemen carried *fans of feathers* in their hands: "—we strive to be counted womanish, by keeping of beauty, by curling the hair, by *wearing plumes of feathers in our hands*, which in wars, our ancestors wore on their heads." Again, in his *Quip for an upstart Courtier*, 1620: "Then our young courtiers strove to exceed one another in

With all their honourable points of ignorance,
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fireworks;[2]
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches,[3] and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;

vertue, not in bravery; they rode not with *fannes* to ward their faces from the wind," &c. Again, in *Lingua*, &c. 1607, Phantastes, who is a male character, is equipped with a *fan*.
STEEVENS.

The text may receive illustration from a passage in Nashe's *Life of Iacke Wilton*, 1594: "At that time [viz. in the court of King Henry VIII.] I was no common squire, no undertroden torch-bearer, *I had my feather in my cap as big as a flag in the foretop*, my French doublet gelte in the belly, as though (lyke a pig readie to be spitted) all my guts had been pluckt out, a paire of side paned hose that hung down like two scales filled with Holland cheeses, my *long stock* that sate close to my dock,—my rapier pendant like a round sticke, &c. my blacke cloake of black cloth, ouerspreading my backe lyke a thornbacke or an elephantes eare;—and in consummation of my curiositie, my handes without gloves, *all a more French*," &c. RITSON.

In Rowley's *Match at Midnight*, Act I. sc. i. Sim says: "Yes, yes, she that dwells in Blackfryers, next to the sign of *The Fool laughing at a Feather*."

But Sir Thomas Lovell's is rather an allusion to the feathers which were formerly worn by fools in their caps. See a print on this subject from a painting of Jordaens, engraved by Voert; and again, in the ballad of *News and no News:*

"And feathers wagging in a fool's cap." DOUCE.

[2] ——*fireworks;*] We learn from a French writer quoted in Montfaucon's *Monumens de la Monarchie Françoise*, Vol. IV. that some very extraordinary fireworks were played off on the evening of the last day of the royal interview between Guynes and Ardres. Hence, our "travelled gallants," who were present at this exhibition, might have imbibed their fondness for the pyrotechnic art. STEEVENS.

[3] ——blister'd *breeches,*] Thus the old copy: i. e. breeches puff'd, swell'd out like *blisters*. The modern editors read—*bolster'd* breeches, which has the same meaning. STEEVENS.

Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away[4]
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

SANDS. 'Tis time to give them physick, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

CHAM. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

LOV. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords; the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

SANDS. The devil fiddle them! I am glad they're going;
(For, sure, there's no converting of them;) now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r-lady,
Held current musick too.

CHAM. Well said, lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

SANDS. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

CHAM. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?

LOV. To the cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too.

CHAM. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

[4] ——wear *away*—] Old copy—*wee* away. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal; in him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;[5]
Your lordship shall along:—Come, good sir Thomas,
We shall be late else: which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*

[5] —— *My barge stays;*] The speaker is now in the King's palace at *Bridewell*, from which he is proceeding by water to York-place, (Cardinal Wolsey's house,) now Whitehall.
MALONE.

SCENE IV.

The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.

Hautboys. A small Table under a State for the Cardinal, *a longer Table for the Guests. Enter at one Door* ANNE BULLEN, *and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as Guests; at another Door, enter Sir* HENRY GUILDFORD.

GUILD. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy,[6] has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome
Can make good people.[7]——O, my lord, you are tardy;

[6] ——*noble* bevy,] Milton has copied this word:
"A *bevy* of fair dames." JOHNSON.

Spenser had, before Shakspeare, employed this word in the same manner:

"And whither runs this *bevy* of *ladies* bright?"
Shepheard's Calender. April.

Again, in his *Fairy Queen:*

"And in the midst thereof, upon the flowre,
"A lovely *bevy* of faire ladies sate."

The word *bevy* was originally applied to larks. See the Glossary to the *Shepheard's Calender.* MALONE.

[7] *As* first-good *company*, &c.] As this passage has been all along pointed, [As first, good company,] Sir Harry Guildford is made to include all these under the *first* article; and then gives us the drop as to what should follow. The poet, I am persuaded, wrote:

As first-good *company*, *good wine*, *good welcome*, &c.

i. e. he would have you as merry as these three things can make

Enter Lord Chamberlain, *Lord* SANDS, *and Sir* THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

CHAM. You are young, sir Harry Guildford.

SANDS. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet[8] ere they rested,
I think, would better please them: By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

you, the best company in the land, of the best rank, good wine, &c. THEOBALD.

Sir T. Hanmer has mended it more elegantly, but with greater violence:

As first, good company, then *good wine*, &c. JOHNSON.

[8] —— *a* running banquet—] A *running banquet*, literally speaking, is a *hasty refreshment*, as set in opposition to a regular and *protracted meal*. The former is the object of this rakish peer; the latter, perhaps, he would have relinquished to those of more permanent desires. STEEVENS.

A *running banquet* seems to have meant a *hasty* banquet. "Queen Margaret and Prince Edward, (says Habingdon, in his *History of King Edward IV.*) though by the Earle recalled, found their fate and the winds so adverse, that they could not land in England, to taste this *running banquet* to which fortune had invited them." The *hasty banquet*, that was in Lord Sands's thoughts, is too obvious to require explanation.

It should seem from the following lines in the prologue to a comedy called *The Walks of Islington*, 1657, that some double meaning was couched under the phrase, *a running banquet*:

"The gate unto his walks, through which you may
"Behold a pretty prospect of the play;
"A play of walks, or you may please to rank it
"*With that which ladies love, a running banquet.*"

MALONE.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:

[*Seats himself between* Anne Bullen *and another Lady.*

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*

Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, *attended; and takes his state.*

WOL. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*

SANDS. Your grace is noble:—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

WOL. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

SANDS. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have them
Talk us to silence.

ANNE. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

SANDS. Yes, if I make my play.[9]
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—

ANNE. You cannot show me.

[9] —— *if I make my play.*] i. e. if I make my party. STEEVENS.

Rather—*if I may choose my game.* RITSON.

As the measure, in this place, requires an additional syllable, we may, commodiously enough, read, with Sir T. Hanmer:

Yes, *if I* may *make my play.* STEEVENS.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.
[*Drum and Trumpets within: Chambers discharged.*[1]

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of you.
[*Exit a* Servant.

Wol. What warlike voice?
And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they have left their barge,[2] and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,

[1] —— Chambers *discharged.*] A *chamber* is a gun which stands erect on its breech. Such are used only on occasions of rejoicing, and are so contrived as to carry great charges, and thereby to make a noise more than proportioned to their bulk. They are called *chambers* because they are mere *chambers* to lodge powder; a *chamber* being the technical term for that cavity in a piece of ordnance which contains the combustibles. Some of them are still fired in the Park, and at the places opposite to the parliament-house when the king goes thither. Camden enumerates them among other guns, as follows: "—cannons, demi-cannons, *chambers*, arquebuse, musquet."

Again, in *A new Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636:

"—— I still think o' the Tower ordinance,
"Or of the peal of *chambers*, that's still fir'd
"When my lord-mayor takes his barge." Steevens.

[2] —— *they have left their barge,*] See p. 49, n. 5. Malone.

Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them,
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them:—Some attend him.—
[*Exit* Chamberlain, *attended. All arise, and Tables removed.*
You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you;—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, *and twelve Others, as Maskers,*[3] *habited like Shepherds, with sixteen Torch-bearers; ushered by the Lord* Chamberlain. *They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd

[3] *Enter the King, and twelve Others, as Maskers,*] For an account of this masquerade, see Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 921. Steevens.

The account of this masquerade was first given by Cavendish, in his *Life of Wolsey*, which was written in the time of Queen Mary; from which Stowe and Holinshed copied it. Cavendish was himself present. Before the King, &c. began to dance, they requested leave (says Cavendish) to accompany the ladies at *mumchance*. Leave being granted, "then went the masquers, and first saluted all the dames, and then returned to the most worthiest, and then opened the great cup of gold filled with crownes, and other pieces to cast at.—Thus perusing all the gentlewomen, of some they wonne, and to some they lost. And having viewed all the ladies they returned to the Cardinal with great reverence, pouring downe all their gold, which was above two hundred crownes. At all, quoth the Cardinal, and casting the die, he wonne it: whereat was made great joy."
Life of Wolsey, p. 22, edit. 1641. Malone.

To tell your grace;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay them
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the Dance. The* King *chooses* Anne Bullen.

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,
Till now I never knew thee. [*Musick. Dance.*

Wol. My lord,——

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me:
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[Cham. *goes to the Company, and returns.*

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.[4]

Wol. Let me see then.—

[*Comes from his State.*

[4] —— *take it.*] That is, take the chief place. Johnson.

By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here I'll make
My royal choice.

K. HEN. You have found him, cardinal:[5]
[*Unmasking.*
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.[6]

WOL. I am glad,
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. HEN. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither: What fair lady's that?

CHAM. An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

K. HEN. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kiss you.[7]—A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

[5] *You have found him, cardinal:*] Holinshed says the Cardinal mistook, and pitched upon Sir Edward Neville; upon which the King laughed, and pulled off both his own mask and Sir Edward's. *Edwards's MSS.* STEEVENS.

[6] —— *unhappily.*] That is, *unluckily, mischievously.* JOHNSON.

So, in *A merye Jeste of a Man called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date: "—in such manner colde he cloke and hyde his *unhappinesse* and falsnesse." STEEVENS.

See Vol. VI. p. 55, n. 2. MALONE.

[7] *I were unmannerly, to take you out,*
And not to kiss you.] A kiss was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner. So, in *A Dialogue between Custom and Veritie, concerning the Use and Abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie*, bl. l. no date, "Imprinted at London, at the long shop adjoining unto saint Mildred's church in the Pultrie, by John Allde:"

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.[8]

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you:—Let's be merry;—
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the musick knock it.[9]

[*Exeunt, with Trumpets.*

"But some reply, what foole would daunce,
"If that when daunce is doon,
"He may not have at ladyes lips
"That which in daunce he woon?" STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 43, n. 5. MALONE.

This custom is still prevalent, among the country people, in many, perhaps all, parts of the kingdom. When the fiddler thinks his young couple have had musick enough, he makes his instrument squeak out two notes which all understand to say—*kiss her!* RITSON.

[8] —— *a little heated.*] The King, on being discovered and desired by Wolsey to take his place, said that he would "first go and shift him: and thereupon, went into the Cardinal's bed-chamber, where was a great fire prepared for him, and there he new appareled himselfe with rich and princely garments. And in the king's absence the dishes of the banquet were cleane taken away, and the tables covered with new and *perfumed* clothes.—Then the king took his seat under the cloath of estate, commanding every person to sit still as before; and then came in a new banquet before his majestie of *two hundred diverse sorts*, and so they passed the night in banqueting and dancing until morning." Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*. MALONE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter Two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

1 *Gent.* Whither away so fast?

2 *Gent.* O,—God save you![1]
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 *Gent.* I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 *Gent.* Were you there?

1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.

2 *Gent.* Pray, speak, what has happen'd?

1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.

2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty?

1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2 *Gent.* I am sorry for't.

1 *Gent.* So are a number more.

2 *Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?

[1] —— *Let the musick knock it.*] So, in *Antonio and Mellida*, Part I. 1602:

"*Fla.* Faith, the song will seem to come off hardly.
"*Catz.* Troth, not a whit, if you seem to come off quickly.
"*Fla.* Pert Catzo, *knock it then.*" Steevens.

[2] *O,—God save you!*] Surely, (with Sir Thomas Hanmer,) we should complete the measure by reading:

O, sir, God save you! Steevens.

1 *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To him brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face:[2]
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Court,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 *Gent.* That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies?

1 *Gent.* The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.[3]

2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar,—to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,[4]

[2] *To* him *brought, vivâ voce, to his face:*] This is a clear error of the press. We must read—*have* instead of—*him*. M. Mason.

[3] *Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.*] Either produced no effect, or produced only ineffectual pity. Malone.

[4] —— *he sweat extremely,*] This circumstance is taken from Holinshed: "After he was found guilty, the duke was brought to the bar, sore-chafing, and *sweat marvelously*." Steevens.

And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2 *GENT.* I do not think, he fears death.

1 *GENT.* Sure, he does not,
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 *GENT.* Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.

1 *GENT.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: First, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 *GENT.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 *GENT.* At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally; whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2 *GENT.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him, bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy;[5]—

1 *GENT.* Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

[5] *The mirror of all courtesy;*] See the concluding words of a. 1, p. 42. STEEVENS.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his Arraignment; Tipstaves before him; the Axe with the Edge towards him; Halberds on each Side: with him, Sir* THOMAS LOVELL, *Sir* NICHOLAS VAUX, *Sir* WILLIAM SANDS,[6] *and common People.*

2 *GENT.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

BUCK. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; Yet, heaven bear witness,
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those, that sought it, I could wish more christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,

[6] —— *Sir* William *Sands,*] The old copy reads—*Sir* Walter. STEEVENS.

The correction is justified by Holinshed's *Chronicle*, in which it is said, that Sir Nicholas Vaux, and Sir *William* Sands, received Buckingham at the Temple, and accompanied him to the Tower. Sir William Sands was, at this time, (May, 1521,) only a baronet, [rather, a *knight*; as *baronetage* was unknown till 1611,] not being created Lord Sands till April 27, 1527. Shakspeare probably did not know that he was the same person whom he has already introduced with that title. He fell into the error by placing the King's visit to Wolsey, (at which time Sir William was Lord Sands,) and Buckingham's condemnation, in the same year; whereas that visit was made some years afterwards. MALONE.

Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;[7]
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,[8]
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce[9] of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.[1]—Lead on, o'God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences

[7] *Nor build their* evils *on the graves of great men;*] *Evils*, in this place, are *forfeits*. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

" —— Having waste ground enough,
" Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
" And pitch our *evils* there?"

See Vol. VI. p. 260, n. 8. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *You few that lov'd me*, &c.] These lines are remarkably tender and pathetick. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *the long divorce*—] So, in Lord Sterline's *Darius*, 1603:

" Sooree was the *Iustice* last *divorcement* made
" Betwixt the bodie and the soule" &c. STEEVENS.

[1] *And lift my soul to heaven.*...] So Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book IV:

" —— their songs
" Divide the night, and *lift our thoughts to heaven*."

MALONE.

'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall make my grave.[2]—Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers

[2] —— *no black envy*
Shall make *my grave.*] Shakspeare, by this expression, meant no more than to make the Duke say, *No action expressive of* malice *shall conclude my life. Envy*, by our author, is used for malice and *hatred*, in other places, and, perhaps, in this.

Again, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Bevys of Hampton*, bl. l. no date:

" Traytoure, he sayd with great *envy*,
" Turne thee now, I thee defye."

Again:

" They drewe theyr swordes hastely,
" And smot together with great *envy*."

And Barrett, in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, thus interprets it.

To *make* a grave, however, may mean to *close* it. So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

" Why at this time the doors are *made* against you."

i. e. *closed, shut.* The sense will then be, (whether quaintly or poetically expressed, let the reader determine) *no malicious action* shall close my grave, i. e. *attend the conclusion of my existence*, or *terminate my life;* the last action of it *shall not be uncharitable.* STEEVENS.

Envy is frequently used in this sense by our author and his contemporaries. See Vol. VII. p. 341, n. 9; and p. 403, l. 30. I have therefore no doubt that Mr. Steevens's exposition is right. Dr. Warburton reads—*mark* my grave; and in support of the emendation it may be observed that the same error has happened in *King Henry V;* or at least that all the editors have supposed so, having there adopted a similar correction. See Vol. XII. p. 339, n. 1.

Dr. Warburton's emendation also derives some support from the following passage in *The Comedy of Errors:*

" A vulgar comment will be made of it;
" And that supposed by the common rout
" Against your yet ungalled estimation,
" That may with foul intrusion enter in,
" And *dwell upon your grave*, when you are dead."

MALONE.

Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,[3]
Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.[4]
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:[5]

[3] —— *forsake* me,] The latter word was added by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[4] *Nay, sir Nicholas,*
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.] The last verse would run more smoothly, by making the monosyllables change places:
Let it alone, my state will now but mock me.
WHALLEY.

[5] —— *poor Edward* Bohun:] The Duke of Buckingham's name was Stafford. Shakspeare was led into the mistake by Holinshed. STEEVENS.

This is not an expression thrown out at random, or by mistake, but one strongly marked with historical propriety. The name of the Duke of Buckingham, most generally known, was *Stafford*; but the *History of Remarkable Trials*, 8vo. 1715, p. 170, says: "it seems he affected that surname [of *Bohun*] before that of *Stafford*, he being descended from the *Bohuns*, earls of Hereford." His reason for this might be, because he was lord high

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;[6]
And with that blood will make them one day groan
for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,

constable of England by inheritance of tenure from the *Bohuns;* and as the poet has taken particular notice of his great office, does it not seem probable that he had fully considered of the Duke's foundation for assuming the name of *Bohun?* In truth, the Duke's name was BAGOT; for a gentleman of that very ancient family married the heiress of the barony of Stafford, and their son relinquishing his paternal surname, assumed that of his mother, which continued in his posterity. TOLLET.

Of all this probably Shakspeare knew nothing. MALONE.

[6] —— *I now seal it;* &c.] I now seal my truth, my loyalty, with blood, which blood shall one day make them groan. JOHNSON.

Be sure, you be not loose;[7] for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:
And when you would say something that is sad,[8]
Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me!

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and Train.*

1 *GENT.* O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads,
That were the authors.

2 *GENT.* If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *GENT.* Good angels keep it from us!
Where may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 *GENT.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith[9] to conceal it.

1 *GENT.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

[7] —— *be not* loose:] This expression occurs again in *Othello:*

"There are a kind of men so *loose* of soul,
"That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs."

STEEVENS.

[8] *And when you would say something that is sad,* &c.] So, in *King Richard II:*

"Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
"And send the hearers weeping to their beds."

STEEVENS.

[9] —— *strong faith*—] Is great fidelity. JOHNSON.

2 *GENT.* I am confident;
You shall, sir: Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

1 *GENT.* Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 *GENT.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certa in[1]
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

1 *GENT.* 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 *GENT.* I think, you have hit the mark: But is't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *GENT.* 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

[1] —— *and* held *for certain,*] To *hold,* is to believe. So, in Lord Surrey's translation of the fourth *Æneid:*

"I *hold* thee not, nor yet gainsay thy words."

STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, *reading a Letter.*

CHAM. *My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young, and handsome; and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason,—His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king: which stopped our mouths, sir.*

I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

NOR. Well met, my good[2]
Lord chamberlain.

CHAM. Good day to both your graces.

SUF. How is the king employ'd?

CHAM. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

NOR. What's the cause?

CHAM. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

[2] *Well met, my good—*] The epithet—*good*, was inserted by Sir Thomas Hanmer, for the sake of measure. STEEVENS.

SUF. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

NOR. 'Tis so;
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lists. The king will know him one day.

SUF. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself else.

NOR. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:
And, out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;[3]
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?

CHAM. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true,
These news are every where; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,[4]—

[3] *That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years* &c.] See Vol. IX. p. 242, n. 2. MALONE.

[4] —— *see* this *main end,*] Thus the old copy. All, &c.

The French king's sister[5]. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages:[6] all men's honours
Lie in one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.[7]

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.

perceive this main end of these counsels, *namely*, the French king's sister. The editor of the fourth folio and all the subsequent editors read—*his;* but *yt* or *this* were not likely to be confounded with *his*. Besides, the King, not Wolsey, is the person last mentioned; and it was the main end or object of Wolsey to bring about a marriage between Henry and the French king's sister. *End* has already been used for *cause*, and may be so here. See p. 61:

"The cardinal is the *end* of this." MALONE.

[5] *The French king's sister.*] i. e. the Duchess of Alençon. STEEVENS.

[6] *From princes into pages:*] This may allude to the retinue of the Cardinal, who had several of the nobility among his menial servants. JOHNSON.

[7] *Into what* pitch *he please.*] The mass must be fashioned into *pitch* or height, as well as into particular form. The meaning is, that the Cardinal can, as he pleases, make high or low. JOHNSON.

The allusion seems to be to the 21st verse of the 9th chapter of the Epistle of St. Paul to the *Romans:* "Hath not the potter power over the clay of the same lump, to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?" COLLINS.

I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:—
My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[*Exit Lord* Chamberlain.

Norfolk *opens a folding-door. The* King *is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*[8]

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

[8] The stage direction, in the old copy, is a singular one. *Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King draws the curtain, and sits reading pensively.* Steevens.

This stage direction was calculated for, and ascertains precisely the state of, the theatre in Shakspeare's time. When a person was to be discovered in a different apartment from that in which the original speakers in the scene are exhibited, the artless mode of our author's time was to place such person in the back part of the stage, behind the curtains, which were occasionally suspended across it. These the person who was to be discovered, (as Henry, in the present case,) drew back just at the proper time. Mr. Rowe, who seems to have looked no further than the modern stage, changed the direction thus: "*The scene opens, and discovers the King*," &c. but, besides the impropriety of introducing *scenes* when there were none, such an exhibition would not be proper here, for Norfolk has just said—"Let's in,"—and therefore should himself do some act, in order to visit the King. This, indeed, in the simple state of the old stage, was not attended to; the King very civilly discovering himself. See *An Account of our old Theatres*, Vol. III. Malone.

K. Hen. Who is there? ha?

Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. You are too bold;
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?—

Enter Wolsey *and* Campeius.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,
[*To* Campeius.
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.[9] [*To* Wolsey.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

[9] ——— *have great care*
I be not found a talker.] I take the meaning to be, *Let care be taken that my promise be performed, that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk.* Johnson.

So, in *King Richard III*:

"——we will not stand to prate,
"*Talkers* are no good doers." Steevens.

K. Hen. We are busy; go.
[*To* Norfolk *and* Suffolk.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?
Suf. Not to speak of;
I would not be so sick though,[1] for his place:
But this cannot continue.
Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one heave at him.[2]
Suf. I another.
Aside.

[*Exeunt* Norfolk *and* Suffolk.

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices;[3] Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

[1] —— so sick *though*,] That is, *so sick* as he is proud. Johnson.

[2] —— *one* heave *at him*.] So, in *King Henry VI.* Part II:
"To *heave* the traitor Somerset from hence."
The first folio gives the passage thus:
Ile venture one; haue *at him.*
The reading in the text is that of the second folio. Steevens.

[3] *Have their free voices;*] The construction is, have *sent* their free voices; the word *sent*, which occurs in the next line, being understood here. Malone.

K. Hen. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble: To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding,)—you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
In the unpartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith, for what you come:—Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit* Wolsey.

Re-enter Wolsey, *with* Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;
You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.
[*Aside.*

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.
[*They converse apart.*

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still;[4] which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's christian care enough: for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.
[*Exit* Gardiner.
The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her.
[*Exeunt.*

[4] *Kept him a foreign man still;*] Kept him out of the king's presence, employed in foreign embassies. Johnson.

SCENE III.

An Ante-chamber in the Queen's *Apartments.*

Enter Anne Bullen, *and an old* Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither;—Here's the pang that pinches:
His highness having liv'd so long with her: and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing;—O now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave is[5] a thousand-fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt![6] it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune,[7] do divorce

[5] *To leave* is—] The latter word was added by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

[6] *To give her the avaunt!*] To send her away contemptuously; to pronounce against her a sentence of ejection. Johnson.

[7] *Yet, if that* quarrel, *fortune,*] She calls Fortune a *quarrel* or arrow, from her striking so deep and suddenly. *Quarrel* was a large arrow so called. Thus Fairfax:

"—— twang'd the string, out flew the *quarrel* long."
Warburton.

Such is Dr. Warburton's interpretation. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

That quarreller *Fortune.*

It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.[8]

OLD L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again.[9]

I think the poet may be easily supposed to use *quarrel* for *quarreller*, as *murder* for the *murderer*, the act for the agent.
JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson may be right. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" —— but that your royalty
" Hold idleness your subject, I should take you
" For *Idleness* itself."
Like Martial's—" *Non vitiosus homo es, Zoile, sed Vitium.*"
We might, however, read:
Yet if that quarrel fortune to *divorce*
It from the bearer.——
i. e. if any quarrel *happen* or *chance* to divorce it from the bearer. To *fortune* is a verb used by Shakspeare in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*
" —— I'll tell you as we pass along,
" That you will wonder what hath *fortuned.*"
Again, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. I. c. ii:
" It *fortuned* (high heaven did so ordaine)" &c.
STEEVENS.

[8] ——————*panging*
As soul and body's severing.] So Bertram, in *All's well that ends well:* " I grow to you, and our *parting is a tortur'd body.*" STEEVENS.

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" The soul and body rive not more at parting,
" Than greatness going off." MALONE.

[9] —— *stranger now again.*] Again an alien; not only no longer queen, but no longer an Englishwoman. JOHNSON.

It rather means, she is alienated from the King's affection, is a stranger to his bed; for she still retained the rights of an Englishwoman, and was princess dowager of Wales. So, in the second scene of the third Act:
" —— Katharine no more
" Shall be call'd queen; but princess dowager,
" And widow to prince Arthur." TOLLET.

Dr. Johnson's interpretation appears to me to be the true one.
MALONE.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.[1]

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril[2] conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth,—You would not be a queen?

I agree with Mr. Tollet. So, in *King Lear:*

"Dower'd with our curse, and *stranger'd* with our oath,"—

i. e. the revocation of my love has reduced her to the condition of an unfriended *stranger*. Steevens.

[1] ——*our best* having.] That is, our best *possession*. So, in *Macbeth:*

"Of noble *having* and of royal hope."

In Spanish, *hazienda*. Johnson.

[2] ——*cheveril*—] is kid-skin, soft leather. Johnson.

So, in *Histriomastix*, 1610:

"The *cheveril* conscience of corrupted law."

Steevens.

ANNE. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

OLD L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bowed would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

ANNE. No, in truth.

OLD L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a little;[3]
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

ANNE. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

OLD L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire,[4] although there 'long'd

[3] —— *Pluck off a little;* &c.] What must she pluck off? I think we may better read:

—— *Pluck up a little.*

Pluck up! is an idiomatical expression for *take courage.* JOHNSON.

The old lady first questions Anne Bullen about being a *queen*, which she declares her aversion to; she then proposes the title of a *duchess*, and asks her if she thinks herself equal to the task of sustaining it; but as she still declines the offer of greatness,

—— *Pluck off a little,*

says she; i. e. let us still further divest preferment of its glare, let us descend yet lower, and more upon a level with your own quality; and then adds:

I would not be a young count in your way,

which is an inferior degree of honour to any before enumerated. STEEVENS.

[4] *In faith, for* little England
You'd venture an emballing: *I myself*
Would for Carnarvonshire,] *Little England* seems very

No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

properly opposed to *all the world;* but what has *Carnarvonshire* to do here? Does it refer to the birth of Edward II. at Carnarvon? or may not this be the allusion? By *little England* is meant, perhaps, that territory in Pembrokeshire, where the Flemings settled in Henry Ist's time, who speaking a language very different from the Welsh, and bearing some affinity to the English, this fertile spot was called by the Britons, as we are told by Camden, *Little England beyond Wales;* and, as it is a very fruitful country, may be justly opposed to the mountainous and barren county of *Carnarvon.* WHALLEY.

So, in *A short Relation of a long Journey* &c. by John Taylor the Water Poet: "Concerning *Pembrookshire*, the people do speak English in it almost generally, and therefore they call it *Little England* beyond Wales, it being the farthest south and west county in the whole principality." STEEVENS.

You'd venture an emballing:] You would venture to be distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation cannot be right, because a *queen-consort*, such as *Anne Bullen* was, is not distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty, nor has the poet expressed that she was so distinguished. TOLLET.

Mr. Tollet's objection to Johnson's explanation is an hypercriticism. Shakspeare did not probably consider so curiously his distinction between a queen consort and a queen regent.
M. MASON.

Might we read—

You'd venture an empalling;

i. e. being invested with the *pall* or robes of state? The word occurs in the old tragedy of *King Edward III.* 1596:

"As with this armour I *impall* thy breast—."

And, in *Macbeth*, the verb to *pall* is used in the sense of *enrobe:*

"And *pall* thee in the dunnest smoke of hell."
MALONE.

The word recommended by Mr. Malone occurs also in Chapman's version of the eighth Book of Homer's *Odyssey:*

"——such a radiance as doth round *empall*
"Crown'd Cytherea,—" STEEVENS.

Might we not read—*an embalming?* A queen consort is

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

CHAM. Good morrow, ladies. What wer't worth to know
The secret of your conference?

ANNE. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

CHAM. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope,
All will be well.

ANNE. Now I pray God, amen!

CHAM. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you,[5] and

anointed at her coronation; and in *King Richard II.* the word is used in that sense:

"With my own tears I wash away my *balm*."

Dr. Johnson properly explains it, the *oil of consecration*.

WHALLEY.

The Old Lady's jocularity, I am afraid, carries her beyond the bounds of decorum; but her quibbling allusion is more easily comprehended than explained. RITSON.

[5] *Commends his good opinion* to *you*,] Thus the old copy, and subsequent editors. Mr. Malone reads:

Commends his good opinion of *you*. STEEVENS.

The words—*to you*, in the next line, must in construction be understood here. The old copy, indeed, reads:

Commends his good opinion of you to you, *and*——

but the metre shows that cannot be right. The words—*to you* were probably accidentally omitted by the compositor in the second line, and being marked by the corrector as *out*, (to speak technically,) were inserted in the wrong place. The old error

Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

ANNE. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing:[6] nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd,[7] nor my wishes

being again marked, the words that were wanting were properly inserted in the second line where they now stand, and the *new* error in the first was overlooked. In the printing-house this frequently happens. MALONE.

It is as probable that, in the present instance, a correction, and the erasure that was designed to make room for it, have both been printed.

The phrase I found in the text I have not disturbed, as it is supported by a passage in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" *Commend* unto his lips thy favouring hand."

Again, in *King Lear:*

" I did *commend* your highness' letters *to* them."

STEEVENS.

[6] *More than my* all *is nothing:*] Not only my *all is nothing*, but if my all were more than it is, it were still nothing.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth:*

" More is thy due than more than all can pay."

STEEVENS.

[7] ——— nor *my prayers*
Are not *words duly hallow'd*, &c.] It appears to me absolutely necessary, in order to make sense of this passage, to read:

——— for *my prayers*
Are not words duly hallow'd, &c.

instead of " *nor* my prayers."

Anne's argument is this: " More than my all is nothing, *for* my prayers and wishes are of no value, and yet prayers and wishes are all I have to return." M. MASON.

The double negative, it has been already observed, was commonly used in our author's time.

For my prayers, a reading introduced by Mr. Pope, even if such arbitrary changes were allowable, ought not to be admitted

More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers, and wishes,
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

CHAM. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,[8]
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well;[9]
[*Aside.*
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle?[1]—I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

here, this being a distinct proposition, not an illation from what has gone before. I know not, (says Anne,) what *external* acts of duty and obeisance I ought to return for such unmerited favour. All I can do of that kind, and even more, if more were possible, would be insufficient: *nor* are any prayers that I can offer up for my benefactor sufficiently sanctified, nor any wishes that I can breathe for his happiness, of more value than the most worthless and empty vanities. MALONE.

[8] *I shall not fail* &c.] I shall not omit to strengthen, by my commendation, the opinion which the King has formed. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*I have perus'd her well;*] From the many artful strokes of address the poet has thrown in upon Queen Elizabeth and her mother, it should seem that this play was written and performed in his royal mistress's time: if so, some lines were added by him in the last scene, after the accession of her successor, King James. THEOBALD.

[1] ————*a* gem,
To lighten all this isle?] Perhaps alluding to the *carbuncle*, a gem supposed to have intrinsick light, and to shine in the dark: any other gem may reflect light, but cannot give it. JOHNSON.

Anne. My honour'd lord.
[*Exit Lord* Chamberlain.

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate!)
A very fresh-fish here, (fye, fye upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.[2]

So, in *Titus Andronicus*:
"A precious ring, that *lightens* all the hole."
Steevens.

Thus, in a palace described in *Amadis de Gaule*, Trans. 1619, fol. B. IV. p. 5: "In the roofe of a chamber hung two lampes of gold, at the bottomes whereof were enchased two carbuncles, which gave so bright a splendour round about the roome, that there was no neede of any other light." With a reference to this notion, I imagine, Milton, speaking of the orb of the *sun*, says:
"If stone, *carbuncle most* or chrysolite."
Paradise Lost, B. III. v. 596.
And that we have in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"——were it *carbuncled*
"Like holy *Phœbus' car*." Holt White.

[2] ——*is it bitter?* forty pence, *no.*] Mr. Roderick, in his appendix to Mr. Edwards's book, proposes to read:
——for *two-pence*,——
The old reading may, however, stand. *Forty pence* was, in those days, the proverbial expression of a small wager, or a small sum. Money was then reckoned by *pounds*, *marks*, and *nobles*. *Forty pence* is half a noble, or the sixth part of a pound. Forty pence, or three and four pence, still remains, in many offices, the legal and established fee.
So, in *King Richard II.* Act V. sc. v:
"The cheapest of us is *ten groats* too dear."

There was a lady once, ('tis an old story,)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt:[3]—Have you heard it?

ANNE. Come, you are pleasant.

OLD L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a duchess;—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

ANNE. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.

OLD L. What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*

Again, in *All's well that ends well*, Act II. the Clown says: "As fit as *ten groats* for the hand of an attorney."

Again, in Green's *Groundwork of Conycatching:* "—wagers laying, &c. *forty pence* gaged against a match of wrestling."

Again, in *The longer thou livest, the more Fool thou art*, 1570: "I dare *wage* with any man *forty pence.*"

Again, in *The Storye of King Darius*, 1565, an interlude:

"Nay, that I will not for *fourty pence.*" STEEVENS.

[3] *For all the* mud *in Egypt:*] The fertility of Egypt is derived from the *mud* and slime of the Nile. STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

A Hall in Black-fryars.

Trumpets, Sennet,[4] *and Cornets. Enter Two* Vergers, *with short Silver Wands; next them,*

[4] ——*Sennet,*] Dr. Burney (whose *General History of Musick* has been so highly and deservedly applauded) undertook to trace the etymology, and discover the certain meaning of this term, but without success. The following conjecture of his should not, however, be withheld from the publick:

"*Senné* or *sennie*, de l'Allemand *sen*, qui signifie assemblee. Dict. de vieux *Language:*

"*Senne*, assemblee *a son de cloche.*" *Menage.*

Perhaps, therefore, (says he,) *sennet* may mean a flourish for the purpose of assembling chiefs, or apprizing the people of their approach. I have likewise been informed, (as is elsewhere noted,) that *seneste* is the name of an antiquated French tune." See *Julius Cæsar*, Act I. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

In the second part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*—

"Cornets sound a *cynet.*" FARMER.

A *senet* appears to have signified a short flourish on cornets. In *King Henry VI.* P. III. after the King and the Duke of York have entered into a compact in the parliament-house, we find this marginal direction: "Senet. *Here they* [the lords] *come down* [from their seats]." In that place a flourish must have been meant. The direction which has occasioned this note should be, I believe, sennet *on* cornets.

In Marlowe's *King Edward II.* we find "Cornets sound a *signate.*"

Senet or *signate* was undoubtedly nothing more than a flourish or sounding. The Italian *Sonata* formerly signified nothing more. See Florio's *Italian Dict.* 1611, in v.

That *senet* was merely the corrupt pronunciation of *signate*, is ascertained by the following entry in the folio MS. of Mr. Henslowe, who appears to have spelt entirely by the ear:

"Laid out at sundry times, of my own ready money, abowt the gainynge of ower comysion, as followeth, 1597.

"Laid out for goinge to the corte to the Master of the Requeasts, xii d.

"*Item.* Paid unto the clerk of the *Senette*, 40s." MALONE.

Two Scribes, *in the Habits of Doctors; after them, the Archbishop of* Canterbury *alone; after him, the Bishops of* Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, *and* Saint Asaph;[5] *next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the Great Seal, and a Cardinal's Hat: then two Priests, bearing each a Silver Cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms, bearing a Silver Mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great Silver Pillars;*[6]

[5] ——*Archbishop of* Canterbury,——*Bishops of* Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, *and* Saint Asaph;] These were, William Warham, John Longland, Nicholas West, John Fisher, and Henry Standish. West, Fisher, and Standish, were counsel for the Queen. REED.

[6] ——*pillars;*] *Pillars* were some of the ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals. Sir Thomas More, when he was speaker to the commons, advised them to admit Wolsey into the house with his maces and his *pillars*. More's *Life of Sir T. More*. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Treatous*, a satire on Cardinal Wolsey, no date, but published between the execution of the Duke of Buckingham and the repudiation of Queen Katharine. Of this curiosity the reader will find a particular account in Herbert's improved edit. of Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, Vol. III. p. 1538, &c.

The author of this invective was William Roy. See *Bale de Script. Brit.* edit. 1548, p. 254, b:

" With worldly pompe incredible,
" Before him rydeth two prestes stronge;
" And they bear two crosses right longe,
" Gapynge in every man's face:
" After them folowe two laye men secular,
" And each of theym holdyn a *pillar*,
" In their hondes steade of a mace." STEEVENS.

At the end of Fiddes's *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, is a curious letter of Mr. Anstis's, on the subject of the *two silver pillars* usually borne before Cardinal Wolsey. This remarkable piece of pageantry did not escape the notice of Shakspeare. PERCY.

Wolsey had two great crosses of silver, the one of his arch-

after them, side by side, the two Cardinals Wolsey *and* Campeius; *two Noblemen with the Sword and Mace. Then enter the* King *and* Queen, *and their Trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; between them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.*

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read
Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so:—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.

bishoprick, the other of his legacy, borne before him whithersoever he went or rode, by two of the tallest priests that he could get within the realm. This is from Vol. III. p. 920, of Holinshed, and it seems from p. 837, that one of the pillars was the token of a cardinal, and perhaps he bore the other pillar as an archbishop. Tollet.

One of Wolsey's crosses certainly denoted his being Legate, as the other was borne before him either as cardinal or archbishop. "On the —— day of the same moneth (says Hall) the cardinall removed out of his house called Yorke-place, with one crosse, saying, that he would he had never borne more, meaning that by hys crosse which he bore as *legate*, which degree-taking was his confusion." *Chron.* Henry VIII. 104. b.

Malone.

CRIER. Henry king of England, &c.

K. HEN. Here.

SCRIBE. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into court.

CRIER. Katharine, queen of England, &c.

[*The* Queen *makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court,*[7] *comes to the* King, *and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*]

Q. KATH. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;[8]
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:[9]

[7] ——*goes about the court,*] "Because (says Cavendish) she could not come to the king directlie, for the distance severed between them." MALONE.

[8] *Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;* &c.] This speech of the Queen, and the King's reply, are taken from Holinshed, with the most trifling variations. STEEVENS.

[9] *At all times to your will* conformable:] The character Queen Katharine here prides herself for, is given to another Queen in *The Historie of the uniting of the Kingdom of Portugall to the Crowne of Castill*, fo. 1600, p. 238: "—at which time Queene Anne his wife fell sicke of a rotten fever, the which in few daies brought her to another life; wherewith the King was much grieved, being a lady wholly conformable to his humour." REED.

Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice[1]
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person,[2] in God's name,

[1] —— nay, *gave notice*—] In modern editions:
—— *nay, gave* not *notice*—
Though the author's common liberties of speech might justify the old reading, yet I cannot but think that *not* was dropped before *notice*, having the same letters, and would therefore follow Sir T. Hanmer's correction. JOHNSON.

Our author is so licentious in his construction, that I suspect no corruption. MALONE.

Perhaps this inaccuracy (like a thousand others) is chargeable only on the blundering superintendants of the first folio.—Instead of—*nay*, we might read:
—— nor *gave notice*
He was from thence discharg'd? STEEVENS.

[2] —— *or my love and duty*
Against *your sacred person*,] There seems to be an error in the phrase "Against your sacred person," but I don't know how to amend it. The sense would require that we should read, "*Towards* your sacred person," or some word of a similar import, which *against* will not bear: and it is not likely that *against* should be written by mistake for *towards*.
M. MASON.

In the old copy there is not a comma in the preceding line

Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before: It is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore: if not; i'the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

after *duty*. Mr. M. Mason has justly observed that, with such a punctuation, the sense requires—*Towards* your sacred person. A comma being placed at *duty*, the construction is—If you can report and prove aught against mine honour, my love and duty, *or aught* against your sacred person, &c. but I doubt whether this was our author's intention; for such an arrangement seems to make a breach of her honour and matrimonial bond to be something distinct from an offence against the king's person, which is not the case. Perhaps, however, by the latter words Shakspeare meant, *against your life*. MALONE.

——*against my honour aught,*
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your sacred person, &c.] The meaning of this passage is sufficiently clear, but the construction of it has puzzled us all. It is evidently erroneous, but may be amended by merely removing the word *or* from the middle of the second line to the end of it. It will then run thus—

——*against my honour aught,*—
My bond to wedlock,—*my love and duty,*—*or*
Against your sacred person, &c.

This slight alteration makes it grammatical, as well as intelligible. M. MASON.

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice,) these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you desire the court;[3] as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,—
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep;[4] but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

[3] *That* longer *you* desire *the court;*] That you desire to *protract* the business of the court; that you solicit a more distant session and trial. To pray for a *longer* day, i. e. a more distant one, when the trial or execution of criminals is agitated, is yet the language of the bar.—In the fourth folio, and all the modern editions, *defer* is substituted for *desire*. Malone.

[4] *I am about to weep;* &c.] Shakspeare has given almost a similar sentiment to Hermione, in *The Winter's Tale*, on an almost similar occasion:

"I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
"Commonly are, &c.—but I have
"That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
"Worse than tears drown;" &c. Steevens.

Q. KATH. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge:[5] for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge;[6] whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

WOL. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:

[5] —— *and make my* challenge,
You shall not be my judge:] *Challenge* is here a *verbum juris*, a law term. The criminal, when he refuses a juryman, says—*I* challenge *him*. JOHNSON.

[6] *I utterly* abhor, *yea, from my soul*
Refuse *you for my judge;*] These are not mere words of passion, but technical terms in the canon law.
Detestor and *Recuso*. The former, in the language of canonists, signifies no more, than I *protest* against. BLACKSTONE.

The words are Holinshed's: "—and therefore openly protested that she did utterly *abhor*, *refuse*, and forsake such a judge." MALONE.

The king is present: if it be known to him,
That I gainsay[7] my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if[8] he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies, to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: The which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. KATH. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling,[9] in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers: and your words,

[7] ——*gainsay*—] i. e. deny. So, in Lord Surrey's translation of the fourth Book of the *Æneid*:

"I hold thee not, nor yet *gainsay* thy words."

STEEVENS.

[8] —— But *if*—] The conjunction—*But*, which is wanting in the old copy, was supplied, for the sake of measure, by Sir T. Hanmer. STEEVENS.

[9] *You* sign *your place and calling*,] *Sign*, for answer.

WARBURTON.

I think, to *sign*, must here be to *show*, to *denote*. By your outward meekness and humility, you *show* that you are of an holy order, but, &c. JOHNSON.

So, with a kindred sense, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"*Sign'd* in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe."

STEEVENS.

Domesticks to you, serve your will,[1] as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual: That again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,

[1] *Where* powers *are your retainers: and your* words,
Domesticks to you, serve your will,] You have now got *power* at your beck, following in your retinue; and *words* therefore are degraded to the servile state of performing any office which you shall give them. In humbler and more common terms: *Having now got* power, *you do not regard your word.*
JOHNSON.

The word *power*, when used in the plural and applied to one person only, will not bear the meaning that Dr. Johnson wishes to give it.

By *powers* are meant the Emperor and the King of France, in the pay of one or the other of whom Wolsey was constantly *retained;* and it is well known that Wolsey entertained some of the nobility of England among his domesticks, and had an absolute power over the rest. M. MASON.

Whoever were pointed at by the word *powers*, Shakspeare, surely, does not mean to say that Wolsey was *retained* by them, but that they were *retainers*, or subservient, to Wolsey.
MALONE.

I believe that—*powers*, in the present instance, are used merely to express *persons in whom power is lodged.* The Queen would insinuate that Wolsey had rendered the highest officers of state subservient to his will. STEEVENS.

I believe we should read:

Where powers are your retainers, and your wards,
Domesticks to you, &c.

The Queen rises naturally in her description. She paints the powers of government depending upon Wolsey under three images; as his *retainers*, his *wards*, his *domestick servants.*
TYRWHITT.

So, in Storer's *Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal*, a poem, 1599:

" I must have notice where their *wards* must dwell:
" I car'd not for the gentry, for I had
" Young nobles of the land," &c. STEEVENS.

To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curt'sies to the* King, *and offers to depart.*

CAM. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

K. HEN. Call her again.

CRIER. Katharine queen of England, come into the court.

GRIF. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. KATH. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience!—pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry: no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt* Queen, GRIFFITH, *and her other Attendants.*

K. HEN. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i'the world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,[2])

[2] —— *could speak thee out,*)] If thy several qualities had tongues to speak thy praise. JOHNSON.

Rather—had tongues capable of speaking *out* thy merits; i.e. of doing them extensive justice. In *Cymbeline* we have a similar expression:

"You *speak him far.*" STEEVENS.

The queen of earthly queens:—She is noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

WOL. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once and fully satisfied,[3]) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady,—spake one the least word, might[4]
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. HEN. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd;[5] but oft have hinder'd; oft

[3] —— *although not there*
At once *and fully satisfied,*)] The sense, which is encumbered with words, is no more than this—I must be *loosed*, though when so *loosed*, I shall not be *satisfied* fully and *at once*; that is, I shall not be *immediately* satisfied. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *might*—] Old copy, redundantly—*that* might. STEEVENS.

[5] *Desir'd it* to be *stirr'd*;] The useless words—*to be*, might, in my opinion, be safely omitted, as they clog the metre, without enforcement of the sense. STEEVENS.

The passages made toward it:[6]—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,[7]
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,—
I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give heed to't:—
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick,[8] on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage,[9] 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: I'the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advértise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,

[6] *The passages* made *toward it:*] i. e. *closed*, or *fastened*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. sc. i:

"Why at this time the doors are *made* against you."

For the present explanation and pointing, I alone am answerable. A similar phrase occurs in *Macbeth:*

"*Stop up* the access and *passage* to remorse."

Yet the sense in which these words have hitherto been received may be the true one. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *on my honour,*
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,] The *King*, having first addressed to Wolsey, breaks off; and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the *Cardinal's* sentiments upon the point in question; and clears him from any attempt, or wish, to stir that business. THEOBALD.

[8] *Scruple, and* prick,] Prick of conscience was the term in confession. JOHNSON.

The expression is from Holinshed, where the King says: "The special cause that moved me unto this matter was a certaine scrupulositie that *pricked* my conscience," &c. See *Holinshed*, p. 907. STEEVENS.

[9] A *marriage,*] Old copy—*And* marriage. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience,[1] enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If not conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead: for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o'the world, should not
Be gladded in't by me: Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in

[1] —— *This respite shook*
The bosom *of my conscience,*] Though this reading be sense, yet, I verily believe, the poet wrote:
The bottom *of my conscience,*——
Shakspeare, in all his historical plays, was a most diligent observer of Holinshed's *Chronicle.* Now Holinshed, in the speech which he has given to King Henry upon this subject, makes him deliver himself thus: "Which words, once conceived within the secret *bottom* of my *conscience,* ingendred such a scrupulous doubt, that my conscience was incontinently accombred, vexed, and disquieted." Vid. *Life of Henry VIII.* p. 907. THEOBALD.

The phrase recommended by Mr. Theobald occurs again in *King Henry VI.* Part I:
"—— for therein should we read
"The very *bottom* and soul of hope."
It is repeated also in *Measure for Measure, All's well that ends well, King Henry VI.* P. II. *Coriolanus,* &c. STEEVENS.

The wild sea[2] of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd.—First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

LIN. Very well, my liege.

K. HEN. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

LIN. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. HEN. I then mov'd you,[3]

[2] —— hulling *in*
The wild sea—] That is, floating without guidance; tossed here and there. JOHNSON.

The phrase belongs to navigation. A ship is said to *hull* when she is dismasted, and only her *hull*, or *hulk*, is left at the direction and mercy of the waves.

So, in *The Alarum for London*, 1602:

"And they lye *hulling up and down* the stream."

STEEVENS.

[3] *I then mov'd you*,] "I moved it in confession to you, my lord of Lincoln, then my ghostly father. And forasmuch as then you yourself were in some doubt, you moved me to ask the counsel of all these my lords. Whereupon I *moved* you,

My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons:—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on:
For no dislike i'the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o'the world.[4]

CAM. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Mean while must be an earnest motion

my lord of Canterbury, first to have your *licence*, in as much as you were metropolitan, to put this matter in question; and *so I did of all of you*, my lords." Holinshed's *Life of Henry VIII.* p. 908. THEOBALD.

[4] *That's* paragon'd o'the *world.*] Sir T. Hanmer reads, I think, better:

—— *the primest creature*
That's paragon o'the world. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" No: but she is an earthly *paragon.*"

Again, in *Cymbeline:*

" —— an angel! or, if not,
" An earthly *paragon.*"

To *paragon*, however, is a verb used by Shakspeare, both in *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Othello:*

" If thou with Cæsar *paragon* again
" My man of men.
" —— a maid
" That *paragons* description and wild fame."

STEEVENS.

Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

[*They rise to depart.*[5]

K. Hen. I may perceive, [*Aside.*
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*

[5] *They rise to depart.*] Here the modern editors add: [*The King speaks to Cranmer.*] This marginal direction is not found in the old folio, and was wrongly introduced by some subsequent editor. Cranmer was now absent from court on an embassy, as appears from the last scene of this Act, where Cromwell informs Wolsey that he is returned and installed archbishop of Canterbury:

"My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
"Pr'ythee, return!——"

is no more than an apostrophe to the absent bishop of that name. Ridley.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Palace at Bridewell.

A Room in the Queen's *Apartment.*

The Queen, *and some of her Women, at work.*[1]

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his musick, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had been a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet musick is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

[1] —— *at work.*] Her majesty (says Cavendish,) on being informed that the cardinals were coming to visit her, "rose up, having a *skein of red silke about her neck*, being at work with her maidens." Cavendish attended Wolsey in this visit; and the Queen's answer, in p. 108, is exactly conformable to that which he has recorded, and which he appears to have heard her pronounce. Malone.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.[5]

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit* Gent.] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men; their affairs as righteous:[6]
But all hoods make not monks.[7]

[5] *Wait in the* presence.] i. e. in *the presence-chamber*. So, in Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman:* "The lady Anne of Bretaigne, passing thorow the *presence* in the court of France," &c. Steevens.

[6] *They should be good men; their* affairs *as righteous:*] *Affairs* for *professions;* and then the sense is clear and pertinent. The *proposition* is they are priests. The *illation*, they are good men; *for* being understood: but if *affairs* be interpreted in its common signification, the sentence is absurd. Warburton.

The sentence has no great difficulty: *Affairs* means not their *present errand*, but the *business of their calling*. Johnson.

Being churchmen they should be virtuous, and every business they undertake as righteous as their sacred office: but all hoods, &c.—The ignorant editor of the second folio, not understanding the line, substituted *are* for *as;* and this capricious alteration (with many others introduced by the same hand,) has been adopted by all the modern editors. Malone.

[7] —— *all hoods make not monks.*] Cucullus non facit monachum. Steevens.

To this proverbial expression Chaucer alludes in his *Romaunt of the Rose*, 6190:

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

WOL. Peace to your highness!

Q. KATH. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

WOL. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. KATH. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'Would, all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number,) if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them,[8]
I know my life so even: If your business
Seek me out,[9] and that way I am wife in,[1]

"This argument is all roignous,
"It is not worth a crooked brere;
"*Habite* ne makith *Monke* ne *Frere;*
"But a clene life and devotion,
"Makith gode men of religion." GREY.

[8] *Envy and base opinion set against them,*] I would be glad that my conduct were in some publick trial confronted with mine enemies, that envy and corrupt judgment might try their utmost power against me. JOHNSON.

Envy, in Shakspeare's age, often signified *malice*. So, afterwards:

"Ye turn the good we offer into *envy*." MALONE.

[9] *Seek me out*, &c.] I believe that a word has dropt out here, and that we should read:

Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.

WOL. *Tanta est ergà te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—*

Q. KATH. O, good my lord, no Latin;[2]
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;

—— *If your business*
Seek me, speak *out*, *and that way I am* wise *in;*
i. e. in the way that I can understand it. TYRWHITT.

The metre shows here is a syllable dropt. I would read:
I know my life so even. If 'tis *your business*
To *seek me out*, &c. BLACKSTONE.

The alteration proposed by Sir W. Blackstone injures one line as much as it improves the other. We might read:
Doth *seek me out*,——. RITSON.

[1] —— *and that way I am* wife *in*,] That is, if you come to examine *the title* by which I am the King's *wife;* or, if you come to know how I have behaved as a wife. The meaning, whatever it may be, is so coarsely and unskilfully expressed, that the latter editors have liked nonsense better, and contrarily to the ancient and only copy, have published:
And that way I am wise *in*. JOHNSON.

This passage is unskilfully expressed indeed; so much so, that I don't see how it can import either of the meanings that Johnson contends for, or indeed any other. I therefore think that the modern editors have acted rightly in reading *wise* instead of *wife*, for which that word might easily have been mistaken; nor can I think the passage, so amended, nonsense, the meaning of it being this: "If your business relates to me, or to any thing of which I have any knowledge." M. MASON.

[2] *O, good my lord, no Latin;*] So, Holinshed, p. 908:
"Then began the cardinall to speake to her in Latine. Naie good my lord (quoth she) speake to me in English."
STEEVENS.

Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.

WOL. Noble lady,
I am sorry, my integrity should breed,
(And service to his majesty and you,)[3]
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.[4]

CAM. Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,)—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. KATH. To betray me. [*Aside.*
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)
But how to make you suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,

[3] (*And service to his majesty and you,*)] This line stands so very aukwardly, that I am inclined to think it out of its place. The author perhaps wrote, as Mr. Edwards has suggested:

"I am sorry my integrity should breed
"So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant,
"And service to his majesty and you." MALONE.

[4] —— *to* your *cause.*] Old copy—*our* cause. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been,[5] (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

WOL. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears;
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. KATH. In England,
But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,)[6]
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,[7]
They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

[5] *For her sake that I have been*, &c.] For the sake of that royalty which I have heretofore possessed. MALONE.

[6] (*Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,*)] Do you think that any Englishman dare advise me; or, if any man should venture to advise with honesty, that he could live? JOHNSON.

[7] —— weigh out *my afflictions*,] This phrase is obscure. To *weigh out*, is, in modern language, *to deliver by weight*; but this sense cannot be here admitted. To *weigh* is likewise *to deliberate upon, to consider with due attention*. This may, perhaps, be meant. Or the phrase, *to weigh out*, may signify to *counterbalance*, to *counteract* with equal force. JOHNSON.

To *weigh out* is the same as to *outweigh*. In *Macbeth*, Shakspeare has *overcome* for *come over*. STEEVENS.

CAM. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. KATH. How, sir?

CAM. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He's loving, and most gracious; 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

WOL. He tells you rightly.

Q. KATH. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge,
That no king can corrupt.

CAM. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. KATH. The more shame for ye;[8] holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

WOL. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

[8] *The more shame for ye;*] If I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine; for I thought you good. The distress of Katharine might have kept her from the quibble to which she is irresistibly tempted by the word *cardinal*. JOHNSON.

Q. Kath. Yeturn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If you have any justice, any pity;
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits,)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—(let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends,)—a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory,)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?[9]
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title

[9] —— *superstitious to him?*] That is, served him with superstitious attention; done more than was required. Johnson.

Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

WOL. 'Pray, hear me.

Q. KATH. 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces,[1] but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
[*To her Women.*
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almost, no grave allow'd me:—Like the lily,

[1] *Ye have* angels' *faces,*] She may perhaps allude to the old jingle of *Angli* and *Angeli*. JOHNSON.

I find this jingle in *The Arraygnment of Paris*, 1584. The goddesses refer the dispute about the golden apple to the decision of *Diana*, who setting aside their respective claims, awards it to Queen *Elizabeth;* and adds:

" Her people are ycleped *angeli*,
" Or if I miss a letter, is the most."

In this pastoral, as it is called, the Queen herself may be almost said to have been a performer, for at the conclusion of it, *Diana* gives the golden apple into her hands, and the Fates deposit their insignia at her feet. It was presented before her Majesty by the children of her chapel.

It appears, from the following passage in *The Spanish Masquerado*, by Greene, 1585, that this quibble was originally the quibble of a saint: " *England*, a little island, where, as *saint Augustin* saith, there be people with *angel faces*, so the inhabitants have the courage and hearts of lyons." STEEVENS.

See also Nashe's *Anatomie of Absurditie*, 1589: " For my part I meane to suspend my sentence, and let an author of late memorie be my speaker; who affirmeth that they carry *angels in their faces*, and *devils in their devices*." MALONE.

That once was mistress of the field,[2] and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

WOL. If your grace
Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.[3]
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm; Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

CAM. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues

[2] ——*the lily,*
That once was mistress of the field,] So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Book II. c. vi. st. 16:
"The lily, lady of the flow'ring field." HOLT WHITE.

[3] *The hearts of* princes *kiss obedience,*
So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.] It was one of the charges brought against Lord Essex, in the year before this play was probably written, by his ungrateful kinsman, Sir Francis Bacon, when that nobleman, to the disgrace of humanity, was obliged, by a junto of his enemies, to kneel at the end of the council-table for *several hours*, that in a letter written during his retirement, in 1598, to the Lord Keeper, he had said, "*There is no tempest to the passionate indignation of a prince.*"
MALONE.

With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. KATH. Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray, forgive me,
If I have us'd myself unmannerly;[4]
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.
[*Exeunt.*

[4] *If I have* us'd *myself unmannerly;*] That is, if I have behaved myself unmannerly. M. MASON.

SCENE II.

Ante-chamber to the King's *Apartment.*

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, *the Duke of* Suffolk, *the Earl of* Surrey, *and the Lord* Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints
And force them[5] with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected?[6] when did he regard

[5] *And* force *them*—] *Force* is *enforce, urge.* Johnson.

So, in *Measure for Measure:*

" ——Has he affections in him
" That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
" When he would *force* it?" Steevens.

[6] ——*or at least*
Strangely *neglected?*] Which of the peers has not gone by him contemned or neglected? Johnson.

Our author extends to the words, *strangely neglected*, the negative comprehended in the word *uncontemn'd.* M. Mason.

Uncontemn'd, as I have before observed in a note on *As you like it*, must be understood, as if the author had written *not* contemn'd. See Vol. VIII. p. 34, n. 7. Malone.

The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?[7]

CHAM. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

NOR. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

SUR. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

NOR. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings[8]
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I could wish mine enemy.

[7] ——*when did he regard*
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of *himself?*] The expression is bad, and the thought false. For it supposes Wolsey to be *noble*, which was not so: we should read and point:

——*when did he regard*
The stamp of nobleness in any person;
Out of't *himself?*

i. e. When did he regard nobleness of blood in another, having none of his own to value himself upon? WARBURTON.

I do not think this correction proper. The meaning of the present reading is easy. *When did he*, however careful to carry his own dignity to the utmost height, *regard any dignity of another?* JOHNSON.

[8] —— *contrary proceedings*—] Private practices opposite to his publick procedure. JOHNSON.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o'the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o'the divorce; For if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way.[9] But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physick
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction![1]

[9] *And* hedges, *his own way.*] To *hedge*, is to creep along by the hedge: not to take the direct and open path, but to steal covertly through circumvolutions. JOHNSON.

Hedging is by land, what *coasting* is by sea. M. MASON.

[1] Trace *the conjunction!*] To *trace* is to *follow*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——all unfortunate souls
" That *trace* him in his line."

Suf. My amen to't!

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young,[2] and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.[3]

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suf. No, no;
There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o'the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cry'd, ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry ha, louder!

The form of Surrey's wish has been anticipated by Richmond in *King Richard III.* sc. ult:

"Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction!"

STEEVENS.

[2] ——*but* young,] The same phrase occurs again in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. i:

"Good morrow, cousin.

Is the day so *young*?"

See note on this passage. STEEVENS.

[3] *In it be* memoriz'd.] To *memorize* is to make memorable. The word has been already used in *Macbeth*, Act I. sc. ii.

STEEVENS.

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom:[4] shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd, queen; but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.
The cardinal—

[4] *He is return'd, in his opinions; which*
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom:] Thus the old copy. The meaning is this: *Cranmer*, says Suffolk, *is returned in his opinions*, i. e. with the same sentiments which he entertained before he went abroad, *which* (sentiments) *have satisfied the king, together with all the famous colleges* referred to on the occasion.—Or, perhaps the passage (as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes) may mean—*He is return'd* in effect, having sent *his opinions*, i. e. the opinions of divines, &c. collected by him. Mr. Rowe altered these lines as follows, and all succeeding editors have silently adopted his unnecessary change:

He is return'd with *his opinions*, *which*
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Gather'd from *all* the *famous colleges*
Almost in Christendom:——. Steevens.

Enter WOLSEY *and* CROMWELL.

NOR. Observe, observe, he's moody.

WOL. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?

CROM. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.[5]

WOL. Look'd he o'the inside of the paper?

CROM. Presently
He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance: You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

WOL. Is he ready
To come abroad?

CROM. I think, by this he is.

WOL. Leave me a while.— [*Exit* CROMWELL.
It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!

NOR. He's discontented.

SUF. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

[5] *To his own hand, in his bedchamber.*] Surely, both the syllable wanting in this line, and the respect due from the speaker to Wolsey, should authorize us to read:

To his own hand, sir, *in his bedchamber.*

And again, in Cromwell's next speech:

Was in his countenance: you, sir, *he bade*—.

or with Sir Thomas Hanmer:

—— and *you he bade*—. STEEVENS.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
And well-deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i'the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretick, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would, 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the King, *reading a Schedule*;[6] *and* Lovell.

Suf. The king, the king.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated

[6] *Enter the* King, *reading a Schedule*;] That the Cardinal gave the King an inventory of his own private wealth, by mistake, and thereby ruined himself, is a known variation from the truth of history. Shakspeare, however, has not injudiciously represented the fall of that great man as owing to an incident which he had once improved to the destruction of another. See Holinshed, pp. 796 and 797:

"Thomas Ruthall, bishop of Durham, was, after the death of King Henry VII. one of the privy council to Henry VIII. to

To his own portion! and what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together!—Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?

NOR. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,[7]

whom the king gave in charge to write a book of the whole estate of the kingdom, &c. Afterwards, the king commanded cardinal Wolsey to go to this bishop, and to bring the book away with him.—This bishop having written two books, (the one to answer the king's command, and the other intreating of his own private affairs,) did bind them both after one sort in vellum, &c. Now, when the cardinal came to demand the book due to the king, the bishop unadvisedly commanded his servant to bring him the book bound in white vellum, lying in his study, in such a place. The servant accordingly brought forth one of the books so bound, being the book intreating of the state of the bishop, &c. The cardinal having the book went from the bishop, and after, (in his study by himself,) understanding the contents thereof, he greatly rejoiced, having now occasion (which he long sought for) offered unto him, to bring the bishop into the king's disgrace.

"Wherefore he went forthwith to the king, delivered the book into his hands, and briefly informed him of the contents thereof; putting further into the king's head, that if at any time he were destitute of a mass of money, he should not need to seek further therefore than to the coffers of the bishop. Of all which when the bishop had intelligence, &c. he was stricken with such grief of the same, that he shortly, through extreme sorrow, ended his life at London, in the year of Christ 1523. After which, the cardinal, who had long before gaped after his bishoprick, in singular hope to attain thereunto, had now his wish in effect," &c. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *then, stops again,*] Sallust, describing the disturbed state of Catiline's mind, takes notice of the same circumstance: "—— citus modo, modo tardus incessus." STEEVENS.

Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts[8]
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

K. HEN. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; And, wot you, what I found
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

NOR. It's heaven's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. HEN. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers* LOVELL, *who goes to* WOLSEY.

WOL. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness!

K. HEN. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which

[8] *Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts—*] Here I think we should be at liberty to complete a defective verse, by reading, with Sir Thomas Hanmer:

——*and* then, *anon*, *he casts*—. STEEVENS.

You were now running o'er; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i'the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said, he did; and with his deed did crown
His word[9] upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean?

Sur. The lord increase this business! [*Aside.*

K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:

[9] —— *with his* deed *did* crown
His word—] So, in *Macbeth:*
"To *crown* my *thoughts* with *acts*—." Steevens.

And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours:[1]—my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fil'd with my abilities:[2] Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: The honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i'the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more

[1] *Beyond all man's* endeavours:] The sense is, my *purposes* went beyond all human *endeavour*. I purposed for your honour more than it falls within the compass of man's nature to attempt. Johnson.

I am rather inclined to think, that *which* refers to "royal graces;" which, says Wolsey, no human endeavour could requite. Malone.

[2] *Yet*, fil'd *with my abilities:*] My endeavours, though less than my desires, have *fil'd*, that is, have gone an equal pace with my abilities. Johnson.

So, in a preceding scene:

"———— front but in that *file*
"Where others tell steps with me." Steevens.

On you,[3] than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,[4]
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.[5]
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,

[3] —— *my* hand *has* open'd bounty *to you*,
My heart dropp'd *love*, *my power* rain'd *honour*, *more*
On you, &c.] As Ben Jonson is supposed to have made some alterations in this play, it may not be amiss to compare the passage before us, with another, on the same subject, in the *New Inn*:

" He gave me my first breeding, I acknowledge;
" Then *shower'd* his *bounties* on me, like the hours
" That *open-handed* sit upon the clouds,
" And press the liberality of heaven
" Down to the laps of thankful men." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *notwithstanding that your bond of duty*,] Besides the general bond of duty, by which you are obliged to *be a loyal and obedient subject*, you owe a *particular* devotion of yourself to me, as your *particular* benefactor. JOHNSON.

[5] —— *that am, have, and will be.*] I can find no meaning in these words, or see how they are connected with the rest of the sentence; and should therefore strike them out. M. MASON.

I suppose the meaning is, *that*, or *such a man*, I am, have *been*, and will *ever* be. Our author has many hard and forced expressions in his plays; but many of the hardnesses in the piece before us appear to me of a different colour from those of Shakspeare. Perhaps, however, a line following this has been lost; for in the old copy there is no stop at the end of this line: and, indeed, I have some doubt whether a comma ought not to be placed at it, rather than a full point. MALONE.

As doth a rock against the chiding flood,[6]
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken:
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this;
[*Giving him Papers.*
And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit* King, *frowning upon Cardinal* Wolsey: *the Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering.*

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so;
This paper has undone me:—'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,

[6] *As doth a rock against the* chiding *flood,*] So, in our author's 116th Sonnet:

" —— it is an ever-fixed mark,
" That looks on tempests, and is never shaken."

The *chiding* flood is the *resounding* flood. So, in the verses in commendation of our author, by J. M. S. prefixed to the folio 1632:

" —— there plays a fair
" But *chiding* fountain."

See Vol. XII. p. 361, n. 2. Malone.

See also Vol. IV. p. 450, n. 5. Steevens.

" Ille, velut pelagi rupes immota, resistit."
Æn. VII. 586. S. W.

Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know, 'twill stir him strongly; Yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;[7]
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK, *the Earl of* SURREY,[8] *and the Lord* Chamberlain.

NOR. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you

[7] *I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;*] So, in Marlowe's *King Edward II:*

"Base fortune, now I see that in thy wheel
"There is a point, to which when men aspire,
"They tumble headlong down. *That point I touch'd;*
"And seeing there was no place to mount up higher,
"Why should I grieve at my declining fall?"

MALONE.

[8] *Re-enter the Dukes* &c.] It may not be improper here to repeat, that the time of this play is from 1521, just before the Duke of Buckingham's commitment, to the year 1533, when Queen Elizabeth was born and christened. The Duke of Norfolk, therefore, who is introduced in the first scene of the first Act, or in 1522, is not the same person who here, or in 1529, demands the great seal from Wolsey; for Thomas Howard, who

To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house,[9] my lord of Winchester's,[1]
Till you hear further from his highness.

was created Duke of Norfolk, 1514, died, we are informed by Holinshed, p. 891, at Whitsuntide, 1525. As our author has here made two persons into one, so, on the contrary, he has made one person into two. The Earl of Surrey here is the same with him who married the Duke of Buckingham's daughter, as appears from his own mouth:

" I am joyful
" To meet the least occasion that may give me
" Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke."

Again:

" Thy ambition,
" Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
" Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:——
" You sent me deputy for Ireland;
" Far from his succour,——."

But Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, who married the Duke of Buckingham's daughter, was at this time the individual above mentioned Duke of Norfolk. The reason for adding the third or fourth person as interlocutors in this scene is not very apparent, for Holinshed, p. 909, mentions only the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk being sent to demand the great seal, and all that is spoken would proceed with sufficient propriety out of their mouths. The cause of the Duke of Norfolk's animosity to Wolsey is obvious, and Cavendish mentions that an open quarrel at this time subsisted between the Cardinal and Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. REED.

[9] *To* Asher-*house*,] Thus the old copy. *Asher* was the ancient name of *Esher*; as appears from Holinshed: "— and everie man took their horses and rode strait to *Asher*."
Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 909. WARNER.

[1] —— *my lord of Winchester's*,] Shakspeare forgot that Wolsey was himself Bishop of Winchester, unless he meant to say, you must confine yourself to that house which you possess as Bishop of Winchester. Asher, near Hampton-Court, was one of the houses belonging to that bishoprick. MALONE.

Fox, Bishop of Winchester, died Sept. 14, 1528, and Wolsey held this see *in commendam*. Esher therefore was his own house. REED.

Wol. Stay,
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.[2]

Suf. Who dare cross them?
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it.[3] Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye? and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king,
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave me:
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?

—— *so* weighty.] The editor of the third folio changed *weighty* to *mighty*, and all the subsequent editors adopted his capricious alteration. Malone.

I believe the change pointed out was rather accidental than capricious; as, in the proof sheets of this republication, the words—*weighty* and *mighty* have more than once been given instead of each other. Steevens.

[3] *Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,*
(*I mean, your malice,*) *know*, &c.] Wolsey had said:
—— words cannot carry
"Authority so weighty."
To which they reply:
"Who dare cross them?" &c.
Wolsey, answering them, continues his own speech, *Till I find more than will or words* (*I mean* more than *your malicious* will and words) *to do it*; that is, *to carry authority so mighty*; I will deny to return what the King has given me. Johnson.

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;
Within these forty hours[4] Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law

[4] *Within these* forty *hours*—] Why *forty* hours? But a few minutes have passed since Wolsey's disgrace. I suspect that Shakspeare wrote—*within these* four *hours*,—and that the person who revised and tampered with this play, not knowing that hours was used by our poet as a dissyllable, made this injudicious alteration. Malone.

I adhere to the old reading. *Forty* (I know not why) seems anciently to have been the familiar number on many occasions, where no very exact reckoning was necessary. In a former scene, the Old Lady offers to lay Anne Bullen a wager of "*forty* pence:" Slender, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, says—"I had rather than *forty* shillings—;" and in *The Taming of the Shrew*, "the humour of *forty* fancies" is the ornament of Grumio's hat. Thus, also, in *Coriolanus:*

"—— on fair ground
"I could beat *forty* of them." Steevens.

Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour;
That I, in the way of loyalty and truth[5]
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

SUR. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou should'st feel
My sword i'the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded[6] by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.[7]

[5] *That* I, *in the way* &c.] Old copy—*That in the way.* STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald reads:

That I *in the way* &c.

and this unnecessary emendation has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

As this passage is to me obscure, if not unintelligible, without Mr. Theobald's correction, I have not discarded it. STEEVENS.

[6] *To be thus jaded*—] To be abused and ill treated, like a worthless horse: or perhaps to be ridden by a priest;—to have him mounted above us. MALONE.

The same verb (whatever its precise meaning may be) occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. i:

"The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
"We have *jaded* out o'the field." STEEVENS.

[7] *And* dare *us with his cap, like* larks.] So, in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 656: "—never Hobie so *dared* a *lark*."

It is well known that the hat of a cardinal is scarlet; and

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who,[8] if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell,[9] when the brown wench[1]
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

that one of the methods of *daring* larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them.

The same thought occurs in Skelton's *Why come ye not to Court?* i. e. a satire on Wolsey:

"The red hat with his lure,
"Bringeth al thinges under cure." STEEVENS.

[8] *Who,*] Old copy—*Whom.* Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

[9] *Worse than the* sacring bell,] The little bell, which is rung to give notice of the *Host* approaching when it is carried in procession, as also in other offices of the Romish church, is called the *sacring*, or *consecration* bell; from the French word, *sacrer*. THEOBALD.

The Abbess, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608, says:

"—— you shall ring the *sacring bell*,
"Keep your hours, and toll your knell."

Again, in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584: "He heard a little *sacring* bell ring to the elevation of a to-morrow mass."

WOL. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

NOR. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

WOL. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

SUR. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

WOL. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

SUR. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have at you.

The now obsolete verb to *sacre*, is used by P. Holland, in his translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, Book X. ch. vi. And by Chapman, in his version of Homer's *Hymn to Diana:*

"*Sacring* my song to every deity." STEEVENS.

[1] —— *when the brown wench* &c.] The amorous propensities of Cardinal Wolsey are much dwelt on in the ancient satire already quoted, p. 88, n. 6:

"By his pryde and faulce treachery,
"*Whoardom and baudy leachery*,
"He hath been so intollerable."

Again:

"The goodes that he thus gaddered
"Wretchedly he hath scattered
"In causes nothynge expedient.
"To make wyndowes walles and dores,
"And *to mayntayne baudes and whores*
"A grett parte thereof is spent."

And still more grossly are his amours spoken of in many other parts of the same poem. STEEVENS.

First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

NOR. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

SUF. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

SUR. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

SUF. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.[2]

SUR. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways

[2] *Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.*] In the long string of articles exhibited by the Privy Council against Wolsey, which Sir Edward Coke transcribed from the original, this offence composed one of the charges: "40. Also the said Lord Cardinal of his further pompous and presumptuous minde, hath enterprised to joyn and imprint the Cardinal's hat under your armes in your coyn of groats made at your city of York, which like deed hath not been seen to be done by any subject in your realm before this time." 4 *Inst.* 94. HOLT WHITE.

This was certainly one of the articles exhibited against Wolsey, but rather with a view to swell the catalogue, than from any serious cause of accusation: inasmuch as the Archbishops Cranmer, Bainbrigge, and Warham, were indulged with the same privilege. See Snelling's *View of the Silver Coin and Coinage of England.* DOUCE.

You have for dignities; to the mere undoing[3]
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass[4] of a *præmunire*,[5]—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever,[6] and to be
Out of the king's protection:—This is my charge.

[3] ——*to the* mere *undoing*—] *Mere* is absolute. So, in *The Honest Man's Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" —— I am as happy
" In my friend's good, as if 'twere *merely* mine."

Steevens.

See Vol. IV. p. 9, n. 3. Malone.

[4] *Fall* into *the compass* &c.] The harshness of this line induces me to think that we should either read, with Sir Thomas Hanmer—Fall *in* the compass, or *Fall into compass*, omitting the article. Steevens.

[5] —— *of a* præmunire,] It is almost unnecessary to observe that *præmunire* is a barbarous word used instead of *præmonere*. Steevens.

[6] Chattels, *and whatsoever*,] The old copy—*castles*. I have ventured to substitute *chattels* here, as the author's genuine word, because the judgment in a writ of *præmunire* is, that the defendant shall *be out of the king's protection*; and his *lands* and *tenements*, *goods* and *chattels*, forfeited to the king; and

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.
[*Exeunt all but* Wolsey.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope,[7] to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,[8]

that his body shall remain in prison at the king's pleasure. This very description of the *præmunire* is set out by Holinshed, in his *Life of King Henry VIII.* p. 909. Theobald.

The emendation made by Mr. Theobald, is, I think, fully justified by the passage in Holinshed's *Chronicle*, on which this is founded; in which it is observable that the word *chattels* is spelt *cattels*, which might have been easily confounded with *castels*: "After this, in the King's Bench his matter for the *præmunire* being called upon, two attornies which he had authorised by his warrant signed with his own hand, confessed the action, and so had judgment to forfeit all his landes, tenements, goods, and *cattels*, and to be put out of the king's protection." *Chron.* Vol. II. p. 909. Malone.

[7] *This is the state of man; To day* he puts forth
The tender leaves *of hope*, &c.] So, in our author's 25th Sonnet:

"Great *princes'* *favourites* their fair *leaves* spread,
"But as the marigold in the sun's eye;
"And in themselves their pride lies buried,
"For at a frown they in their glory die." Malone.

[8] —— *nips his* root,] "As spring-frosts are not injurious to the *roots* of fruit-trees," Dr. Warburton reads—*shoot*. Such capricious alterations I am sometimes obliged to mention, merely

And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,[9]
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,[1]
Never to hope again.—

to introduce the notes of those, who, while they have shewn them to be unnecessary, have illustrated our author. MALONE.

Vernal frosts, indeed, do not kill the *root*, but then to *nip* the *shoots* does not kill the tree or make it fall. The metaphor will not, in either reading, correspond exactly with nature. JOHNSON.

I adhere to the old reading, which is countenanced by the following passage in A. W.'s *Commendation of Gascoigne and his Poesies:*

"And frosts so *nip the rootes* of vertuous-meaning minds."

See Gascoigne's *Works*, 1587. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *and* their *ruin*,] Most of the modern editors read—*our* ruin. STEEVENS.

Their ruin is, their displeasure, producing the downfall and *ruin* of him on whom it lights. So before:

"He parted *frowning* from me, as if *ruin*
"Leap'd from his *eyes*." MALONE.

[1] *And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer*,] So, in Churchyard's *Legend of Cardinal Wolsey*, MIRROUR FOR MAGISTRATES, 1587:

"Your fault not half so great as was my pride,
"For which offence *fell Lucifer* from the skies."

MALONE.

Enter CROMWELL, *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell?

CROM. I have no power to speak, sir.

WOL. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

CROM. How does your grace?

WOL. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

CROM. I am glad, your grace has made that right use of it.

WOL. I hope, I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,

In *The Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey*, &c. a poem, by Tho. Storer, student of Christ-church, in Oxford, 1599, the Cardinal expresses himself in a manner somewhat similar:

"If once we fall, we fall Colossus-like,
"We fall at once, like pillars of the sunne," &c.

STEEVENS.

Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.[2]
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em![3]
What more?

[2] —— *I am able now, methinks,*
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.] So, in *King Henry VI.* Part II:

"More can I bear, than you dare execute."

Again, in *Othello:*

"Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,
"As I have to be hurt." Malone.

[3] —— *a tomb of orphans' tears wept on* 'em!] The chancellor is the general guardian of orphans. A *tomb of tears* is very harsh. Johnson.

This idea will appear not altogether indefensible to those who recollect the following epigram of Martial:

"*Flentibus* Heliadum *ramis* dum vipera serpit,
"Fluxit in obstantem succina gemma feram:
"Quæ dum miratur pingui se rore teneri,
"Concreto riguit vincta repente gelu.
"Ne tibi regali placeas Cleopatra sepulchro,
"Vipera si *tumulo* nobiliore jacet."

The Heliades certainly *wept a tomb of tears* over the viper. The same conceit, however, is found in Drummond of Hawthornden's *Teares for the Death of Mocliades:*

CROM. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

WOL. That's news indeed.

CROM. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open,[4] as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

WOL. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles.[5] Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;

"The Muses, Phœbus, Love, have raised of their *teares*
"*A crystal tomb to him*, through which his worth appeares." STEEVENS.

A similar conceit occurs in *King Richard II.* Act III. sc. iii. HENLEY.

The old copy has—on *him*. The error, which probably arose from similitude of sounds, was corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[4] —— *in open*,] A Latinism, [*in aperto*] perhaps introduced by Ben Jonson, who is supposed to have tampered with this play. Et castris *in aperto* positis: Liv. I. 33. i. e. *in a place exposed on all sides to view*. STEEVENS.

[5] *Or gild again the noble troops that waited*
Upon my smiles.] The number of persons who composed Cardinal Wolsey's household, according to the *printed* account, was eight hundred. "When (says Cavendish, in his *Life of Wolsey*,) shall we see any more such subjects, that shall keepe such a noble house?—Here is an end of his houshold. The number of persons in the cheyne-roll [check-roll] were *eight hundred* persons."

But Cavendish's work, though written in the time of Queen Mary, was not published till 1641; and it was then printed most unfaithfully, some passages being interpolated, near half of

I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now,[6] and provide
For thine own future safety.

CROM. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

WOL. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear

the MS. being omitted, and the phraseology being modernised throughout, to make it more readable at that time; the covert object of the publication probably having been, to render Laud odious, by shewing how far church-power had been extended by Wolsey, and how dangerous that prelate was, who, in the opinion of many, followed his example. The persons who procured this publication, seem to have been little solicitous about the means they employed, if they could but obtain their end; and therefore, among other unwarrantable sophistications, they took care that the number "of troops who waited on Wolsey's smiles," should be sufficiently magnified; and, instead of *one hundred and eighty*, which was the real number of his household, they printed *eight hundred*. This appears from two MSS. of this work in the Museum; *MSS. Harl.* N°. 428, and *MSS. Birch*, 4233.

In another manuscript copy of Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, in the Publick Library at Cambridge, the number of the Cardinal's household, by the addition of a cypher, is made 1800.
MALONE.

[6] —— *make* use—] i. e. make interest. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "—I gave him *use* for it." STEEVENS.

In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;[7]
By that sin fell the angels,[8] how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;[9]

[7] ——*fling away* ambition;] Wolsey does not mean to condemn every kind of ambition; for in a preceding line he says he will instruct Cromwell how to *rise*, and in the subsequent lines he evidently considers him as a man in office: "—then if thou *fall'st*," &c. *Ambition* here means a criminal and inordinate ambition, that endavours to obtain honours by dishonest means. MALONE.

[8] *By that sin fell the angels,*] See p. 138, n. 1. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *cherish those hearts that* hate *thee;*] Though this be good divinity, and an admirable precept for our conduct in private life, it was never calculated or designed for the magistrate or publick minister. Nor could this be the direction of a man experienced in affairs to his pupil. It would make a good christian, but a very ill and very unjust statesman. And we have nothing so infamous in tradition, as the supposed advice given to one of our kings, *to cherish his enemies, and be in no pain for his friends.* I am of opinion the poet wrote:

——*cherish those hearts that* wait *thee;*

i. e. thy dependants. For the contrary practice had contributed to Wolsey's ruin. He was not careful enough in making de-

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,[1]
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal[2]

pendants by his bounty, while intent in amassing wealth to himself. The following line seems to confirm this correction:

Corruption wins not more than honesty.

i. e. You will never find men won over to your temporary occasions by bribery, so useful to you as friends made by a just and generous munificence. WARBURTON.

I am unwilling wantonly to contradict so ingenious a remark, but that the reader may not be misled, and believe the emendation proposed to be necessary, he should remember that this is not a time for Wolsey to speak only as a *statesman*, but as a *christian*. Shakspeare would have debased the character, just when he was employing his strongest efforts to raise it, had he drawn it otherwise. Nothing makes the hour of disgrace more irksome, than the reflection, that we have been deaf to offers of reconciliation, and perpetuated that enmity which we might have converted into friendship. STEEVENS.

[1] —— *Pr'ythee, lead me in:*
There take an inventory of all I have,] This inventory Wolsey actually caused to be taken upon his disgrace, and the particulars may be seen at large in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 546, edit. 1631.

Among the *Harl. MSS.* there is one intitled, "An Inventorie of Cardinal Wolsey's rich Housholde Stuffe. *Temp. Hen. VIII.* The original book, as it seems, kept by his own officers." See *Harl. Catal.* N°. 599. DOUCE.

[2] *Had I but serv'd my God* &c.] This sentence was really uttered by Wolsey. JOHNSON.

I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.
[*Exeunt.*

When Samrah, the deputy governor of Basorah, was deposed by Moawiyah the sixth caliph, he is reported to have expressed himself in the same manner: "If I had served God so well as I have served him, he would never have condemned me to all eternity."

A similar sentiment also occurs in *The Earle of Murton's Tragedy*, by Churchyard, 1593:

"Had I serv'd God as well in euery sort,
"As I did serue my king and maister still;
"My scope had not this season beene so short,
"Nor world haue had the power to doe me ill."

Steevens.

Antonio Perez, the favourite of Philip the Second of Spain, made the same pathetick complaint: "Mon zele etoit si grand vers ces benignes puissances [la cour de Turin,] que si j'en eusse eu autant pour Dieu, je ne doubte point qu'il ne m'eut deja recompensé de son paradis." Malone.

This was a strange sentence for Wolsey to utter, who was disgraced for the basest treachery to his King in the affair of the divorce: but it shows how naturally men endeavour to palliate their crimes even to themselves. M. Mason.

There is a remarkable affinity between these words and part of the speech of Sir James Hamilton, who was supposed by King James V. thus to address him in a dream: "Though I was a sinner against God, I failed not to thee. Had I been as good a servant to the Lord my God, as I was to thee, I had not died that death." Pinscottie's *History of Scotland*, p. 261, edit. 1788, 12mo. Douce.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in Westminster.

Enter Two Gentlemen, *meeting*.

1 *GENT.* You are well met once again.[3]

2 *GENT.* And so are you.[4]

1 *GENT.* You come to take your stand here, and behold
The lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 *GENT.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *GENT.* 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;
This, general joy.

2 *GENT.* 'Tis well: The citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds;[5]

[3] —— *once again.*] Alluding to their former meeting in the second Act. JOHNSON.

[4] And *so are you.*] The conjunction—*And* was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to complete the measure. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *their* royal *minds;*] i. e. their minds well affected to their King. Mr. Pope unnecessarily changed this word to *loyal.* In *King Henry IV.* Part II. we have "*royal* faith," that is, faith due to kings; which Sir T. Hanmer changed to *loyal*, and I too hastily followed Dr. Johnson and the late editions, in adopting the emendation. The recurrence of the same expression, though it is not such a one as we should now use, convinces me that there is no error in the text in either place. MALONE.

Royal, I believe, in the present instance, only signifies—*noble.* So, Macbeth, speaking of Banquo, mentions his "*royalty* of nature." STEEVENS.

As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day[6] with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 *Gent.* Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

1 *Gent.* Yes; 'tis the list
Of those, that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal; you may read the rest.

2 *Gent.* I thank you, sir; had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance,[7] and

[6] —— this *day*—] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:
—— these *days* ——
But Shakspeare meant *such a day as this*, a coronation day. And such is the English idiom, which our author commonly prefers to grammatical nicety. Johnson.

[7] —— not *appearance*,] I suppose, our author wrote—*non*-appearance. So, in *The Winter's Tale*:
"—— the execution did cry out
"Against the *non*-performance." Steevens.

The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage[8] made of none effect:
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

2 *GENT.* Alas, good lady!—
[*Trumpets.*
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of Trumpets; then, enter

1. *Two Judges.*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
3. *Choristers singing.* [Musick.
4. *Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms,*[9] *and on his head, a gilt copper crown.*
5. *Marquis Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Nor-*

[8] ——*the* late *marriage*—] i. e. the marriage *lately* considered as a valid one. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*in his coat of arms,*] i. e. in his coat of office, emblazoned with the royal arms. STEEVENS.

folk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.

7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*

8. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*

9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets*[1] *of gold without flowers.*

2 GENT. A royal train, believe me.—These I know:—
Who's that, that bears the scepter?

1 GENT. Marquis Dorset:
And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 GENT. A bold brave gentleman: And that should be
The duke of Suffolk.

1 GENT. 'Tis the same; high-steward.

2 GENT. And that my lord of Norfolk?

1 GENT. Yes.

2 GENT. Heaven bless thee!
[*Looking on the* Queen.
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

[1] ——*coronal*——*circlets*——] I do not recollect that these two words occur in any other of our author's works: a circumstance that may serve to strengthen Dr. Farmer's opinion—that the directions for the court pageantry throughout the present drama, were drawn up by another hand. STEEVENS.

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he strains that lady:[s]
I cannot blame his conscience.

1 *GENT.* They, that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

2 *GENT.* Those men are happy; and so are all, are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 *GENT.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2 *GENT.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed;
And, sometimes, falling ones.

1 *GENT.* No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of Trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?

3 *GENT.* Among the croud i'the abbey; where a finger

[s] ——*when he* strains *that lady:*] I do not recollect that our author, in any other of his works, has used the verb—*strain* in its present sense, which is that of the Latin *comprimere*. Thus Livy, I. 4: "*Compressa* vestalis, quum geminum partum edidisset," &c. Again, in Chapman's version of the 21st *Iliad:*

"Bright Peribæa, whom the flood, &c.
"*Compress'd.*"

I have pointed out this circumstance, because Ben Jonson is suspected of having made some additions to the play before us, and, perhaps, in this very scene which is descriptive of the personages who compose the antecedent procession. See Dr. Farmer's note on the Epilogue to this play. STEEVENS.

Could not be wedg'd in more; and I am stifled[3]
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gent.* You saw
The ceremony?

3 *Gent.* That I did.

1 *Gent.* How was it?

3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream[4]
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think,) flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,

[3] —— and *I am stifled*—] *And* was introduced by Sir T. Hanmer, to complete the measure. Steevens.

[4] —— *The rich* stream *&c.*]
" —— ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
" Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus *undam*."
Virg. *Georg.* II. 461. Malone.

Again, in the second *Thebaid* of Statius, v. 223:
" —— foribus cum immissa superbis
" *Unda* fremit vulgi."
So, in *Timon of Athens*, Act I. sc. i:
" —— this *confluence*, this great *flood* of visitors."
See Dr. Johnson's note on this passage. Steevens.

That had not half a week to go,[5] like rams[6]
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *GENT.* But, 'pray, what follow'd?[7]

3 *GENT.* At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum.* So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 *GENT.* Sir, you
Must no more call it York-place, that is past:
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

[5] ——*to go,*] i. e. to continue in their pregnancy. So, afterwards:

" —— the fruit she *goes* with
" I pray for heartily." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*like rams*—] That is, like battering rams. JOHNSON.

So, in Virgil, *Æneid* II:

" —— labat *ariete* crebro
" Janua ——." STEEVENS.

[7] *But*, 'pray, *what follow'd?*] The word—*'pray* was added, for the sake of the measure, by Sir Thomas Hanmer. STEEVENS.

3 *Gent.* I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one, of Winchester,
(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,)
The other, London.

2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gent.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend.—The king
Has made him master o'the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.[8]

Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, *Dowager, sick; led between* GRIFFITH *and* PATIENCE.

GRIF. How does your grace?

KATH. O, Griffith, sick to death:
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair;—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour,[9] cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

GRIF. Yes, madam; but, I think,[1] your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

KATH. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.[2]

[8] *Scene II.*] This scene is above any other part of Shakspeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet, tender and pathetick, without gods, or furies, or poisons, or precipices, without the help of romantick circumstances, without improbable sallies of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous misery. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *child of honour,*] So, in *King Henry IV.* Part I:
"That this same *child of honour* and renown—."
STEEVENS.

[1] —— *I* think,—] Old copy—I *thank*. Corrected in the second folio. MALONE.

[2] —— *he stepp'd before me,* happily,
For my example.] *Happily* seems to mean on this occasion—*peradventure, haply.* I have been more than once of this opi-

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland[3]
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted,) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.[4]

nion, when I have met with the same word thus spelt in other passages. STEEVENS.

Mr. M. Mason is of opinion that *happily* here means *fortunately*. Mr. Steevens's interpretation is, I think, right. So, in *King Henry VI.* Part II:

" Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
" Might *happily* have prov'd far worse than his."

MALONE.

[3] —— *the* stout earl Northumberland—] So, in *Chevy Chase*:

" *The stout earl of Northumberland*
" A vow to God did make" &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *He could not sit his mule.*] In Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, 1641, it is said that Wolsey *poisoned* himself; but the words—" at which time it was apparent that he had poisoned himself," which appear in p. 108 of that work, were an interpolation, inserted by the publisher for some sinister purpose; not being found in the two manuscripts now preserved in the Museum. See a former note, p. 141. MALONE.

Cardinals generally rode on mules. " He rode like a cardinal, sumptuously upon his *mule*." Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*. REED.

In the representation of the *Champ de Drap d'Or*, published by the Society of Antiquaries, the Cardinal appears mounted on one of these animals very richly caparisoned. This circumstance also is much dwelt on in the ancient Satire quoted p. 88, n. 6:

" *Wat.* What yf he will the devils blisse?
" *Jef.* They regarde it no more be gisse
" Then waggynge of his *mule's* tayle.
" *Wat.* Doth he then use on *mule's* to ryde?
" *Jef.* Ye, and that with so shamful pryde
" That to tell it is not possible."

Again:

" Then foloweth my lorde on his *mule*
" Trapped with golde under her cule
" In every poynt most curiously."

KATH. Alas, poor man!

GRIF. At last, with easy roads,[5] he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words,—*O father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold, should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

KATH. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity,—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach,[6] ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom:[7] simony was fair play;

Again:

" The bosses of his *mulis* brydles
" Myght bye Christ and his disciples
" As farre as I coulde ever rede." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*with easy roads,*] i. e. by short stages. STEEVENS.

[6] *Of an unbounded* stomach,] i. e. of unbounded *pride*, or *haughtiness*. So, Holinshed, speaking of King Richard III: " Such a great audacitie and such a *stomach* reigned in his bodie." STEEVENS.

[7] —— *one, that by* suggestion
Ty'd *all the kingdom:*] The word *suggestion*, says the critick [Dr. Warburton], is here used with great propriety and *seeming* knowledge of the Latin tongue: and he proceeds to settle the sense of it from *the late Roman writers and their*

His own opinion was his law: I'the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,

glossers. But Shakspeare's knowledge was from Holinshed, whom he follows *verbatim:*

"This cardinal was of a great stomach, for he computed himself equal with princes, and by craftie *suggestions* got into his hands innumerable treasure: he forced little on simonie, and was not pitifull, and stood affectionate in his own opinion: in open presence he would lie and seie untruth, and was double both in speech and meaning: he would promise much and perform little: he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the clergie euil example." Edit. 1587, p. 922.

Perhaps, after this quotation, you may not think, that Sir Thomas Hanmer, who reads *tyth'd*—instead of *ty'd all the kingdom*, deserves quite so much of Dr. Warburton's severity.—Indisputably the passage, like every other in the speech, is intended to express the meaning of the parallel one in the chronicle; it cannot therefore be credited, that any man, when the *original* was produced, should still choose to defend a *cant* acceptation, and inform us, perhaps, *seriously*, that in *gaming* language, from I know not what practice, to *tye* is to *equal!* A sense of the word, as I have yet found, *unknown* to our old writers; and, if *known*, would not surely have been used in *this* place by our author.

But, let us turn from conjecture to Shakspeare's authorities. Hall, from whom the above description is copied by Holinshed, is very explicit in the demands of the *cardinal:* who having insolently told the *lord mayor* and *aldermen*, "For sothe I thinke, that *halfe* your substance were too little," assures them, by way of comfort, at the end of his harangue, that, *upon an average*, the *tythe* should be sufficient: "Sirs, speake not to breake that thyng that is concluded, for *some* shall not paie the *tenth* parte, and *some* more." And again: "Thei saied, the cardinall by visitacions, makyng of abbottes, probates of testamentes, graunting of faculties, licences, and other pollyngs in his courtes legantines, had made his *threasure egall with the kynges.*" Edit. 1548, p. 138, and 143. FARMER.

In Storer's *Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey*, a poem, 1599, the Cardinal says:

"I car'd not for the gentrie, for I had
"*Tithe*-gentlemen, yong nobles of the kand," &c.

STEEVENS.

Ty'd *all the kingdom:*] i. e. he was a man of an unbounded

Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:

stomach, or pride, ranking himself with princes, and by suggestion to the King and the Pope, he *ty'd*, i. e. limited, circumscribed, and set bounds to the liberties and properties of all persons in the kingdom. That he did so, appears from various passages in the play. Act II. sc. ii. "free us from his slavery,"— "or this imperious man will work us all from princes into pages: all men's honours," &c. Act III. sc. ii. "You wrought to be a legate, by which power you *maim'd* the jurisdiction of all bishops." See also Act I. sc. i. and Act III. sc. ii. This construction of the passage may be supported from D'Ewes's *Journal of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments*, p. 644: "Far be it from me that the state and prerogative of the prince should be *tied* by me, or by the act of any other subject."

Dr. Farmer has displayed such eminent knowledge of Shakspeare, that it is with the utmost diffidence I dissent from the alteration which he would establish here. He would read *tyth'd*, and refers to the authorities of Hall and Holinshed about a tax of the *tenth*, or *tythe* of each man's substance, which is not taken notice of in the play. Let it be remarked that it is Queen Katharine speaks here, who, in Act I. sc. ii. told the King it was a demand of the *sixth* part of each subject's substance, that caused the rebellion. Would she afterwards say that he, i. e. Wolsey, had *tythed* all the kingdom, when she knew he had almost *double-tythed* it? Still Dr. Farmer insists that "the passage, like every other in the speech, is intended to express the meaning of the parallel one in the *Chronicle:*" i. e. The cardinal "by craftie suggestion got into his hands innumerable treasure." This passage does not relate to a publick tax of the *tenths*, but to the Cardinal's own private acquisitions. If in this sense I admitted the alteration, *tyth'd*, I would suppose that, as the Queen is descanting on the Cardinal's own acquirements, she borrows her term from the principal emolument or payment due to priests; and means to intimate that the Cardinal was not content with the *tythes* legally accruing to him from his own various pluralities, but that he extorted something equivalent to them throughout all the kingdom. So, Buckingham says, Act I. sc. i. "No man's pie is freed from his ambitious finger." So, again, Surrey says, Act III. sc. *ult.* "Yes, that goodness of gleaning all the land's wealth into one, into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion:" and *ibidem*, "You have sent *innumerable substance* (by what means got, I leave to your own conscience) to the mere undoing of all the kingdom." This extortion is so fre-

His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.[8]
Of his own body he was ill,[9] and gave
The clergy ill example.

GRIF. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.[1] May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

quently spoken of, that perhaps our author purposely avoided a repetition of it in the passage under consideration, and therefore gave a different sentiment declarative of the consequence of his unbounded pride, that must humble all others. TOLLET.

[8] —— *as he is now, nothing.*] So, in Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence:*

" ———— Great men,
" Till they have gain'd their ends, are *giants in*
" *Their promises;* but those obtain'd, *weak pygmies*
" *In their performance.*" STEEVENS.

[9] *Of his own body he was ill,*] A criminal connection with women was anciently called *the vice of the body.* Thus, in *The Manciple's Tale*, by Chaucer:

" If *of hire body dishonest* she be."

Again, in Holinshed, p. 1258: " —he laboured by all meanes to cleare mistresse Sanders of committing *evill of her bodie* with him." STEEVENS.

So, the Protector says of Jane Shore, Hall's *Chronicle*, Edw. IV. p. 16: " She was *naught of her bodye.*" MALONE.

[1] ———— *their virtues*
We write in water.] Beaumont and Fletcher have the same thought in their *Philaster:*

" —— all your better deeds
" Shall be in *water* writ, but this in marble."

STEEVENS.

This reflection bears a great resemblance to a passage in Sir Thomas More's *History of Richard III.* whence Shakspeare undoubtedly formed his play on that subject. Speaking of the ungrateful turns which Jane Shore experienced from those whom she had served in her prosperity, More adds, " Men use, if they have an evil turne, to write it in marble, and whoso doth us a good turne, we write it in duste."

More's *Works*, bl. l. 1557, p. 59. PERCY.

KATH. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

GRIF. This cardinal,[2]

In Whitney's *Emblemes*, printed at Leyden, 4to. 1586, p. 183, is the following:

" *Scribit in marmore læsus.*
" In marble harde our harmes wee alwayes grave,
" Because, wee still will beare the same in minde:
" In duste wee write the benefittes wee have,
" Where they are soone defaced with the winde.
" So, wronges wee houlde, and never will forgive;
" And soone forget, that still with us shoulde live."

Again, as Mr. Ritson quotes from Harrington's *Ariosto*:

" Men say it, and we see it come to pass,
" Good turns in sand, shrewd turns are writ *in brass*."

To avoid an unnecessary multiplication of instances, I shall just observe, that the same sentiment is found in Massinger's *Maid of Honour*, Act V. sc. ii. and Marston's *Malcontent*, Act II. sc. iii. REED.

[2] *This cardinal*, &c.] This speech is formed on the following passage in Holinshed: " This cardinal, (as Edmond Campion, in his *Historie of Ireland*, described him,) was a man undoubtedly born to honour; I think, (saith he,) some prince's bastard, no butcher's sonne; exceeding wise, faire-spoken, high-minded, full of revenge, vitious of his bodie, loftie to his enemies, were they never so bigge, to those that accepted and sought his friendship wonderful courteous; a ripe schooleman, thrall to affections, brought a bed with flatterie; insaciable to get, and more princelie in bestowing, as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one overthrown with his fall, the other unfinished, and yet as it lyeth, for an house of studentes, (considering all the appurtenances,) incomparable throughout Christendome.—He held and injoied at once the bishoprickes of Yorke, Duresme, and Winchester, the dignities of Lord Cardinall, Legat, and Chancellor, the abbaie of St. Albons, diverse priories, sundrie fat benefices *in commendam*; a great preferrer of his servants, an advauncer of learning, stoute in every quarrel, never happy till this his overthrow: wherein he shewed such moderation, and ended so perfectlie, that the houre of his death did him more honour than all the pomp of his life passed.*"

* So, in *Macbeth*:
" —— nothing in his life
" Became him like the leaving it;——." STEEVENS.

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour.[3] From his cradle,
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:[4]
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;

When Shakspeare says that Wolsey was "a scholar from his cradle," he had probably in his thoughts the account given by Cavendish, which Stowe has copied; "Cardinal Wolsey was an honest, poor man's sonne—who, *being but a child, was very apt to learne*; wherefore by means of his parents and other his good friends he was maintained at the university of Oxford, where in a short time he prospered so well, that in a small time, (as he told me with his owne mouth,) he was made bachelour of arts, when he was but fifteen years of age, and was most commonly called *the boy batchelour*." See also Wolsey's Legend, *Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1587.

I have here followed the punctuation of the old copy, where there is a full point at *honour*, and *From his cradle* begins a new sentence. This punctuation has likewise been adopted in the late editions. Mr. Theobald, however, contends that we ought to point thus:

"Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle."

And it must be owned that the words of Holinshed, here thrown into verse, "This cardinall was a man undoubtedly BORN to *honour*," strongly support his regulation. The reader has before him the arguments on each side. I am by no means confident that I have decided rightly. MALONE.

The present punctuation,

"——*From his cradle*,
"He was a scholar,——"

seems to be countenanced by a passage in *King Henry V:*

"*Never was such a* sudden *scholar made*." STEEVENS.

[3] *Was fashion'd to much honour.*] Perhaps our author borrowed this expression from *Saint Paul's Epistle to the Romans*, ix. 21: "Hath not the potter power over the clay of the same lump, *to make one vessel unto honour*" &c. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*fair spoken, and persuading:*] Eloquence constituted a part of the Cardinal's real character. In the charges exhibited against him, it was alledged that at the Privy Council "he would have all the words to himself, and *consumed much time with a fair* [illegible]." See 1 *Inst.* 91. HOLT WHITE.

But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich,[5] and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;[6]
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.

KATH. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,

[5] *Ipswich,*] "The foundation-stone of the College which the Cardinal founded in this place, was discovered a few years ago. It is now in the Chapter-house of Christ-Church, Oxford." Seward's *Anecdotes of distinguished Persons*, &c. 1795. STEEVENS.

[6] *Unwilling to outlive the good* that *did it;*] Unwilling to survive that virtue which was the cause of its foundation: or, perhaps, "the good" is licentiously used for the good *man;* "the virtuous prelate who founded it." So, in *The Winter's Tale:* "— a piece many years in *doing.*"

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—the good *he* did it; which appears to me unintelligible. "The good *he* did it," was laying the foundation of the building and endowing it: if therefore we suppose the college unwilling to outlive the good he did it, we suppose it to expire instantly after its birth.

"The college unwilling to live longer than its founder, or the goodness that gave rise to it," though certainly a conceit, is sufficiently intelligible. MALONE.

Good, I believe, is put for *goodness*. So, in p. 159:

"——May it please your highness
"To hear me speak his *good* now?" STEEVENS.

But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn musick.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her;—Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another,[7] *six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards*[8] *on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend court'sies; then the two, that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same*

[7] ——solemnly tripping *one after another,*] This whimsical stage-direction is exactly taken from the old copy. Steevens.

Of this stage-direction I do not believe our author wrote one word. Katharine's next speech probably suggested this *tripping* dumb-shew to the too busy reviver of this play. Malone.

[8] ——*golden vizards*—] These tawdry disguises are also mentioned in Hall's account of a *maske* devised by King Henry VIII: "—thei were appareled &c. with *visors* and cappes *of golde*." Steevens.

order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.

KATH. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?[9]

GRIF. Madam, we are here.

KATH. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

GRIF. None, madam.

KATH. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.

GRIF. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

[9] *And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?*] Perhaps Mr. Gray had this passage in his thoughts, when he made his Bard exclaim, on a similar occasion, (the evanescence of visionary forms):

"Stay, O stay! nor thus forlorn
"*Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn!*"

STEEVENS.

KATH. Bid the musick leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Musick ceases.*

PAT. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? Mark you her eyes?[1]

GRIF. She is going, wench; pray, pray.

PAT. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. An't like your grace,—

KATH. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?

GRIF. You are to blame,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.[2]

MESS. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

[1] ——*Mark* you *her eyes?*] The modern editors read—*Mark her eyes.* But in the old copy, there being a stop of interrogation after this passage, as after the foregoing clauses of the speech, I have ventured to insert the pronoun—*you*, which at once supports the ancient pointing, and completes the measure. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*go to, kneel.*] Queen Katharine's servants, after the divorce at Dunstable, and the Pope's curse stuck up at Dunkirk, were directed to be sworn to serve her not as a *Queen*, but as *Princess Dowager*. Some refused to take the oath, and so were forced to leave her service; and as for those who took it and stayed, she would not be served by them, by which means she was almost destitute of attendants. See Hall, fol. 219. Bishop Burnet says, all the women about her still called her Queen. Burnet, p. 162. REED.

KATH. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt* GRIFFITH *and* Messenger.

Re-enter GRIFFITH, *with* CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

CAP. Madam, the same, your servant.

KATH. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

CAP. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

KATH. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physick, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

CAP. Madam, in good health.

KATH. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

PAT. No, madam.

[*Giving it to* KATHARINE.

KATH. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.[3]

CAP. Most willing, madam.

KATH. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves,[4] his young daughter:—

[3] *This to my lord the king.*] So, Holinshed, p. 939: "—perceiving hir selfe to waxe verie weak and feeble, and to feele death approaching at hand, caused one of hir gentlewomen to write a letter to the king, commending to him hir daughter and his, beseeching him to stand good father unto hir; and further desired him to have some consideration of hir gentlewomen that had served hir, and to see them bestowed in marriage. Further that it would please him to appoint that hir servants might have their due wages, and a yeares wages beside."
STEEVENS.

This letter probably fell into the hands of Polydore Virgil, who was then in England, and has preserved it in the twenty-seventh book of his history. The following is Lord Herbert's translation of it:

"My most dear lord, king, and husband,

"The hour of my death now approaching, I cannot choose but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever: for which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles.—But I forgive you all, and pray God to do so likewise. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have heretofore desired. I must entreat you also to respect my maids, and give them in marriage, (which is not much, they being but three,) and to all my other servants a years pay besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell." MALONE.

The legal instrument for the divorce of Queen Katharine is still in being; and among the signatures to it is that of Polydore Virgil. STEEVENS.

[4] *The* model *of our chaste loves,*] *Model* is *image* or *representation*. See Vol. VIII. p. 352, n. 2; and Vol. X. p. 532, n. 2.
MALONE.

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long,
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;[5]
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men;—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me;—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by;

[5] *A right good* &c.] I would read this line (not with a semicolon, as hitherto printed,) but with only a comma:

A right good husband, let him be a noble;

i. e. though he were even of noble extraction. WHALLEY.

Let him be, I suppose, signifies, *even though he should be*; or, *admit that he be*. She means to observe, that *nobility superadded to virtue, is not more than each of her women deserves to meet with in a husband.*

The same phraseology is found in *King Richard II:*

" Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
" And *let him be* no kinsman to my liege." STEEVENS.

This is, I think, the true interpretation of the line: but I do not see why the words *let him be a noble*, may not, consistently with this meaning, be understood in their obvious and ordinary sense. We are not to consider Katharine's *women* like the attendants on other ladies. One of them had already been married to more than a noble husband; having unfortunately captivated a worthless *king*. MALONE.

If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents:—And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

CAP. By heaven, I will;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

KATH. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.——

[*Exeunt, leading* KATHARINE.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter GARDINER *Bishop of* Winchester, *a* Page *with a Torch before him, met by Sir* THOMAS LOVELL.

GAR. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

BOY. It hath struck.

GAR. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights;[6] times to repair our nature
With comforting repose,[7] and not for us
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir Thomas!
Whither so late?

LOV. Came you from the king, my lord?

GAR. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero[8]
With the duke of Suffolk.

[6] *Not for delights;*] Gardiner himself is not much delighted. The delight at which he hints, seems to be the King's diversion, which keeps him in attendance. JOHNSON.

[7] *These should be hours——*
—— times to repair our nature
With comforting repose,] Hence, perhaps, the following passage in the fifth Act of Rowe's *Fair Penitent*. Sciolto is the speaker:

"This dead of night, this silent hour of darkness,
"Nature for rest ordain'd and soft repose." STEEVENS.

[8] *—— at* primero—] *Primero* and *Primavista*, two games at cards, H. I. *Primera*, *Primavista*. La *Primiere*, G. Prime, f. *Prime veue*. *Primum*, et primum *visum*, that is, first, and first seen: because he that can show such an order of cards first, wins the game. Minsheu's *Guide into Tongues*, col. 575. GREY.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?
It seems, you are in haste; an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business:[9] Affairs, that walk
(As, they say, spirits do,) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit, she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,—
Hear me, sir Thomas: You are a gentleman

So, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:
"Come will your worship make one at *primero*?"
Again, in the Preface to *The Rival Friends*, 1632: "—when it may be, some of our butterfly judgments expected a set at maw or *primavista* from them." STEEVENS.

[9] *Some touch of your late business:*] Some hint of the business that keeps you awake so late. JOHNSON

Of mine own way;[1] I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'Twill not, sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i'the kingdom. As for Crom-
well,—
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made[2] master
O'the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,[3]
With which the time will load him: The archbishop
Is the king's hand, and tongue; And who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think, I have
Incens'd the lords o'the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is,)
A most arch heretick,[4] a pestilence

[1] ——*mine own way;*] Mine own opinion in religion. JOHNSON.

[2] ——he's *made*—] The pronoun, which was omitted in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[3] *Stands in the gap and* trade *of more preferments,*] *Trade* is the *practised method*, the *general course*. JOHNSON.

Trade has been already used by Shakspeare with this meaning in *King Richard II:*

"Some way of common *trade*."

See Vol. XI. p. 109, n. 5. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*I have*
Incens'd *the lords o'the council, that he is* &c.
A most arch heretick,] This passage, according to the old elliptical mode of writing, may mean—I have incens'd the lords of the council, *for* that he is, i. e. because. STEEVENS.

That does infect the land: with which they moved,
Have broken with the king;[5] who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded,[6]
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented.[7] He's a rank weed, sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your servant. [*Exeunt* GARDINER *and* Page.

As LOVELL *is going out, enter the* King, *and the Duke of* SUFFOLK.

K. HEN. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

SUF. Sir, I did never win of you before.

I have roused the lords of the council by suggesting to them that he is a most arch heretick: I have thus *incited* them against him. MALONE.

Incensed, I believe, in this instance, and some others, only means *prompted, set on*. So, in *King Richard III:*

"Think you, my lord, this little prating York
"Was not *incensed* by his subtle mother?" STEEVENS.

[5] —— broken *with the king;*] They have broken silence; told their minds to the king. JOHNSON.

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:* "I will *break* with her." Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"I am to *break* with thee of some affairs." STEEVENS.

[6] —— he *hath commanded,*] *He*, which is not in the old copy, was inserted by Mr. Pope. *He hath* was often written contractedly *h'ath*. Hence probably the error. MALONE.

[7] *He be* convented.] *Convented* is *summoned*, convened. See Vol. VI. p. 392, n. 5. STEEVENS.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha!
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.[8]

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Will not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night.—
[*Exit* Suffolk.

[8] ——*her sufferance made*
Almost each pang a death.] We have had nearly the same sentiment before, in Act II. sc. iii:
"——it is a sufferance panging
"As soul and body's severing." Malone.

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.[9]

Well, sir, what follows?

[9] *Enter Sir* Anthony Denny.] The substance of this and the two following scenes is taken from Fox's *Acts and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs*, &c. 1563:

"When night came, the king sent Sir Anthonie Denie about midnight to Lambeth to the archbishop, willing him forthwith to resort unto him at the court. The message done, the archbishop speedily addressed himselfe to the court, and comming into the galerie where the king walked and taried for him, his highnesse said, Ah, my lorde of Canterbury, I can tell you newes. For divers weighty considerations it is determined by me and the counsaile, that you to-morrowe at nine of the clocke shall be committed to the Tower, for that you and your chaplaines (as information is given us) have taught and preached, and thereby sown within the realme such a number of execrable heresies, that it is feared the whole realme being infected with them, no small contention and commotion will rise thereby amongst my subjects, as of late daies the like was in divers parts of Germanie; and therefore the counsell have requested me for the triall of the matter, to suffer them to commit you to the Tower, or else no man dare come forth, as witnesse in those matters, you being a counsellor.

"When the king had said his mind, the archbishop kneeled down, and said, I am content, if it please your grace, with al my hart, to go thither at your highness commandment; and I most humbly thank your majesty that I may come to my triall, for there be that have many waies slandered me, and now this way I hope to trie myselfe not worthy of such reporte.

"The king perceiving the mans uprightnesse, joyned with such simplicitie, said; Oh Lorde, what maner o'man be you? What simplicitie is in you? I had thought that you would rather have sued to us to have taken the paines to have heard you and your accusers together for your triall, without any such indurance. Do you not know what state you be in with the whole world, and how many great enemies you have? Do you not consider what an easie thing it is to procure three or foure false knaves to witness against you? Thinke you to have better lucke that waie than your master Christ had? I see by it you will run headlong to your undoing, if I would suffer you. Your enemies shall not so prevaile against you: for I have otherwise devised with my selfe to keep you out of their handes. Yet notwith-

DEN. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

standing to-morrow when the counsaile shall sit, and send for you, resort unto them, and if in charging you with this matter, they do commit you to the Tower, require of them, because you are one of them, a counsailer, that you may have your accusers brought before them without any further indurance, and use for your selfe as good persuasions that way as you may devise; and if no intreatie or reasonable request will serve, then deliver unto them this my ring (which then the king delivered unto the archbishop,) and saie unto them, if there be no remedie, my lords, but that I must needs go to the Tower, then I revoke my cause from you, and appeale to the kinges owne person by this token unto you all, for (saide the king then unto the archbishop) so soone as they shall see this my ring, they knowe it so well, that they shall understande that I have reserved the whole cause into mine owne handes and determination, and that I have discharged them thereof.

" The archbishop perceiving the kinges benignity so much to him wards, had much ado to forbeare teares. Well, said the king, go your waies, my lord, and do as I have bidden you. My lord, humbling himselfe with thankes, tooke his leave of the kinges highnesse for that night.

" On the morrow, about nine of the clocke before noone, the counsaile sent a gentleman usher for the archbishop, who, when hee came to the counsaile-chamber doore, could not be let in, but of purpose (as it seemed) was compelled there to waite among the pages, lackies, and serving men all alone. D. Buts the king's physition resorting that way, and espying how my lord of Canterbury was handled, went to the king's highnesse, and said; My lord of Canterbury, if it please your grace, is well promoted; for now he is become a lackey or a serving man, for yonder hee standeth this halfe hower at the counsaile-chamber doore amongste them. It is not so, (quoth the king,) I trowe, nor the counsaile hath not so little discretion as to use the metropolitane of the realme in that sorte, specially being one of their own number. But let them alone (said the king) and we shall heare more soone.

" Anone the archbishop was called into the counsaile-chamber, to whom was alleadged as before is rehearsed. The archbishop aunswered in like sort, as the king had advised him: and in the end when he perceived that no maner of persuasion or intreatie could serve, he delivered them the king's ring, revoking his cause into the king's handes. The whole counsaile being thereat some-

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?
Den. Ay, my good lord.
K. Hen. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?
Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

what amazed, the earle of Bedford with a loud voice confirming his words with a solemn othe, said, when you first began the matter, my lordes, I told you what would come of it. Do you thinke that the king would suffer this man's finger to ake? Much more (I warrant you) will he defend his life against brabling varlets. You doe but cumber yourselves to hear tales and fables against him. And incontinently upon the receipt of the king's token, they all rose, and carried to the king his ring, surrendring that matter as the order and use was, into his own hands.

"When they were all come to the king's presence, his highness, with a severe countenance, said unto them; ah, my lordes, I thought I had wiser men of my counsaile than now I find you. What discretion was this in you thus to make the primate of the realme, and one of you in office, to wait at the counsaille-chamber doore amongst serving men? You might have considered that he was a counsailer as wel as you, and you had no such commission of me so to handle him. I was content that you should trie him as a counsellor, and not as a meane subject. But now I well perceive that things be done against him maliciouslie, and if some of you might have had your mindes, you would have tried him to the uttermost. But I doe you all to wit, and protest, that if a prince may bee beholding unto his subject (and so solemnlie laying his hand upon his brest, said,) by the faith I owe to God I take this man here, my lord of Canterburie, to be of all other a most faithful subject unto us, and one to whome we are much beholding, giving him great commendations otherwise. And, with that, one or two of the chiefest of the counsaile, making their excuse, declared, that in requesting his indurance, it was rather ment for his triall and his purgation against the common fame and slander of the worlde, than for any malice conceived against him. Well, well, my lords, (quoth the king,) take him, and well use him, as hee is worthy to bee, and make no more ado. And with that, every man caught him by the hand, and made faire weather of altogethers, which might easilie be done with that man."

STEVENS.

K. Hen. Bring him to us.
[*Exit* Denny.

Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake;
I am happily[1] come hither. [*Aside.*

Re-enter Denny, *with* Cranmer.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.
[Lovell *seems to stay.*
Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.
What!— [*Exeunt* Lovell *and* Denny.

Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspéct of terror. All's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty,
To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. 'Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall

[1] —— *happily*—] The present instance, and another in p. 183, seem to militate against my former explanation of—*happily*, and to countenance that of Mr. M. Mason. See p. 154, n. 2. Steevens.

This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: You a brother of us,[2]
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

CRAN. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.[3]

K. HEN. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you
Without indurance,[4] further.

CRAN. Most dread liege,

[2] —— *You a brother of us*, &c.] You being one of the council, it is necessary to imprison you, that the witnesses against you may not be deterred. JOHNSON.

[3] *Than I myself, poor man.*] *Poor man* probably belongs to the King's reply. GREY.

[4] —— *indurance*,] i. e. confinement. Dr. Johnson, however, in his *Dictionary*, says that this word (which Shakspeare borrowed from Fox's narrative already quoted) means—*delay, procrastination*. STEEVENS.

The good I stand on[5] is my truth, and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,[6]
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,[7]
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not how
Your state stands i'the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies
Are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever[8]
The justice and the truth o'the question carries
The due o'the verdict with it: At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,[9]

[5] *The* good *I stand on*—] Though *good* may be taken for *advantage* or *superiority*, or any thing which may help or support, yet it would, I think, be more natural to say:

The ground *I stand on*——. Johnson.

The old copy is certainly right. So, in *Coriolanus:*

" Your *franchises*, *whereon* you *stand*, confin'd
" Into an augre's bore." Malone.

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor:* " Though Page be a secure fool, and *stands* so firmly *on* his wife's frailty——." Steevens.

[6] —— *I, with mine enemies,*] Cranmer, I suppose, means, that whenever his honesty fails, he shall rejoice as heartily as his enemies at his destruction. Malone.

[7] —— *I weigh not,*] i. e. have no value for. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost:*

" You *weigh me not*,—O that's, you care not for me."

See *King Richard III.* Act III. sc. i. Steevens.

[8] —— *and* not ever—] *Not ever* is an uncommon expression, and does not mean *never*, but *not always*. M. Mason.

[9] —— Ween *you of better luck,*] To *ween* is to *think*, to *imagine*. Though now obsolete, the word was common to all our ancient writers. Steevens.

I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

CRAN. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

K. HEN. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them: if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.—[*Exit* CRANMER.]
He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.[1]

GENT. [*Within.*] Come back; What mean you?

LADY. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring

[1] —— *an old Lady.*] This, I suppose, is the same old cat that appears with Anne Bullen, p. 77. STEEVENS.

Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings![2]

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her![3]—'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell,[4]—

Enter Lovell.

Lov. Sir.

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen. [*Exit* King.

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll have more.

[2] ——— *good angels*
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!] So, in *Hamlet*, Act III. sc. iv:
"Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
"You heavenly guards!" Steevens.

[3] —— *bless* her!] It is doubtful whether *her* is referred to the Queen or the girl. Johnson.

As I believe this play was calculated for the ear of Elizabeth, I imagine, *her* relates to the girl. Malone.

[4] *Lovell,*] Lovell has been just sent out of the presence, and no notice is given of his return: I have placed it here at the instant when the King calls for him. Steevens.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl is like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Lobby before the Council-Chamber.

Enter CRANMER; *Servants, Door-Keeper, &c. attending.*

CRAN. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—Hoa!
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

D. KEEP. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

CRAN. Why?

D. KEEP. Your grace must wait, till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

CRAN. So.

BUTTS. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: The king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit* BUTTS.

CRAN. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician; As he past along,

How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose lay'd, by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter, at a window above,[5] *the* King *and* BUTTS.

BUTTS. I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—
K. HEN. What's that, Butts?
BUTTS. I think, your highness saw this many a day.
K. HEN. Body o'me, where is it?
BUTTS. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;

[5] —— *at a window above,*] The suspicious vigilance of our ancestors contrived windows which overlooked the insides of chapels, halls, kitchens, passages, &c. Some of these convenient peep-holes may still be found in colleges, and such ancient houses as have not suffered from the reformations of modern architecture. Among Andrew Borde's instructions for building a house, (see his *Dietarie of Health*,) is the following: "Many of the chambers to have a view into the chapel."

Again, in a Letter from Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1573: "And if it please her majestie, she may come in through my gallerie, and see the disposition of the hall in dynner time, at *a window opening thereunto.*"

See Mr. Seward's *Anecdotes of some distinguished Persons*, Vol. IV. p. 270.

Without a previous knowledge of this custom, Shakspeare's scenery, in the present instance, would be obscure.

STEEVENS.

Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.

K. HEN. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had thought,
They had parted so much honesty among them,[6]
(At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let them alone, and draw the curtain close;[7]
We shall hear more anon.— [*Exeunt.*

THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, *the Duke of* SUFFOLK, *Earl of* SURREY, *Lord* Chamberlain, GARDINER, *and* CROMWELL. *The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of* Canterbury. *The rest seat themselves in order on each side.* CROMWELL *at the lower end, as secretary.*

CHAN. Speak to the business,[8] master secretary:
Why are we met in council?

[6] *They had* parted &c.] We should now say—*They had* shared, &c. i. e. had so much honesty among them.
STEEVENS.

—— *draw the curtain close;*] i. e. the curtain of the balcony, or upper-stage, where the King now is. See *The Historical Account of the English Stage*, Vol. III. MALONE.

Chan. *Speak to the business,*] This Lord Chancellor, though a character, has hitherto had no place in the *Dramatis Personæ*. In the last scene of the fourth Act, we heard that Sir Thomas

CROM. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

GAR. Has he had knowledge of it?

CROM. Yes.

NOR. Who waits there?

D. KEEP. Without, my noble lords?[9]

GAR. Yes.

D. KEEP. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

CHAN. Let him come in.

D. KEEP. Your grace may enter now.[1]

[CRANMER *approaches the Council-table.*

More was appointed Lord Chancellor: but it is not he whom the poet here introduces. Wolsey, by command, delivered up the seals on the 18th of November, 1529; on the 25th of the same month, they were delivered to Sir Thomas More, who surrendered them on the 16th of May, 1532. Now the conclusion of this scene taking notice of Queen Elizabeth's birth, (which brings it down to the year 1534,) Sir Thomas Audlie must necessarily be our poet's chancellor; who succeeded Sir Thomas More, and held the seals many years. THEOBALD.

In the preceding scene we have heard of the birth of Elizabeth, and from the conclusion of the present it appears that she is not yet christened. She was born September 7, 1533, and baptized on the 11th of the same month. Cardinal Wolsey was Chancellor of England from September 7, 1516, to the 25th of October, 1530, on which day the seals were given to Sir Thomas More. He held them till the 20th of May, 1533, when Sir Thomas Audley was appointed *Lord Keeper*. He therefore is the person here introduced; but Shakspeare has made a mistake in calling him Lord *Chancellor*, for he did not obtain that title till the January after the birth of Elizabeth. MALONE.

[9] —— noble *lords*?] The epithet—*noble* should be omitted, as it spoils the metre. STEEVENS.

[1] *Your grace may enter now.*] It is not easy to ascertain the mode of exhibition here. The inside and the outside of the council-chamber seem to be exhibited at once. Norfolk *within*

CHAN. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: But we all are men,
In our own natures frail; and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels:[2] out of which frailty,

calls to the Keeper *without*, who yet is *on the stage*, and supposed to be with Cranmer, &c. at the outside of the door of the chamber. The Chancellor and counsellors probably were placed behind a curtain at the back part of the stage, and spoke, but were not seen, till Cranmer was called in. The stage-direction in the old copy, which is, "Cranmer *approaches* the council-table," not, "Cranmer *enters* the council-chamber," seems to countenance such an idea.

With all the "appliances and aids" that modern *scenery* furnishes, it is impossible to produce any exhibition that shall precisely correspond with what our author has here written. Our less scrupulous ancestors were contented to be *told*, that the same spot, without any change of its appearance, (except perhaps the drawing back of a curtain,) was at once the outside and the inside of the council-chamber. See the *Account of our old Theatres*, Vol. III. MALONE.

How the outside and inside of a room can be exhibited on the stage at the same instant, may be known from many ancient prints in which the act of listening or peeping is represented. See a famous plate illustrating the Tale of *Giocondo*, and intitled *Vero essempio d' Impudicitia, cavato da M. L. Ariosto;* and the engraving prefixed to *Twelfth-Night*, in Mr. Rowe's edition.
STEEVENS.

[2] ——— *and* capable
Of our flesh, *few are angels:* &c.] If this passage means any thing, it may mean, *few are perfect, while they remain in their mortal capacity;* i. e. while they are capable [in a condition] of being invested with flesh. A similar phrase occurs in Chapman's version of the sixteenth *Iliad:*

"That is no city libertine, nor *capable of their gown.*"

Shakspeare uses the word *capable* as perversely in *King Lear:*

"——— and of my land,
"Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the mean
"To make thee *capable.*" STEEVENS.

The word *capable* almost every where in Shakspeare means *intelligent*, of *capacity* to understand, or quick of apprehension. So, in *King Richard III:*

And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling

" —— O, 'tis a parlous boy,
" Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, *capable!*"

Again, in *Hamlet:*

" His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
" Would make them *capable!*"

In the same play Shakspeare has used *incapable* nearly in the sense required here:

" As one *incapable* [i. e. unintelligent] of her own distress."

So, Marston, in his *Scourge of Villanie*, 1599:

" To be perus'd by all the dung-scum rabble
" Of thin-brain'd ideots, dull *uncapable.*"

Minsheu, in his *Dictionary*, 1617, renders the word by *indocilis.*

The transcriber's ear, I suppose, deceived him, in the passage before us, as in many others; and the Chancellor, I conceive, means to say, the condition of humanity is such, that we are all born frail in disposition, and *weak in our understandings.* The subsequent words appear to me to add such support to this emendation, that I have ventured, contrary to my general rule, to give it a place in my text; which, however, I should not have done, had the original reading afforded a glimmering of sense:

——— *we are all men,*
In our own natures frail, incapable;
Of our flesh, few are angels; out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, *you, &c.*

Mr. Pope, in his licentious method, printed the passage thus, and the three subsequent editors adopted his supposed reformation:

——— *we are all men,*
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of frailty, *few are angels;* from *which frailty,* &c.
MALONE.

I cannot extort any kind of sense from the passage as it stands. Perhaps it should be read thus:

——— *we are all men,*
In our own natures frail and culpable:
Of our flesh, few are angels.

That is, few are perfect. M. MASON.

The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains,
(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,
Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

GAR. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords: for those, that tame wild horses,
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewell, all physick: And what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany,[3] can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

CRAN. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart,[4] my lords,)
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,

[3] *The upper Germany*, &c.] Alluding to the heresy of Thomas Muntzer, which sprung up in Saxony in the years 1521 and 1522. GREY.

[4] —— *a* single *heart*,] A heart void of duplicity or guile. MALONE.

It is a scriptural expression. See *Acts*, ii. 46. REED.

Defacers of a publick peace,[5] than I do.
'Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end,
'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

[5] *Defacers of a publick peace,*] Read,—*the* publick peace. M. Mason.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,[6]
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.[7]

Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

[6] —— *your painted gloss* &c.] Those that understand you, under this *painted gloss*, this fair outside, discover your empty talk and your false reasoning. Johnson.

[7] ——— *'tis a cruelty,*
To load a falling man.] This sentiment had occurred before. The Lord Chamberlain, checking the Earl of Surrey for his reproaches to Wolsey, says:

" ——— O, my lord,
" Press not a falling man too far." Steevens.

CHAN. Then thus for you,[8] my lord,—It stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?

ALL. We are.

CRAN. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

GAR. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome.
Let some o'the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

CRAN. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?

GAR. Receive him,
And see him safe i'the Tower.

CRAN. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

[8] Chan. *Then thus for you*, &c.] This, and the little speech above—"This is too much," &c. are in the old copy given to the Lord *Chamberlain*. The difference between *Cham.* and *Chan.* is so slight, that I have not hesitated to give them both to the Chancellor, who on Cranmer's entrance first arraigns him, and therefore, (without any consideration of his high station in the council,) is the person to whom Shakspeare would naturally assign the order for his being committed to the Tower. The Chancellor's apologizing to the King for the committal in a subsequent passage, likewise supports the emendation now made, which was suggested by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

Cham. This is the king's ring.[9]

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
'Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.

[9] *This is the* king's ring.] It seems to have been a custom, begun probably in the dark ages, before literature was generally diffused, and before the regal power experienced the restraints of law, for every monarch to have a ring, the temporary possession of which invested the holder with the same authority as the owner himself could exercise. The production of it was sufficient to suspend the execution of the law; it procured indemnity for offences committed, and imposed acquiescence and submission on whatever was done under its authority. Instances abound in the history of almost every nation. See *Procopius de bell. Vandal.* L. I. p. 15, as quoted in Farnworth's *Machiavel*, Vol. I. p. 9. The traditional story of the Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth, and the Countess of Nottingham, long considered as an incident of a romance, is generally known, and now as generally credited. See Birch's *Negotiations*, p. 206. Reed.

Enter King, *frowning on them; takes his seat.*

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;
They are too thin[1] and base to hide offences.[2]

[1] *They are too thin* &c.] i. e. the *commendations* above mentioned. Mr. Pope, in the former line, changed *flattery* to *flatteries*, and this unnecessary emendation has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. I believe our author wrote—

They are too thin and bare;

and that the editor of the first folio, not understanding the word, changed it to *base*, as he did in *King Henry IV.* Part I. See Vol. XI. p. 222, n. 2. Malone.

[2] —— *But know, I come not*
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and base to hide offences. &c.] I think the pointing of these lines preferable to that in the former edition, in which they stand thus:

——— *I come not*
To hear such flatteries now: and in my presence
They are too thin, &c.

It then follows:

To me you cannot reach: you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.

But the former of these lines should evidently be thus written:

To one *you cannot reach you play the spaniel,*

the relative *whom* being understood. Whalley.

To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
Good man, [*To* CRANMER.] sit down. Now let me see the proudest
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think his place becomes thee not.[1]

SUR. May it please your grace,—

K. HEN. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
This honest man, wait like a lowsy footboy
At chamber door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom; There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have, while I live.

I think the old copy is right. MALONE.

Surely, the first of these lines should be pointed thus:

To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,—

That is, you fawn upon me, who am above your malice.

M. MASON.

In the punctuation of this passage I have followed the concurring advice of Mr. Whalley and Mr. M. Mason. STEEVENS.

Than but once think his place becomes thee not.] Who dares to suppose that the place or situation in which he is, is not suitable to thee also? who supposes that thou art not as fit for the office of my counsellor as he is.

Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read—*this* place.

MALONE.

CHAN. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men,) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I am sure, in me.

K. HEN. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, If a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,[4]

[4] That *is*, &c.] My suit is, that you would be a godfather to a fair young maid, who is not yet christened. Mr. Rowe reads —*There* is, &c. and all the subsequent editors have adopted this unnecessary alteration. The final word *her*, we should now consider as superfluous; but we have many instances of a similar phraseology in these plays:—or, the construction may be—A fair young maid, &c. you must be godfather [*to*], and answer for her. So before in this play:

" —— whoever the king favours,
" The cardinal instantly will find employment [*for*],
" And far enough from court too."

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" How true a gentleman you send relief [*to*]."

Again, in *Julius Cæsar:*

" Thy honourable metal may be wrought
" From what it is dispos'd [*to*]."

See also Vol. X. p. 433, n. 8, and a note on *Cymbeline*, sc. ult. Vol. XVIII. MALONE.

The superfluous pronoun in the text (if it be superfluous) may be justified by the following passage in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" ———— this reverend holy friar,
" All our whole city is much bound to *him*."

STEEVENS.

You must be godfather,[5] and answer for her.

CRAN. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour; How may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. HEN. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons;[6] you shall have

[5] *You must be godfather,*] Our prelates formerly were often employed on the like occasions. Cranmer was godfather to Edward VI. See Hall, fo. 232. Archbishop Warham to Henry's eldest son by Queen Katharine; and the Bishop of Winchester to Henry himself. See Sandford, 479, 495. REED.

[6] ——*you'd spare your spoons;*] It was the custom, long before the time of Shakspeare, for the sponsors at christenings to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These spoons were called *apostle spoons*, because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous, gave the whole twelve; those who were either more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expence of the four evangelists; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name.

In the year 1560 we find entered on the books of the Stationers' company, "a spoyne, of the gyfte of master Reginold Wolfe, all gylte with the pycture of *St. John.*"

Ben Jonson also, in his *Bartholomew Fair*, mentions spoons of this kind: "—and all this for the hope of a couple of *apostle spoons*, and a cup to eat caudle in."

So, in Middleton's comedy of *A chaste Maid of Cheapside*, 1620: "2 *Gos.* What has he given her?—what is it, gossip? 3 *Gos.* A faire high standing cup, and two great '*postle spoons*, one of them gilt. 1 *Par.* Sure that was Judas then with the red beard."

Again:

"E'en the same gossip 'twas that gave the *spoons.*"

Again, in Sir Wm. D'Avenant's comedy of *The Wits*, 1639:

"—— my pendants, carcanets, and rings,
"My christ'ning caudle-cup, and *spoons*,
"Are dissolv'd into that lump."

Again, in *The Maid of the Mill*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Didst ask her name?——
"Yes, and who gave it her:

Two noble partners with you; the old duchess of Norfolk,

" And what they promis'd more, besides a *spoon*,
" And what *apostle's picture*."

Again, in *The Noble Gentleman*, by the same authors:

" I'll be a gossip, Bewford,
" I have an odd *apostle spoon*."

Mr. Pegge, in his preface to *A Forme of Cury, a Roll of ancient English Cookery, compiled about A. D.* 1390, &c. observes, that " the general mode of eating must either have been with the *spoon* or the fingers; and this, perhaps, may have been the reason that *spoons* became the usual present from gossips to their god-children at christenings." STEEVENS.

As the following story, which is found in a collection of anecdotes, entitled *Merry Passages and Jeasts*, MSS. Harl. 6395, contains an allusion to this custom, and has not, I believe, been published, it may not be an improper supplement to this account of *apostle spoons*. It shows that our author and Ben Jonson were once on terms of familiarity and friendship, however cold and jealous the latter might have been at a subsequent period:

" Shakspeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christening, being in deepe study, Jonson came to cheer him up, and ask'd him why he was so melancholy: No 'faith, Ben, says he, not I; but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my godchild, and I have resolv'd at last. I pr'ythee, what? says he. —I'faith, Ben, I'll give him a douzen good *latten* [Latin] *spoons*, and thou shalt translate them."

The collector of these anecdotes appears to have been nephew to Sir Roger L'Estrange. He names *Donne* as the relater of this story.

The practice of sponsors giving spoons at christenings continued to the latter end of the last century, as appears from a pamphlet written against Dryden, entitled *The Reason of Mr. Bayes's Conversion*, &c. p. 14.

At one period it was the mode to present gifts of a different kind. " At this time," [the first year of Queen Elizabeth] says the continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*, " and for *many yeeres before*, it was not the use and custome, as *now* it is, [1631,] for godfathers and godmothers generally to give plate at the baptism of children, (as *spoones*, cups, and such like,) but only to give *christening shirts*, with little hands and cuffs wrought either with silk or blue thread; the best of them for chief persons weare edged with a small lace of blacke silke and

And lady marquiss Dorset; Will these please you?
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

GAR. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

CRAN. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. HEN. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart.[7]
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury*
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*

golde; the highest price of which for great men's children were seldom above a noble, and the common sort, two, three, or four and five shillings a piece."

Whether our author, when he speaks of apostle-spoons, has, as usual, attributed the practice of his own time to the reign of Henry VIII. I have not been able to ascertain. Probably, however, he is here accurate; for we know that certain pieces of plate were, on some occasions, then bestowed: Hall, who has written a minute account of the christening of Elizabeth, informing us, that the gifts presented by her sponsors were a standing cup of gold, and six gilt bowls, with covers.

Chron. Hen. VIII. fol. 218. MALONE.

[7] —— *thy true* heart.] Old copy—*hearts*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

SCENE III.

The Palace Yard.

Noise and Tumult within. Enter Porter *and his* Man.

PORT. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: Do you take the court for Paris-garden?[8] ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.[9]

[8] —— *Paris garden?*] The bear-garden of that time. JOHNSON.

This celebrated bear-garden on the Bankside was so called from *Robert de Paris*, who had a house and garden there in the time of King Richard II. *Rot. claus.* 16 R. II. *dors.* ii. Blount's GLOSSOGRAPH. MALONE.

So, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *News from Plimouth:*

" —— do you take this mansion for Pict-hatch?
" You would be suitors: yes, to a she-deer,
" And keep your marriages in *Paris-garden?*"

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Execration on Vulcan:*

" And cried, it was a threatning to the *bears*,
" And that accursed ground the *Paris-garden.*"

The *Globe* theatre, in which Shakspeare was a performer, stood on the southern side of the river Thames, and was contiguous to this noted place of tumult and disorder. St. Mary Overy's church is not far from London Bridge, and almost opposite to Fishmongers' Hall. Winchester House was over against Cole Harbour. *Paris-garden* was in a line with Bridewell, and the *Globe* playhouse faced Blackfriars, Fleet-ditch, or St. Paul's. It was an hexagonal building of stone or brick. Its roof was of rushes, with a flag on the top. See a south view of London, (as it appeared in 1599,) published by T. Wood, in Bishop's Court, in Chancery Lane, in 1771. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*gaping.*] i. e. *shouting* or *roaring*; a sense which this word has now almost lost. Littleton, in his *Dictionary*, has however given it in its present signification as follows: " To

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue: Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to them.—I'll scratch your heads: You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient;[1] 'tis as much impossible
(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons,)
To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep
On May-day morning;[2] which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

gape or *bawl*, *vociferor*." So, in Roscommon's *Essay on translated Verse*, as quoted in Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary*:

" That noisy, nauseous, *gaping* fool was he." Reed.

Such being one of the ancient senses of the verb—to *gape*, perhaps the " *gaping* pig" mentioned by Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*, has hitherto been misinterpreted. Steevens.

[1] *Pray, sir, be patient;*] Part of this scene in the old copy is printed as verse, and part as prose. Perhaps the whole, with the occasional addition and omission of a few harmless syllables, might be reduced into a loose kind of metre; but as I know not what advantage would be gained by making the experiment, I have left the whole as I found it. Steevens.

[2] *On* May-day *morning;*] It was anciently the custom for all ranks of people to go out a *maying* on the first of May. It is on record that King Henry VIII. and Queen Katharine partook of this diversion. See Vol. IV. p. 453, n. 4. Steevens.

Stowe says, that, " in the month of May, namely, on May-day in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods; there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the noise [i. e. concert] of birds, praising God in their kind." See also Brand's *Observations on popular Antiquities*, 8vo. 1777, p. 255. Reed.

Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in? As much as one sound cudgel of four foot (You see the poor remainder) could distribute, I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand,[3] to mow them down before me: but, if I spared any, that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in?[4] or have we some strange Indian[5] with the

[3] —— sir Guy, *nor* Colbrand,] Of *Guy of Warwick* every one has heard. *Colbrand* was the Danish giant, whom Guy subdued at Winchester. Their combat is very elaborately described by Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*. Johnson.

[4] —— *Moorfields to muster in?*] The train-bands of the city were exercised in Moorfields. Johnson.

[5] —— *some strange* Indian—] To what circumstance this refers, perhaps, cannot now be exactly known. A similar one occurs in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"You shall see the strange nature of an outlandish beast lately brought from the land of *Cataia*."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"The Bavian with long tail and eke long TOOL."

Collins.

Fig. I. in the print of Morris-dancers, at the end of *King Henry IV.* P. I. has a bib which extends below the doublet; and its length might be calculated for the concealment of the

great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face,[6] for, o'my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-drake[7] did I hit three times on

phallic obscenity mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher, of which perhaps the *Bavian fool* exhibited an occasional view for the diversion of our indelicate ancestors. Tollet.

[6] —— *he should be a* brazier *by his face,*] A *brazier* signifies a man that manufactures brass, and a reservoir for charcoal occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are understood. Johnson.

[7] —— *That* fire-drake—] A *fire-drake* is both a serpent, anciently called a *brenning-drake*, or *dipsas*, and a name formerly given to a *Will o'the Wisp*, or *ignis fatuus*. So, in Drayton's *Nymphidia*:

" By the hissing of the snake,
" The rustling of the *fire-drake*."

Again, in *Cæsar and Pompey*, a tragedy, by Chapman, 1607:

" So have I seene a *fire-drake* glide along
" Before a dying man, to point his grave,
" And in it stick and hide."

Again, in *Albertus Wallenstein*, 1640:

" Your wild irregular lust, which like those *fire-drakes*
" Misguiding nighted travellers, will lead you
" Forth from the fair path," &c.

A *fire-drake* was likewise an artificial *firework*. So, in *Your Five Gallants*, by Middleton, 1608:

" ———— but like *fire-drakes*,
" Mounted a little, gave a crack, and fell."

Steevens.

A *fire-drake* is thus described by Bullokar, in his *Expositor*, 8vo. 1616: " *Fire-drake*. A *fire* sometimes seen flying in the night, like a *dragon*. Common people think it a spirit that

the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us.[8] There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit[9] near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head,[1] for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor[2] once, and hit that woman, who cried out, *clubs!*[3]

keepeth some treasure hid; but philosophers affirme it to be a great unequal *exhalation*, inflamed betweene two clouds, the one hot, the other cold, which is the reason that it also smoketh; the middle part whereof, according to the proportion of the hot cloud, being greater than the rest, maketh it seeme like a bellie, and both ends like unto a head and taile." MALONE.

[8] —— *to blow us.*] Read—to blow us *up*. M. MASON.

I believe the old reading is the true one. So, in *Othello:*

" ———— the cannon,
" When it hath *blown* his ranks into the air—."

In another of our author's plays (if my memory does not deceive me) we have " — and *blow them* to the moon."
STEEVENS.

[9] *There was a* haberdasher's *wife of* small wit—] Ben Jonson, whose hand Dr. Farmer thinks may be traced in different parts of this play, uses this expression in his Induction to *The Magnetick Lady:* " And all *haberdashers of small wit*, I presume." MALONE.

[1] —— *till her pink'd* porringer *fell off her head,*] Her *pink'd porringer* is her pink'd cap, which looked as if it had been moulded on a porringer. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew:*

" *Hab.* Here is the *cap* your worship did bespeak.
" *Pet.* Why this was moulded on a *porringer*."
MALONE.

[2] —— *the* meteor—] The fire-drake, the brazier.
JOHNSON.

[3] —— *who cried out,* clubs!] *Clubs!* was the outcry for assistance, upon any quarrel or tumult in the streets. So, in *The Renegado:*

" ———— if he were
" In London among the *clubs*, up went his heels
" For striking of a prentice."

when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the Strand,[4] where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me,[5] I defied them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot,[6] delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let them win the work:[7] The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples;[8] that no

Again, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*:

"—— Go, y'are a prating jack;
"Nor is't your hopes of crying out for *clubs*,
"Can save you from my chastisement." WHALLEY.

So, in the third Act of *The Puritan*, when Oath and Skirmish are going to fight, Simon cries, "*Clubs, clubs!*" and Aaron does the like in *Titus Andronicus*, when Chiron and Demetrius are about to quarrel.

Nor did this practice obtain merely amongst the lower class of people: for in *The First Part of Henry VI.* when the Mayor of London endeavours to interpose between the factions of the Duke of Glocester, and the Cardinal of Winchester, he says:

"I'll call for *clubs*, if you will not away."
M. MASON.

[4] —— *the hope of the Strand,*] Sir T. Hanmer reads—the *forlorn* hope. JOHNSON.

[5] —— *to the broomstaff* with *me*,] The old copy has—*to* me. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[6] —— *loose* shot,] i. e. loose or random *shooters*. See Vol. XII. p. 143, n. 3. MALONE.

[7] —— *the* work:] A term of fortification. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples;*] The prices of seats for the vulgar in our ancient theatres were so very low, that we cannot wonder if they were filled with the tumultuous company described by Shakspeare in this scene.

So, in *The Gul's Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609: "Your groundling and gallery commoner buys his sport by the *penny*."

audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse,[9] their dear brothers, are able

In *Wit without Money*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, is the following mention of them: "—break in at plays like prentices, for *three a groat*, and crack nuts with the scholars in *penny rooms* again."

Again, in *The Black Book*, 1604, *sixpenny rooms* in playhouses are spoken of.

Again, in *The Bellman's Night Walks*, by Decker, 1616: "Pay thy *twopence* to a player in this gallery, thou may'st sit by a harlot."

Again, in the Prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Mad Lover*:

"How many *twopences* you've stow'd to-day!"

The prices of the boxes indeed were greater.

So, in *The Gul's Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609: "At a new playe you take up the *twelvepenny room* next the stage, because the lords and you may seeme to be haile fellow well met," &c.

Again, in *Wit without Money*:

"And who extoll'd you in the *half-crown* boxes,
"Where you might sit and muster all the beauties."

And lastly, it appears from the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, by Ben Jonson, that *tobacco* was smoked in the same place: "He looks like a fellow that I have seen accommodate gentlemen with *tobacco* at our theatres." And from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman Hater*, 1607, it should seem that *beer* was sold there: "There is no poet acquainted with more shakings and quakings towards the latter end of his new play, when he's in that case that he stands peeping between the curtains so fearfully, that a *bottle of ale cannot be opened*, but he thinks somebody hisses." STEEVENS.

See the *Account of our old Theatres*, Vol. III. MALONE.

[9] —— *the* Tribulation *of* Tower-hill, *or the* limbs *of* Limehouse,] I suspect the *Tribulation* to have been a puritanical meeting-house. *The limbs of Limehouse* I do not understand. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture may be countenanced by the following passage in "*Magnificence*, a goodly Interlude and a mery, devised and made by Mayster Skelton, Poete Laureate, lately deceasyd." Printed by John Rastell, fol. no date:

"Some fall to foly them selfe for to spyll,
"And some fall prechynge on *toure hyll*." STEEVENS.

to endure. I have some of them in *Limbo Patrum*,[1] and there they are like to dance these three days;

Alliteration has given rise to many cant expressions, consisting of words *paired* together. Here we have cant names for the inhabitants of those places, who were notorious puritans, coined for the humour of the alliteration. In the mean time it must not be forgotten, that "precious *limbs*" was a common phrase of contempt for the puritans. T. WARTON.

Limehouse was, before the time of Shakspeare, and has continued to be ever since, the residence of those who furnish stores, sails, &c. for shipping. A great number of foreigners having been constantly employed in these manufactures (many of which were introduced from other countries) they assembled themselves under their several pastors, and a number of places of different worship were built in consequence of their respective associations. As they clashed in principles they had frequent quarrels, and the place has ever since been famous for the variety of its sects, and the turbulence of its inhabitants. It is not improbable that Shakspeare wrote—the *lambs* of Limehouse.

A *limb* of the devil, is, however, a common vulgarism; and in *A new Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1639, the same kind of expression occurs:

"I am a puritan; one that will eat no pork,
"Doth use to shut his shop on Saturdays,
"And open them on Sunday: a familist,
"And one of the arch *limbs* of Belzebub."

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

"I cannot abide these *limbs* of sattin, or rather Satan,"
&c. STEEVENS.

The word *limb*, in the sense of an impudently vicious person, is not uncommon in London at this day. In the north it is pronounced *limp*, and means a mischievous boy. The alteration suggested by Mr. Steevens is, however, sufficiently countenanced by the word *tribulation*, if in fact the allusion be to the puritans. RITSON.

It appears from Stowe's *Survey* that the inhabitants of Tower-hill were remarkably turbulent.

It may, however, be doubted, whether this passage was levelled at the spectators assembled in any of the theatres in our author's time. It may have been pointed at some apprentices and inferior citizens, who used occasionally to appear on the

besides the running banquet of two beadles,[2] that is to come.

stage, in his time, for their amusement. *The Palsgrave, or Hector of Germany*, was acted in 1615, by a company of citizens at the *Red Bull;* and *The Hog hath lost his Pearle*, a comedy, 1614, is said, in the title-page, to have been publickly acted by certain *London 'prentices.*

The *fighting for bitten apples*, which were then, as at present, thrown on the stage, [See the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair:* "Your judgment, rascal; for what?—Sweeping the stage? or, gathering up the *broken apples?*"—] and the words—"which no *audience* can endure," might lead us to suppose that these *thunderers at the play-house* were actors, and not spectators.

The limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, were, perhaps, young citizens, who went to see their friends wear the buskin. A passage in *The Staple of News*, by Ben Jonson, Act III. sc. last, may throw some light on that now before us: "Why, I had it from my maid *Joan Hearsay*, and she had it from a *limb* of the school, she says, a little *limb* of nine years old.—An there were no wiser than I, I would have ne'er a cunning school-master in England.—They make all their scholars *play*-boys. Is't not a fine sight, to see all our children made *interluders?* Do we pay our money for this? We send them to learn their grammar and their Terence, and they learn their play-books."—School-boys, apprentices, the students in the inns of court, and the members of the universities, all, at this time, wore occasionally the sock or the buskin.—However, I am by no means confident that this is the true interpretation of the passage before us. MALONE.

It is evident that *The Tribulation*, from its site, must have been a place of entertainment for the rabble of its precincts, and the *limbs of Limehouse* such performers as furnished out the show. HENLEY.

The *Tribulation* does not sound in my ears like the name of any place of entertainment, unless it were particularly designed for the use of Religion's prudes, the Puritans. *Mercutio* or *Truewit* would not have been attracted by such an appellation, though it might operate forcibly on the saint-like organs of *Ebenezer* or *Ananias.*

Shakspeare, I believe, meant to describe an audience familiarized to excess of *noise;* and why should we suppose the *Tribulation* was *not* a puritanical meeting-house because it was *noisy?*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o'me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.

I can easily conceive that the turbulence of the most clamorous theatre, has been exceeded by the bellowings of puritanism against surplices and farthingales; and that our upper gallery, during Christmas week, is a sober consistory, compared with the vehemence of fanatick harangues against Bel and the Dragon, that idol Starch, the anti-christian Hierarchy, and the Whore of Babylon.

Neither do I see with what propriety the *limbs of Limehouse* could be called "young *citizens*," according to Mr. Malone's supposition. Were the inhabitants of this place (almost two miles distant from the capital) ever collectively entitled *citizens*? The phrase, *dear brothers*, is very plainly used to point out some fraternity of canters allied to the *Tribulation* both in pursuits and manners, by tempestuous zeal and consummate ignorance.

Steevens.

[1] ——*in* Limbo *Patrum*,] He means, in confinement. In *limbo* continues to be a cant phrase, in the same sense, at this day. Malone.

The *Limbus Patrum* is, properly, the place where the old Fathers and Patriarchs are supposed to be waiting for the resurrection. See note on *Titus Andronicus*, Act III. sc. i. Reed.

[2] ——running banquet *of two beadles*,] A publick whipping. Johnson.

This phrase, otherwise applied, has already occurred, p. 51:

"———some of these
"Should find a *running banquet* ere they rested."

A *banquet*, in ancient language, did not signify either dinner or supper, but the desert after each of them. So, in Thomas Newton's *Herbal to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587: "—and are used to be served at the end of meales for a junket or *banquetting* dish, as sucket and other daintie conceits likewise are."

To the confinement, therefore, of these rioters, a whipping was to be the *desert*. Steevens.

There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these
Your faithful friends o'the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

PORT. An't please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule them.

CHAM. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards,[3] when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;
They are come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

PORT. Make way there for the princess.

MAN. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ake.

PORT. You i'the camblet, get up o'the rail;[4] I'll pick you o'er the pales else.[5] [*Exeunt.*

[3] ——*here ye lie baiting of* bumbards,] A *bumbard* is an *ale-barrel;* to *bait bumbards* is to *tipple*, to *lie at the spigot.* JOHNSON.

It appears from a passage already quoted in a note on *The Tempest*, Act II. sc. ii. out of Shirley's *Martyr'd Soldier*, 1638, that *bumbards* were the large vessels in which the beer was carried to soldiers upon duty. They resembled *black jacks* of leather. So, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612: "She looks like a *black bombard* with a pint pot waiting upon it." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*get* up o'*the rail;*] We must rather read—get up *off* the rail,—or,—get *off* the rail. M. MASON.

[5] ——*I'll* pick *you o'er the pales else.*] To *pick* is to pitch. "To *pick* a dart," Cole renders, *jaculor*. DICT. 1679. See a

SCENE IV.

The Palace.[6]

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, *Duke of* NORFOLK, *with his Marshal's Staff, Duke of* SUFFOLK, *two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls*[7] *for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of* NORFOLK, *godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of* DORSET, *the other godmother, and Ladies. The Troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness,[8] send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

note on *Coriolanus*, Act I. sc. i. where the word is, as I conceive, rightly spelt. Here the spelling in the old copy is *peck*. MALONE.

To *pick* and to *pitch* were anciently synonymous. So, in Stubbes's *Anatomy of Abuses*, 1595, p. 138: "—to catch him on the hip, and to *picke* him on his necke."

Again, *ibid*: "to *picke* him on his nose," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] *The Palace.*] At Greenwich, where, as we learn from Hall, fo. 217, this procession was made from the church of the Friars. REED.

[7] ——*standing-bowls*—] i. e. bowls elevated on feet or pedestals. So, in Chapman's version of the 23d *Iliad*:

"——a great new *standing-bowl*,
"To set downe both ways." STEEVENS.

[8] *Heaven, from thy endless goodness*, &c.] These words are

Flourish. Enter King, *and Train.*

CRAN. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K. HEN. Thank you, good lord archbishop;[9]
What is her name?

CRAN. Elizabeth.

K. HEN. Stand up, lord.—
[*The* King *kisses the Child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hands I give thy life.

CRAN. Amen.

K. HEN. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

CRAN. Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be

not the invention of the poet, having been pronounced at the christening of Elizabeth. See Hall's *Chronicle*, Henry VIII. fol. 218. MALONE.

[9] *Thank you, good lord* archbishop;] I suppose the word *archbishop* should be omitted, as it only serves to spoil the measure. Be it remembered also that *árchbishop*, throughout this play, is accented on the first syllable. STEEVENS.

(But few now living can behold that goodness,)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall bless her:
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her:
In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine,[1] what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,[2]

[1] —— *every man shall eat in safety*
Under his own vine,] This part of the prophecy seems to have been burlesqued by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Beggar's Bush*, where orator Higgin is making his congratulatory speech to the new king of the beggars:

"Each man shall eat his stolen eggs, and butter,
"In his own shade, or sunshine," &c.

The original thought, however, is borrowed from the 4th chapter of the first Book of *Kings*: "Every man dwelt safely under his vine." STEEVENS.

A similar expression is in *Micah*, iv. 4: "But they shall sit every man under his vine, and under his fig tree, and none shall make them afraid." REED.

[2] *From her shall* read *the perfect* ways *of honour,*] The old copy reads—*way*. The slight emendation now made is fully justified by the subsequent line, and by the scriptural expression which our author probably had in his thoughts: "Her *ways* are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."
MALONE.

And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
[Nor shall this peace sleep with her:[3] But as when

Thus, already in this play:

" ——Wolsey, that once trod the *ways* of glory—."

STEEVENS.

By *those*, in the last line, means by those ways, and proves that we must read *ways*, instead of *way*, in the line preceding. Shall *read* from her, means, shall *learn* from her. M. MASON.

[3] [*Nor shall this peace sleep with her:* &c.] These lines, to the interruption by the King, seem to have been inserted at some revisal of the play, after the accession of King James. If the passage, included in crotchets, be left out, the speech of Cranmer proceeds in a regular tenour of prediction, and continuity of sentiments; but, by the interposition of the new lines, he first celebrates Elizabeth's successor, and then wishes he did not know that she was to die; first rejoices at the consequence, and then laments the cause. Our author was at once politick and idle; he resolved to flatter James, but neglected to reduce the whole speech to propriety; or perhaps intended that the lines inserted should be spoken in the action, and omitted in the publication, if any publication was ever in his thoughts. Mr. Theobald has made the same observation. JOHNSON.

I agree entirely with Dr. Johnson with respect to the time when these additional lines were inserted. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. II. I suspect they were added in 1613, after Shakspeare had quitted the stage, by that hand which tampered with the other parts of the play so much, as to have rendered the versification of it of a different colour from all the other plays of Shakspeare. MALONE.

Such indeed were the sentiments of Mr. Roderick, though the examples adduced by him in support of them are, in my judgment, undecisive. See *Canons of Criticism*, edit. 1763, p. 263. But, were the fact as he has stated it, we know not how far our poet might have intentionally deviated from his usual practice of versification.

If the reviver of this play (or tamperer with it, as he is styled by Mr. Malone,) had so much influence over its numbers as to have entirely changed their texture, he must be supposed to have new woven the substance of the whole piece: a fact almost incredible.

The lines under immediate consideration were very probably furnished by Ben Jonson; for

" When heaven shall call her from *this cloud of darkness*,"

The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations:[4] He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him:——Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess;[5] many days shall see her,

(meaning the "dim spot" we live in,) is a seeming imitation of the following passage in the 9th Book of Lucan (a poet from whose stores old Ben has often enriched himself):

——*quanta sub nocte jaceret*
Nostra dies.—— Steevens.

[4] *His honour and the greatness of his name*
Shall be, and make new nations:] On a picture of this contemptible king, which formerly belonged to the great Bacon, and is now in the possession of Lord Grimston, he is styled *imperii Atlantici conditor.* The year before the revival of this play (1612) there was a lottery for the plantation of Virginia. These lines probably allude to the settlement of that colony.
Malone.

[5] *She shall be, to the happiness of England,*
An aged princess;] The transition here from the complimentary address to King *James* the First is so abrupt, that it

And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
'Would I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing:
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all,—To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren,[6] I am much beholden;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,

seems obvious to me, that compliment was inserted after the accession of that prince. If this play was wrote, as in my opinion it was, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we may easily determine where Cranmer's eulogium of that princess concluded. I make no question but the poet rested here:

And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

All that the bishop says after this, was an occasional homage paid to her successor, and evidently inserted after her demise. How naturally, without this insertion, does the king's joy and satisfactory reflection upon the bishop's prophecy, come in!

King. *Thou speakest wonders. O lord archbishop,*
Thou'st made me now a man. Never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing: &c.

Whether the king would so properly have made this inference, upon hearing that a child of so great hopes should die without issue, is submitted to judgment. Theobald.

[6] *And* your *good brethren,*] Old copy—*you.* But the *aldermen* were never called brethren to the king. The top of the nobility are but cousins and counsellors. Dr. Thirlby, therefore, rightly advised:

And your *good brethren,*——

i. e. the lord mayor's brethren, which is properly their style. Theobald.

So, in *King Henry V:*

" The mayor and all his brethren in best sort."

Malone.

And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords;—
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house; for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holiday.[7] [*Exeunt.*[8]

[7] *This little one shall* make it holiday.] The old comedy of *Grim the Collier of Croydon* concludes with a similar idea:

"And all hell o'er, we'll *make it holiday.*"

Hence, perhaps, the following stroke of infernal jocularity in Dryden's *Œdipus:*

"———we play,
"For hell's broke up, and ghosts have *holiday.*"

STEEVENS.

[8] The play of *Henry the Eighth* is one of those which still keeps possession of the stage by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation, about forty years ago, drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter.* Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katharine have furnished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written.

JOHNSON.

* Chetwood says that, during one season, it was exhibited 75 times. See his *History of the Stage*, p. 68. STEEVENS.

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here: Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—*that's witty!*
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;[1]
For such a one we show'd them;[2] If they smile,[3]
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while

[1] ——————*in*
The merciful construction of good women;] A verse, with as unmusical a close, may be found in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part III. sect. ii.

" Rose, the pleasure of fine *women*."

In Ben Jonson's *Alchemist* there is also a line in which the word *women* is accented on the last syllable:

" And then your red man, and your white wom*an*."

Act II. sc. iii. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*such a one we show'd them;*] In the character of Katharine. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*If they smile*, &c.] This thought is too much hacknied. It has been used already in the Epilogues to *As you like it* and *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* STEEVENS.

Though it is very difficult to decide whether short pieces be genuine or spurious, yet I cannot restrain myself from expressing my suspicion that neither the Prologue nor Epilogue to this play is the work of Shakspeare; *non vultus, non color.* It appears to me very likely that they were supplied by the friendship or

All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

officiousness of Jonson, whose manner they will be perhaps found exactly to resemble. There is yet another supposition possible: the Prologue and Epilogue may have been written after Shakspeare's departure from the stage, upon some accidental revival of the play, and there will then be reason for imagining that the writer, whoever he was, intended no great kindness to him, this play being recommended by a subtle and covert censure of his other works. There is, in Shakspeare, so much of *fool and fight;*

" ——— the fellow,
" In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,"

appears so often in his drama, that I think it not very likely that he would have animadverted so severely on himself. All this, however, must be received as very dubious, since we know not the exact date of this or the other plays, and cannot tell how our author might have changed his practice or opinions.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture, thus cautiously stated, has been since strongly confirmed by Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, p. 5, by which it appears that this play was revived in 1613, at which time, without doubt, the Prologue and Epilogue were added by Ben Jonson, or some other person. On the subject of every one of our author's historical pieces, except this, I believe a play had been written, before he commenced a dramatick poet. See the Essay at the end of *The Third Part of King Henry VI.*

MALONE.

I entirely agree in opinion with Dr. Johnson, that Ben Jonson wrote the *Prologue and Epilogue* to this play. Shakspeare had, a little before, assisted him in his *Sejanus;* and Ben was too proud to receive assistance without returning it. It is probable, that he drew up the directions for the parade at the *christening*, &c. which his employment at court would teach him, and Shakspeare must be ignorant of. I think, I now and then perceive his hand in the dialogue.

It appears from Stowe, that Robert Greene wrote somewhat on this subject. FARMER.

See the first scene of this play, p. 3. MALONE.

In support of Dr. Johnson's opinion it may not be amiss to quote the following lines from old Ben's Prologue to his *Every Man in his Humour:*

" To make a child new swaddled, to proceed
" Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
" Past threescore years: or with three rusty swords,
" And help of some few foot-and-half-foot words,
" Fight over York and Lancaster's long wars,
" And in the tyring-house," &c. STEEVENS.

The historical dramas are now concluded, of which the two Parts of *Henry the Fourth*, and *Henry the Fifth*, are among the happiest of our author's compositions; and *King John*, *Richard the Third*, and *Henry the Eighth*, deservedly stand in the second class. Those whose curiosity would refer the historical scenes to their original, may consult Holinshed, and sometimes Hall: from Holinshed, Shakspeare has often inserted whole speeches, with no more alteration than was necessary to the numbers of his verse. To transcribe them into the margin was unnecessary, because the original is easily examined, and they are seldom less perspicuous in the poet than in the historian.

To play histories, or to exhibit a succession of events by action and dialogue, was a common entertainment among our rude ancestors upon great festivities. The parish clerks once performed at Clerkenwell a play which lasted three days, containing *The History of the World*. JOHNSON.

It appears from more than one MS. in the British Museum, that the tradesmen of Chester were *three days* employed in the representation of their twenty-four Whitsun plays or mysteries. The like performances at Coventry must have taken up a longer time, as they were no less than forty in number. The exhibition of them began on *Corpus Christi* day, which was (according to Dugdale) one of their ancient fairs. See the *Harleian MSS.* No. 2013, 2124, 2125, and *MS. Cot. Vesp.* D. VIII. and Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, p. 116. STEEVENS.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.*

* Troilus and Cressida.] The story was originally written by Lollius, an old Lombard author, and since by Chaucer. Pope.

Mr. Pope (after Dryden) informs us, that the story of *Troilus and Cressida* was originally the work of one Lollius, a Lombard; (of whom Gascoigne speaks in *Dan Bartholmewe his first Triumph:* "Since *Lollius* and Chaucer both, make doubt upon that glose,") but Dryden goes yet further. He declares it to have been written in Latin verse, and that Chaucer translated it. Lollius was a historiographer of Urbino in Italy. Shakspeare received the greatest part of his materials for the structure of this play from the *Troye Boke* of Lydgate. Lydgate was not much more than a translator of Guido of Columpna, who was of Messina in Sicily, and wrote his *History of Troy* in Latin, after Dictys Cretensis, and Dares Phrygius, in 1287. On these, as Mr. Warton observes, he engrafted many new romantick inventions, which the taste of his age dictated, and which the connection between Grecian and Gothick fiction easily admitted: at the same time comprehending in his plan the Theban and Argonautic stories from Ovid, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus. Guido's work was published at Cologne in 1477, again 1480: at Strasburgh, 1486, and *ibidem*, 1489. It appears to have been translated by Raoul le Feure, at Cologne, into French, from whom Caxton rendered it into English in 1471, under the title of his *Recuyel*, &c. so that there must have been yet some earlier edition of Guido's performance than I have hitherto seen or heard of, unless his first translator had recourse to a manuscript.

Guido of Columpna is referred to as an authority by our own chronicler Grafton. Chaucer had made the loves of Troilus and Cressida famous, which very probably might have been Shakspeare's inducement to try their fortune on the stage.—Lydgate's *Troye Boke* was printed by Pynson, 1513. In the books of the Stationers' Company, anno 1581, is entered "A proper ballad, dialogue-wise, between *Troilus* and *Cressida*." Again, Feb. 7, 1602: "The booke of *Troilus* and *Cressida*, as it is acted by my Lo. Chamberlain's men." The first of these entries is in the name of Edward White, the second in that of M. Roberts. Again, Jan. 28, 1608, entered by Rich. Bonian and Hen. Whalley, "A booke called the history of *Troilus* and *Cressida*."

Steevens.

The entry in 1608-9 was made by the booksellers for whom this play was published in 1609. It was written, I conceive, in 1602. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. II. Malone.

Before this play of *Troilus and Cressida*, printed in 1609, is

a bookseller's preface, showing that first impression to have been before the play had been acted, and that it was published without Shakspeare's knowledge, from a copy that had fallen into the bookseller's hands. Mr. Dryden thinks this one of the first of our author's plays: but, on the contrary, it may be judged, from the fore-mentioned preface, that it was one of his last; and the great number of observations, both moral and politick, with which this piece is crouded more than any other of his, seems to confirm my opinion. POPE.

We may learn, from this preface, that the original proprietors of Shakspeare's plays thought it their interest to keep them unprinted. The author of it adds, at the conclusion, these words: "Thank fortune for the 'scape it hath made among you, since, by the grand possessors wills, I believe you should rather have prayed for them, than have been prayed," &c. By the *grand possessors*, I suppose, were meant *Heming* and *Condell*. It appears that the rival play-houses at that time made frequent depredations on one another's copies. In the Induction to *The Malcontent*, written by Webster, and augmented by Marston, 1606, is the following passage:

"I wonder you would play it, another company having interest in it."

"Why not *Malevole* in folio with us, as *Jeronimo* in decimo sexto with them? They taught us a name for our play; we call it *One for another*."

Again, T. Heywood, in his Preface to *The English Traveller*, 1633: "Others of them are still retained in the hands of some actors, who think it against their peculiar profit to have them come in print." STEEVENS.

It appears, however, that frauds were practised by writers as well as actors. It stands on record against *Robert Greene*, the author of *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, and *Orlando Furioso*, 1594 and 1599, that he sold the last of these pieces to two different theatres: "Master R. G. would it not make you blush, &c. if you sold not *Orlando Furioso* to the Queen's players for twenty nobles, and when they were in the country, sold the same play to the Lord Admiral's men for as much more? Was not this plain Coneycatching, M. G.?" *Defence of Coneycatching*, 1592.

This note was not merely inserted to expose the *craft of authorship*, but to show the *price* which was anciently paid for the copy of a play, and to ascertain the *name* of the writer of *Orlando Furioso*, which was not hitherto known. *Greene* appears to have been the first poet in England who sold the same piece to different people. *Voltaire* is much belied, if he has not followed his example. COLLINS.

Notwithstanding what has been said by a *late editor*, [Mr. Capell,] I have a copy of the *first folio*, including *Troilus and Cressida*. Indeed, as I have just now observed, it was at first either *unknown* or *forgotten*. It does not however appear in the *list* of the plays, and is thrust in between the *histories* and the *tragedies* without any enumeration of the pages; except, I think, on one leaf only. It differs entirely from the copy in the *second folio*. FARMER.

I have consulted at least *twenty copies* of the *first folio*, and *Troilus and Cressida* is not wanting in any of them.

STEEVENS.

PREFACE

TO THE QUARTO EDITION OF THIS PLAY, 1609.

A never Writer to an ever Reader. Newes.

Eternall reader, you have heere a new play, never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your [r. *that*] braine, that never under-tooke any thing commicall, vainely: and were but the vaine names of commedies changde for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities: especially this authors commedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexteritie and power of witte, that the most displeased with playes, are pleasd with his commedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there, that they never found in them-selves, and have parted better-wittied then they came: feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more then ever they dreamd they had braine to grind it on. So much and such savored salt of witte is in his commedies, that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you thinke your testerne well bestowd) but for so much worth, as even poore I know to be stuft in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best commedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleeve this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleasures losse, and judgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you: since by the grand possessors wills I believe you should have prayd for them [r. *it*] rather then beene prayd. And so I leave all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it. *Vale.*

PROLOGUE.[1]

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous,[2] their high blood chaf'd,

[1] I cannot regard this Prologue (which indeed is wanting in the quarto editions) as the work of Shakspeare; and perhaps the drama before us was not entirely of his construction. It appears to have been unknown to his associates, Hemings and Condell, till after the first folio was almost printed off. On this subject, indeed, (as I learn from Mr. Malone's *Emendations and Additions*, &c. see Vol. III.) there seems to have been a play anterior to the present one:

"Aprel 7, 1599. Lent unto Thomas Downton to lende unto Mr. Deckers, & harey cheattel, in earnest of ther boocke called *Troyles and Creassedaye*, the some of iii lb."

"Lent unto harey cheattell, & Mr. Dickers, [Henry Chettle and master Deckar] in pte of payment of their booke called *Troyelles & Cresseda*, the 16 of Aprell, 1599, xxs."

"Lent unto Mr. Deckers and Mr. Chettel the 26 of maye, 1599, in earnest of a booke called *Troylles and Creseda*, the some of xxs." STEEVENS.

I conceive this Prologue to have been written, and the dialogue, in more than one place, interpolated by some *Kyd* or *Marlowe* of the time; who may have been paid for *altering* and *amending* one of Shakspeare's plays: a very extraordinary instance of our author's negligence, and the managers' taste!
RITSON.

[2] *The princes* orgulous,] *Orgulous*, i. e. proud, disdainful. *Orgueilleux*, Fr. This word is used in the ancient romance of *Richard Cueur de Lyon*:

"His atyre was *orgulous*."

Again, in Froissart's *Chronicle*, Vol. II. p. 115, b: "—but they wyst nat how to passe ye ryver of Derne whiche was fell and *orgulous* at certayne tymes," &c. STEEVENS.

Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made,
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; And that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,[3]
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,[4]
Sperr up the sons of Troy.[5]

[3] ——*Priam's six-gated city*, &c.] The names of the gates are here exhibited as in the old copy, for the reason assigned by Dr. Farmer; except in the instance of *Antenorides*, instead of which the old copy has *Antenonydus*. The quotation from Lydgate shows that was an error of the printer. MALONE.

[4] ——fulfilling *bolts*,] To *fulfill*, in this place, means to fill till there be no room for more. In this sense it is now obsolete. So, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 114:

" A lustie maide, a sobre, a meke,
" *Fulfilled* of all curtosie."

Again:

" *Fulfilled* of all unkindship." STEEVENS.

To be "*fulfilled* with grace and benediction" is still the language of our liturgy. BLACKSTONE.

[5] Sperr *up the sons of Troy.*] [Old copy—*Stirre.*] This has been a most miserably mangled passage throughout all the editions; corrupted at once into false concord and false reasoning. Priam's *six-gated city* stirre *up the sons of Troy?* Here's a verb *plural* governed of a nominative *singular*. But that is easily remedied. The next question to be asked is, In what

Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,

sense a city, having six strong gates, and those well barred and bolted, can be said *to stir* up its inhabitants? unless they may be supposed to derive some spirit from the strength of their fortifications. But this could not be the poet's thought. He must mean, I take it, that the Greeks had pitched their tents upon the plains before Troy; and that the Trojans were securely barricaded within the walls and gates of their city. This sense my correction restores. To *sperre* or *sparre* from the old Teutonick word *Sperra*, signifies to *shut up*, *defend* by *bars*, &c.

THEOBALD.

So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Book V. c. 10:

"The other that was entred, labour'd fast
"To *sperre* the gate" &c.

Again, in the romance of *The Squir of Low Degre*:

"*Sperde* with manie a dyvers pynne."

And in *The Vision* of P. Plowman, it is said that a blind man "*unsparryd* his eine."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, Book II. ch. 12:

"When chased home into his holdes, there *sparred* up in gates."

Again, in the 2d Part of Bale's *Actes of English Votaryes*: "The dore thereof oft tymes opened and *speared* agayne."

STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald informs us that the very names of the gates of Troy have been barbarously demolished by the editors; and a deal of learned dust he makes in setting them right again: much however to Mr. Heath's satisfaction. Indeed the learning is modestly withdrawn from the later editions, and we are quietly instructed to read—

"Dardan, and Thymbrie, *Ilie*, *Scæa*, Trojan,
"And Antenorides."

But had he looked into the *Troy Boke* of Lydgate, instead of puzzling himself with *Dares Phrygius*, he would have found the horrid demolition to have been neither the work of Shakspeare, nor his editors:

"Thertо his cyte | compassed circy rowne
"Had gates VI to entre into the towne:
"The firste of all | and strengest to ride with all,
"Largest also | and moste princypall,
"Of myghty byldyng | alone peerelesse,
"Was by the kinge called | Dardanus:

Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come
A prologue arm'd,[6]—but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt[7] and firstlings[8] of those broils,

" And in storye | lyke as it is founde,
" *Tymbria* | was named the seconde;
" And the thyrde | called *Helyas*,
" The fourthe gate | hyghte also *Cetheas;*
" The fyfthe *Trojana*, | the syxth *Anthonydes*,
" Stronge and mighty | both in werre and pes."
Lond. Empr. by R. Pynson, 1513, fol. B. II. ch. 11.

The *Troye Boke* was somewhat modernized, and reduced into regular stanzas, about the beginning of the last century, under the name of, *The Life and Death of Hector—who fought a Hundred mayne Battailes in open Field against the Grecians; wherein there were slaine on both Sides* Fourteene Hundred and Sixe Thousand, Fourscore and Sixe Men. Fol. no date. This work Dr. Fuller, and several other criticks, have erroneously quoted as the *original;* and observe, in consequence, that "if Chaucer's *coin* were of *greater weight* for *deeper learning*, Lydgate's were of a more *refined standard* for *purer language:* so that one might mistake him for a modern writer."

FARMER.

On other occasions, in the course of this play, I shall generally insert quotations from the *Troye Booke modernized*, as being the most intelligible of the two. STEEVENS.

[6] *A prologue arm'd,*] I come here to speak the prologue, and come in armour; not defying the audience, in confidence of either the author's or actor's abilities, but merely in a character suited to the subject, in a dress of war, before a warlike play.

JOHNSON.

Motteux seems to have borrowed this idea in his Prologue to Farquhar's *Twin Rivals:*

" With drums and trumpets in this warring age,
" A martial prologue should alarm the stage."

STEEVENS.

[7] ——*the* vaunt—] i. e. the *avant*, what went before. So, in *King Lear:*

" *Vaunt*-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts."

STEEVENS.

'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

The *vaunt* is the *vanguard*, called, in our author's time, the *vaunt*-guard. PERCY.

[s] ——*firstlings*——] A scriptural phrase, signifying *the first produce or offspring*. So, in *Genesis*, iv. 4: "And Abel, he also brought of the *firstlings* of his flock." STEEVENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Priam, *King of* Troy:
Hector, Troilus, Paris, Deiphobus, Helenus, } *his Sons.*
Æneas, Antenor, } Trojan *Commanders.*
Calchas, *a* Trojan *Priest, taking part with the* Greeks.
Pandarus, *Uncle to* Cressida.
Margarelon, *a bastard Son of* Priam.

Agamemnon, *the* Grecian *General:*
Menelaus, *his Brother.*
Achilles, Ajax, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, Patroclus, } Grecian *Commanders.*
Thersites, *a deformed and scurrilous* Grecian.
Alexander, *Servant to* Cressida.
Servant to Troilus; *Servant to* Paris; *Servant to* Diomedes.

Helen, *Wife to* Menelaus.
Andromache, *Wife to* Hector.
Cassandra, *Daughter to* Priam; *a Prophetess.*
Cressida, *Daughter to* Calchas.

Trojan *and* Greek *Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE, Troy, *and the* Grecian *Camp before it.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Troy. *Before* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter TROILUS *armed, and* PANDARUS.

TRO. Call here my varlet,[1] I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

PAN. Will this geer ne'er be mended?[2]

[1] ——*my* varlet,] This word anciently signified a servant or footman to a knight or warrior. So, Holinshed, speaking of the battle of Agincourt: "—diverse were releeved by their *varlets*, and conveied out of the field." Again, in an ancient epitaph in the church-yard of Saint Nicas at Arras:

"Cy gist Hakin et son *varlet*,
"Tout dis-armé et tout di-pret,
"Avec son espé et salleche," &c. STEEVENS.

Concerning the word *varlet*, see *Recherches historiques sur les cartes à jouer*. Lyon, 1757, p. 61. M. C. TUTET.

[2] *Will this geer ne'er be mended?*] There is somewhat proverbial in this question, which I likewise meet with in the interlude of *King Darius*, 1565:

"Wyll not yet *this geere be amended*,
"Nor your sinful acts corrected?" STEEVENS.

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,[3]
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder[4] than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less[5] as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench[6] at sufferance than I do.

[3] ——*skilful* to *their strength*, &c.] i. e. in addition to their strength. The same phraseology occurs in *Macbeth*. See Vol. X. p. 16, n. 2. Steevens.

[4] ——*fonder*—] i. e. more weak, or foolish. See Vol. VII. p. 328, n. 8. Malone.

[5] *And* skill-less *&c.*] Mr. Dryden, in his alteration of this play, has taken this speech as it stands, except that he has changed *skill-less* to *artless*, not for the better, because *skill-less* refers to *skill* and *skilful*. Johnson.

[6] *Doth lesser* blench—] To *blench* is to shrink, start, or fly off. So, in *Hamlet*:

At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—when she comes!——When is she thence?[7]

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm,)[8]
Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:[9]
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more comparison between the women,—But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—But I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit; but—

" —— if he but *blench*,
" I know my course——."

Again, in *The Pilgrim*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" ——men that will not totter,
" Nor *blench* much at a bullet." STEEVENS.

[7] ——when *she comes!——When is she thence?*] Both the old copies read—*then* she comes, when *she is* thence. Mr. Rowe corrected the former error, and Mr. Pope the latter. MALONE.

[8] ——*a* storm,)] Old copies—a *scorn*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

See *King Lear*, Act III. sc. i. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*in* wrinkle *of a* smile:] So, in *Twelfth-Night*: " He doth *smile* his face into more *lines* than the new map with the augmentation of the Indies." MALONE.

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

" With mirth and *laughter* let old *wrinkles* come."
STEEVENS.

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,[1]

[1] Handlest *in thy discourse, O, that her* hand, *&c.*] *Handlest* is here used metaphorically, with an allusion, at the same time, to its literal meaning; and the jingle between *hand* and *handlest* is perfectly in our author's manner.

The beauty of a female hand seems to have made a strong impression on his mind. Antony cannot endure that the hand of Cleopatra should be touched:

" ——To let a fellow that will take rewards,
" And say, *God quit you*, be familiar with
" My playfellow, your *hand*,—this kingly seal,
" And plighter of high hearts."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" ————they may seize
" On the white wonder of dear Juliet's *hand*."

In *The Winter's Tale*, Florizel, with equal warmth, and not less poetically, descants on the hand of his mistress:

" ——I take thy hand; this hand
" As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
" Or Ethiopian's tooth; or the fann'd snow
" That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er."

This passage has, I think, been wrong pointed in the late editions:

Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait; her voice
Handlest in thy discourse;—O that her hand!
In whose comparison, &c.

We have the same play of words in *Titus Andronicus:*

" O handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
" Lest we remember still, that we have none!"

We may be certain therefore that those lines were part of the additions which our poet made to that play. MALONE.

If the derivation of the verb to *handle* were always present to those who employed it, I know not well how Chapman could vindicate the following passage in his version of the 23d *Iliad*,

In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; To whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman![2] This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
But, saying, thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

where the most eloquent of the Greeks (old Nestor) reminds Antilochus that his horses

" ——their slow *feet handle* not."

The intentionally quaint phrase—"*taste* your *legs*," introduced in *Twelfth-Night*, is not more ridiculous than to talk of horses—" *handling* their *feet*."

Though our author has many and very considerable obligations to Mr. Malone, I cannot regard his foregoing supposition as one of them; for in what does it consist? In making Shakspeare answerable for two of the worst lines in a degraded play, merely because they exhibit a jingle similar to that in the speech before us. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*and* spirit *of sense*
Hard as the palm of ploughman!] *In comparison with* Cressida's *hand*, says he, *the spirit of sense*, the utmost degree, the most exquisite power of sensibility, which implies a soft hand, since the sense of touching, as Scaliger says in his *Exercitations*, resides chiefly in the fingers, is hard as the callous and insensible palm of the ploughman. Warburton reads:

——spite *of sense*.

Hanmer:

——to th' *spirit of sense*.

It is not proper to make a lover profess to praise his mistress in *spite of sense*; for though he often does it in *spite of the sense* of others, his own senses are subdued to his desires. JOHNSON.

Spirit of sense is a phrase that occurs again in the third Act of this play:

" ——nor doth the eye itself,
" That most pure *spirit of sense*, behold itself."

Mr. M. Mason (from whom I have borrowed this parallel) recommends Hanmer's emendation as a necessary one.

STEEVENS.

PAN. I speak no more than truth.

TRO. Thou dost not speak so much.

PAN. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.[3]

TRO. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

PAN. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

TRO. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

PAN. Because she is kin to me, therefore, she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

TRO. Say I, she is not fair?

PAN. I do not care whether you do or no. She's

[3] ——*she has the mends*—] She may mend her complexion by the assistance of cosmeticks. JOHNSON.

I believe it rather means—*She may make the best of a bad bargain.* This is a proverbial saying.

So, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612: "I shall stay here and have my head broke, and then I have *the mends in my own hands.*"

Again, in S. Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579: "—turne him with his back full of stripes, and *his hands loden with his own amendes.*"

Again, in *The Wild Goose Chase*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"The *mends are in mine own hands*, or the surgeon's."

Again, in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 605: "—and if men will be jealous in such cases, *the mends is in their owne hands*, they must thank themselves." STEEVENS.

a fool to stay behind her father;* let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

TRO. Pandarus,—

PAN. Not I.

TRO. Sweet Pandarus,—

PAN. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit* PANDARUS. *An Alarum.*

TRO. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?

* ——*to stay behind her father:*] Calchas, according to Shakspeare's authority, *The Destruction of Troy*, was "a great learned bishop of Troy," who was sent by Priam to consult the oracle of Delphi concerning the event of the war which was threatened by Agamemnon. As soon as he had made "his oblations and demaunds for them of Troy, Apollo (says the book) aunswered unto him, saying; Calchas, Calchas, beware that thou returne not back again to Troy; but goe thou with Achylles, unto the Greekes, and depart never from them, for the Greekes shall have victorie of the Troyans by the agreement of the Gods." *Hist. of the Destruction of Troy*, translated by Caxton, 5th edit. 4to. 1617. This prudent *bishop* followed the advice of the Oracle, and immediately joined the Greeks.
MALONE.

Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium,[5] and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.[6]

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

ÆNE. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?[7]

TRO. Because not there; This woman's answer sorts,[8]
For womanish it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

ÆNE. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

TRO. By whom, Æneas?

ÆNE. Troilus, by Menelaus.

TRO. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

[5] ——*Ilium,*] Was the palace of Troy. JOHNSON.

Ilium, properly speaking, is the name of the city; Troy, that of the country. STEEVENS.

[6] ——————*this sailing Pandar,*
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor:*
" This punk is one of Cupid's *carriers;*
" Clap on more *sails,*" &c. MALONE.

[7] *How now, prince* Troilus? *wherefore not afield?*] Shakspeare, it appears from various lines in this play, pronounced *Troilus* improperly as a dissyllable; as every *mere* English reader does at this day.

So also, in his *Rape of Lucrece:*
" Here manly Hector faints, here *Troilus* swounds."
MALONE.

[8] ——*sorts,*] i. e. fits, suits, is congruous. So, in *King Henry V:* " It *sorts* well with thy fierceness." STEEVENS.

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*.—
But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Street.

Enter Cressida *and* Alexander.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd,[9] to-day was mov'd:

[9] —— *Hector, whose patience*
Is, as a virtue, *fix'd*,] Patience sure was a virtue, and therefore cannot, in propriety of expression, be said to be *like* one. We should read:
Is as the virtue *fix'd*,——
i. e. his patience is as fixed as the goddess Patience itself. So we find Troilus a little before saying:
" *Patience herself*, what *goddess* e'er she be,
" Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do."
It is remarkable that Dryden when he altered this play, and found this false reading, altered it with judgment to—
" ——*whose patience*
" Is fix'd like that of heaven."
Which he would not have done had he seen the right reading.

He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,[1]
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,[2]

here given, where his thought is so much better and nobler expressed. WARBURTON.

I think the present text may stand. Hector's patience was as a virtue, not variable and accidental, but fixed and constant. If I would alter it, it should be thus:

——*Hector, whose patience*
Is all *a virtue fix'd,*——

All, in old English, is the *intensive* or enforcing particle. JOHNSON.

I had once almost persuaded myself that Shakspeare wrote,

——*whose patience*
Is, as a statue fix'd.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*, sc. ult:

"The *statue* is but newly *fix'd.*"

The same idea occurs also in the celebrated passage in *Twelfth-Night:*

"——*sat* like *patience* on *a monument.*"

The old adage—Patience is a *virtue*, was perhaps uppermost in the compositor's mind, and he therefore inadvertently substituted the one word for the other. A *virtue fixed* may, however, mean the *stationary image of a virtue.* STEEVENS.

[1] ——*husbandry in war,*] So, in *Macbeth:*

"There's *husbandry in heaven.*" STEEVENS.

Husbandry means economical prudence. Troilus alludes to Hector's early rising. So, in *King Henry V:*

"—— our bad neighbours make us *early stirrers,*
"Which is both healthful and good *husbandry.*"

MALONE.

[2] *Before the sun rose, he was harness'd* light,] *Does the poet mean* (says Mr. Theobald) *that Hector had put on light armour?* Mean! what else could he mean? He goes to fight on foot; and was not that the armour for his purpose? So, Fairfax, in Tasso's *Jerusalem:*

"The other princes put on *harness light*
"As footmen use—."

Yet, as if this had been the highest absurdity, he goes on, *Or does he mean that Hector was sprightly in his arms even before sunrise? or is a conundrum aimed at, in sun rose and harness'd light?* Was any thing like it? But, to get out of this per-

And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep[3] what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

plexity, he tells us, that *a very slight alteration makes all these constructions unnecessary*, and so changes it to *harness-dight*. Yet indeed the very slightest alteration will, at any time, let the poet's sense through the critick's fingers: and the Oxford editor very contentedly takes up what is left behind, and reads *harness-dight* too, in order, as Mr. Theobald well expresses it, *to make all construction unnecessary*. WARBURTON.

How does it appear that Hector was to fight on foot rather to-day than any other day? It is to be remembered, that the ancient heroes never fought on horseback; nor does their manner of fighting in chariots seem to require less activity than on foot. JOHNSON.

It is true that the heroes of Homer never fought on horseback; yet such of them as make a second appearance in the *Æneid*, like their antagonists the Rutulians, had cavalry among their troops. Little can be inferred from the manner in which Ascanius and the young nobility of Troy are introduced at the conclusion of the funereal games: as Virgil very probably, at the expence of an anachronism, meant to pay a compliment to the military exercises instituted by Julius Cæsar, and improved by Augustus. It appears from different passages in this play, that Hector fights on horseback; and it should be remembered that Shakspeare was indebted for most of his materials to a book which enumerates Esdras and Pythagoras among the bastard children of King Priamus. Our author, however, might have been led into his mistake by the manner in which Chapman has translated several parts of the *Iliad*, where the heroes mount their chariots or descend from them. Thus, Book VI. speaking of Glaucus and Diomed:

" ——from *horse* then both descend." STEEVENS.

If Dr. Warburton had looked into *The Destruction of Troy*, already quoted, he would have found, in every page, that the leaders on each side were alternately tumbled from their horses by the prowess of their adversaries. MALONE.

[3] ——*where every flower*
Did, as a prophet, weep——] So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, vol. IV. p. 406:

" And when she weeps, *weeps* every little *flower*,
" Lamenting" &c. STEEVENS.

CRES. What was his cause of anger?

ALEX. The noise goes, this: There is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him, Ajax.

CRES. Good; And what of him?

ALEX. They say he is a very man *per se*,[4]
And stands alone.

CRES. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

ALEX. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions;[5] he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crouded humours, that his valour is crushed into folly,[6] his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a

[4] ——*per se*,] So, in Chaucer's *Testament of Cresseide*:
"Of faire Cresseide the floure and *a per se*
"Of Troie and Greece."
Again, in the old comedy of *Wily Beguiled*: "In faith, my sweet honeycomb, I'll love thee *a per se a*."
Again, in *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:
"That is the *a per se* of all, the creame of all."
STEEVENS.

[5] ——*their particular additions*;] Their peculiar and characteristick qualities or denominations. The term in this sense is originally forensick. MALONE.
So, in *Macbeth*:
"——whereby he doth receive
"*Particular addition*, from the bill
"That writes them all alike." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*that his valour is* crushed into folly,] To be *crushed into folly*, is to be *confused* and mingled with *folly*, so as that they make one mass together. JOHNSON.
So, in *Cymbeline*:
"*Crush* him together, rather than unfold
"His measure duly." STEEVENS.

virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair:[7] He hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin?[8] When were you at Ilium?[9]

[7] ——*against the hair:*] Is a phrase equivalent to another now in use—*against the grain*. The French say—*à contre-poil*. See Vol. XI. p. 374, n. 7. Steevens.

See Vol. V. p. 103, n. 3. Malone.

[8] *Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin?*] *Good morrow, Alexander*, is added, in all the editions, (says Mr. Pope,) very absurdly, Paris not being on the stage. Wonderful acuteness!

CRES. This morning, uncle.

PAN. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

CRES. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

PAN. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

CRES. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

PAN. Was he angry?

CRES. So he says here.

PAN. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there is Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

But, with submission, this gentleman's note is much more absurd; for it falls out very unluckily for his remark, that though Paris is, for the generality, in Homer called Alexander; yet, in this play, by any one of the characters introduced, he is called nothing but Paris. The truth of the fact is this: Pandarus is of a busy, impertinent, insinuating character; and it is natural for him, so soon as he has given his cousin the good-morrow, to pay his civilities too to her attendant. This is purely ἐν ἤθει, as the grammarians call it; and gives us an admirable touch of Pandarus's character. And why might not *Alexander* be the name of Cressida's man? Paris had no patent, I suppose, for engrossing it to himself. But the late *editor*, perhaps, because we have had *Alexander* the Great, Pope *Alexander*, and *Alexander* Pope, would not have so eminent a name prostituted to a common *varlet*. THEOBALD.

This note is not preserved on account of any intelligence it brings, but as a curious specimen of Mr. Theobald's mode of animadversion on the remarks of Mr. Pope. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *at* Ilium?] *Ilium*, or *Ilion*, (for it is spelt both ways,) was, according to Lydgate, and the author of *The Destruction of Troy*, the name of Priam's palace, which is said by these writers to have been built upon a high rock. See a note in Act IV. sc. v. on the words—"Yon towers," &c. MALONE.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay; if ever I saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were,——

Cres. So he is.

Pan. ——'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above;[1] Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell

[1] *Well, the gods are above;*] So, in *Othello*: "Heaven's above all." Malone.

me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit[2] this year.

CRES. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

PAN. Nor his qualities;——

CRES. No matter.

PAN. Nor his beauty.

CRES. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

PAN. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess,)—Not brown neither.

CRES. No, but brown.

PAN. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

CRES. To say the truth, true and not true.

PAN. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

CRES. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

PAN. So he has.

CRES. Then, Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

PAN. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

CRES. Then she's a merry Greek,[3] indeed.

[2] —— *his* wit—] Both the old copies have—*will*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[3] —— *a merry Greek*,] *Græcari*, among the Romans, signified to play the reveller. STEEVENS.

The expression occurs in many old English books. See Act IV. sc. iv:

"A woeful Cressid 'mongst the *merry Greeks*." MALONE.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into a compassed window,[4]—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?[5]

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,——

Cres. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

[4] ——*compassed window,*] The *compassed window* is the same as the *bow window*. Johnson.

A *compassed* window is a *circular* bow window. In *The Taming of the Shrew* the same epithet is applied to the cape of a woman's gown: "—a small *compassed* cape." Steevens.

A *coved* cieling is yet in some places called a *compassed* cieling. Malone.

[5] ——*so old a* lifter?] The word *lifter* is used for a *thief*, by Greene, in his *Art of Conycatching*, printed 1591: on this the humour of the passage may be supposed to turn. We still call a person who plunders shops, a *shop-lifter*. Ben Jonson uses the expression in *Cynthia's Revels*:

"One other peculiar virtue you possess is, *lifting*."

Again, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611: "—cheaters, *lifters*, nips, foists, puggards, courbers."

Again, in Holland's *Leaguer*, 1633: "Broker or pandar, cheater or *lifter*." Steevens.

Hliftus, in the Gothick language, signifies a *thief*. See *Archæolog.* Vol. V. p. 311. Blackstone.

CRES. O, he smiles valiantly.

PAN. Does he not?

CRES. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

PAN. Why, go to then:—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,——

CRES. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

PAN. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

CRES. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'the shell.

PAN. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

CRES. Without the rack.

PAN. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

CRES. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

PAN. But, there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

CRES. With mill-stones.[6]

PAN. And Cassandra laughed.

CRES. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

PAN. And Hector laughed.

CRES. At what was all this laughing?

PAN. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

[6] —— *her eyes ran o'er.*
Cres. *With* mill-stones.] So, in *King Richard III:*
"Your eyes drop *mill-stones*, when fools' eyes drop tears."
MALONE.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. *One and fifty hairs,*[7] quoth he, *and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.* Jupiter! quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris my husband? The forked one*, quoth he; *pluck it out, and give it him.* But, there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.[8]

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.[9]

[7] One *and fifty hairs*,] [Old copies—*Two* and fifty.] I have ventured to substitute—*One and fifty*, I think with some certainty. How else can the number make out Priam and his fifty sons? THEOBALD.

[8] — *that it* passed.] i. e. that it went beyond bounds. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "Why this *passes*, master Ford." Cressida plays on the word, as used by Pandarus, by employing it herself in its common acceptation. STEEVENS.

[9] — an 'twere a man born in April.] i. e. as if 'twere, &c. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*: "I will roar you as 'twere any nightingale."

CRES. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A Retreat sounded.*

PAN. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

CRES. At your pleasure.

PAN. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS passes over the Stage.

CRES. Speak not so loud.

PAN. That's Æneas; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

CRES. Who's that?

ANTENOR passes over.

PAN. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit,[1] I

The foregoing thought occurs also in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" The *April's* in her eyes: it is love's spring,
" And these the showers to bring it on." STEEVENS.

[1] *That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit,*]

" Anthenor was ———
" Copious in words, and one that much time spent
" To jest, when as he was in companie,
" So driely, that no man could it espie;
" And therewith held his countenaunce so well,
" That every man received great content
" To heare him speake, and pretty jests to tell,
" When he was pleasant, and in merriment:
" For tho' that he most commonly was sad,
" Yet in his speech some jest he always had."
Lydgate, p. 105.

can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o'the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

CRES. Will he give you the nod?

PAN. You shall see.

CRES. If he do, the rich shall have more.[2]

HECTOR *passes over.*

PAN. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

CRES. O, a brave man!

PAN. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting: there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

CRES. Be those with swords?

Such, in the hands of a rude English poet, is the grave Antenor, to whose wisdom it was thought necessary that the art of Ulysses should be opposed:

"*Et mixco Priamum, Priamoque* Antenora *juncture.*"

STEEVENS.

[2] ——*the* rich *shall have more.*] The allusion is to the word *noddy*, which, as now, did, in our author's time, and long before, signify *a silly fellow*, and may, by its etymology, signify likewise *full of nods*. Cressid means, that *a* noddy *shall have more nods*. Of such remarks as these is a comment to consist! JOHNSON.

To *give the nod*, was, I believe, a term in the game at cards called *Noddy*. This game is perpetually alluded to in the old comedies. See Vol. IV. p. 186, n. 7. STEEVENS.

PARIS *passes over.*

PAN. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

CRES. Who's that?

HELENUS *passes over.*

PAN. That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus is:—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day:—That's Helenus.

CRES. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

PAN. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

CRES. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS *passes over.*

PAN. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

CRES. Peace, for shame, peace!

PAN. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his

sword is bloodied,[3] and his helm more hack'd than Hector's;[4] And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.[5]

Forces pass over the Stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i'the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

[3] ——*how his* sword is bloodied,] So, Lydgate, describing Troilus, in a couplet that reminds us of Dryden, or Pope:

"He was so ferse they might him not withstand,
"When that he helde his *bloody sworde* in hand."

I always quote from the original poem, edit. 1555.

MALONE.

[4] ——*his* helm more hack'd *than Hector's*;] So, in Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida*, Book III. 1811:

"His *helme to hewen* was in twenty places," &c.

STEEVENS.

[5] —— *an eye* [illegible] quarto. [illegible] force,—*Give* money [illegible].

PAN. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

CRES. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pye,[6]—for then the man's date is out.

PAN. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.[7]

CRES. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles;[8] upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

PAN. Say one of your watches.

[6] ——*no* date *in the pye,*] To account for the introduction of this quibble, it should be remembered that *dates* were an ingredient in ancient pastry of almost every kind. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"They call for *dates* and quinces in the pastry."

Again, in *All's well that ends well,* Act I: "—your *date* is better in your *pye* and porridge, than in your cheek."

STEEVENS.

[7] ——*at what* ward *you* lie.] A metaphor from the art of defence. So, Falstaff, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: "Thou know'st my old *ward;* here I *lay;*" &c. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*upon my wit, to defend my* wiles;] So read both the copies: and yet perhaps the author wrote:

Upon my wit to defend my will.

The terms *wit* and *will* were, in the language of that time, put often in opposition. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"What *wit* sets down, is blotted straight with *will.*"

Yet I think the old copy right. MALONE.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter Troilus' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.[9]

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come: [*Exit* Boy.] I doubt, he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle,——

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd.—
[*Exit* Pandarus.
Words, vows, griefs, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:[1]

[9] *At your own house;* there he unarms him.] These necessary words are added from the quarto edition. Pope.

The words added are only—*there he unarms him.* Johnson.

[1] —— *joy's soul lies in the doing:*] So read both the old editions, for which the later editions have poorly given:
The soul's joy *lies in doing.* Johnson.

It is the reading of the second folio. Ritson.

That she[2] belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:[3]
Then though[4] my heart's content[5] firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.
[*Exit.*

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies *in the doing:*] This is the reading of all the editions; yet it must be erroneous; for the last six words of the passage are totally inconsistent with the rest of Cressida's speech, and the very reverse of the doctrine she professes to teach. I have, therefore, no doubt that we ought to read:

——*joy's soul* dies *in the doing:*

which means, that the fire of passion is extinguished by enjoyment.

The following six lines sufficiently confirm the propriety of this amendment, which is obtained by the change of a single letter:

That she *belov'd* &c. &c. M. MASON.

[2] *That she*—] Means, that woman. JOHNSON.

[3] *Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:*] The meaning of this obscure line seems to be—"Men, after possession, become our commanders; before it, they are our suppliants." STEEVENS.

[4] Then *though*—] The quarto reads—*Then*; the folio and the other modern editions read improperly—*That*. JOHNSON.

[5] —— *my heart's* content—] *Content*, for *capacity*. WARBURTON.

On considering the context, it appears to me that we ought to read—"my heart's *consent*," not *content*. M. MASON.

—— *my heart's* content—] Perhaps means, my heart's satisfaction or joy; my well pleased heart. So, in our author's De-

SCENE III.

The Grecian *Camp. Before* Agamemnon's *Tent.*

Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, *and Others.*

AGAM. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,

dication of his *Venus and Adonis* to Lord Southampton: "I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your *heart's content*." This is the reading of the quarto. The folio has—*contents*. MALONE.

My *heart's content*, I believe, signifies—*the acquiescence of my heart*. STEEVENS.

To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd[6] and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad[7] and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

NEST. With due observance of thy godlike seat,[8]
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words.[9] In the reproof of chance

[6] —— *affin'd*—] i. e. joined by affinity. The same adjective occurs in *Othello:*

" If partially *affin'd*, or leagu'd in office." STEEVENS.

[7] —— *broad*—] So the quarto. The folio reads—*loud.* JOHNSON.

[8] *With due observance of thy* godlike *seat,*] *Goodly* [the reading of the folio] is an epithet that carries no very great compliment with it; and Nestor seems here to be paying deference to Agamemnon's state and pre-eminence. The old books [the quartos] have it—*to thy* godly *seat: godlike*, as I have reformed the text, seems to me the epithet designed; and is very conformable to what Æneas afterwards says of Agamemnon:

" Which is that *god* in office, guiding men?"

So *godlike seat* is here, state supreme above all other commanders. THEOBALD.

This emendation Theobald might have found in the quarto, which has—*the* godlike *seat*. JOHNSON.

—— thy godlike *seat,*] The throne in which thou sittest, " like a descended god." MALONE.

[9] —— *Nestor shall* apply
Thy latest words.] Nestor *applies* the words to another instance. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Nestor means, that he will *attend particularly to*, and consider, Agamemnon's latest words. So, in an ancient interlude, entitled, *The Nice Wanton*, 1560:

Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast,[1] making their way
With those of nobler bulk?[2]
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis,[3] and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse:[4] Where's then the saucy boat,

"O ye children, let your time be well spent;
"*Applye* your learning, and your elders obey."
See also Vol. IX. p. 40, n. 3. MALONE.

[1] —— patient *breast,*] The quarto, not so well—*ancles'* breast. JOHNSON.

[2] *With those of nobler bulk?*] Statius has the same thought, though more diffusively expressed:

"Sic ubi magna novum Phario de littore puppis
"Solvit iter, jamque innumeros utrinque rudentes
"Lataque veliferi porrexit brachia mali,
"Invasitque vias; it eodem angusta phaselus
"Æquore, et immensi partem sibi vendicat austri."

Again, in *The Sylvæ* of the same author, Lib. I. iv. 120:

"—— immensæ veluti connexa carinæ
"Cymba minor, cum sævit hyems—
"———— et eodem volvitur austro."

Mr. Pope has imitated the passage. STEEVENS.

[3] *But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage*
The gentle Thetis,] So, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602: "When I have seen *Boreas* begin to play the *ruffian* with us, then would I down on my knees." MALONE.

[4] *Bounding between the two moist elements,*
Like Perseus' horse:] Mercury, according to the fable, presented Perseus with wings, but we no where hear of his horse. The only flying horse of antiquity was Pegasus; and he was the property, not of Perseus, but Bellerophon. But our poet followed a more modern author, the author of *The Destruction of Troy*, a book which furnished him with some other circumstances of this play. Of the horse alluded to in the text he found in that book the following account:

Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide,
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,[5]
Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,

"Of the blood that issued out [from Medusa's head] there engendered Pegasus, or the *flying horse*. By the flying horse that was engendered of the blood issued from her head, is understood, that of her riches issuing of that realme he [Perseus] founded and made a *ship* named Pegase,—and *this ship was likened unto an horse flying*," &c.

Again: "By this fashion Perseus conquered the head of Medusa, and did make Pegase, the most swift ship that was in all the world."

In another place the same writer assures us, that this ship, which he always calls Perseus' flying horse, "*flew on the sea like unto a bird*."

Dest. of Troy, 4to. 1617, p. 155—164. MALONE.

The foregoing note is a very curious one; and yet our author perhaps would not have contented himself with merely comparing one ship to another. Unallegorized *Pegasus* might be fairly styled *Perseus' horse*, because the heroism of *Perseus* had given him existence.

So, in the fable of *The Hors, the Shepe, and the Ghoos*, printed by Caxton:

"The *stede of perseus* was cleped *pigase*
"With swifte wynges" &c.

Whereas, *ibid.* a ship is called "— an hors of tre."

See University Library, Cambridge, D. 5. 42. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *by the* brize,] The *brize* is the *gad* or *horse-fly*. So, in *Monsieur Thomas*, 1639:

"—— Have ye got the *brize* there?
"Give me the holy sprinkle."

Again, in *Vittoria Corombona, or The White Devil*, 1612: "I will put *brize* in his tail, set him a gadding presently."

See note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. viii.

STEEVENS.

And flies fled under shade,[6] Why, then, the thing of courage,[7]
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent turn'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.[8]

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—
[*To* Agamemnon.
And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,—
[*To* Nestor.
I give to both your speeches,—which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,

[6] *And flies fled under shade,*] i. e. And flies *are* fled under shade. I have observed similar omissions in the works of many of our author's contemporaries. Malone.

[7] —— *the thing of courage,*] It is said of the tiger, that in storms and high winds he rages and roars most furiously. Hanmer.

[8] Returns *to* chiding *fortune.*] For *returns*, Hanmer reads *replies*, unnecessarily, the sense being the same. The folio and quarto have *retires*, corruptly. Johnson.

So, in *King Richard II:*

"Northumberland, say—thus the king *returns:*——."
Steevens.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. *Chiding* is noisy, clamorous. So, in *King Henry VIII:*

"As doth a rock against the *chiding* flood."

See p. 127, n. 6. Malone.

See also Vol. IV. p. 450, n. 5. Steevens.

Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree[9]
On which heaven rides,) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue,[1]—yet let it please both,—

[9] —— *axletree*—] This word was anciently contracted into a dissyllable. Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca:*

" ——— when the mountain
" Melts under their hot wheels, and from their *ax'trees*
" Huge claps of thunder plough the ground before them."

STEEVENS.

[1] —— *speeches,—which were such,*
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air——
——*knit all the Greekish ears*
To his experienc'd tongue,] Ulysses begins his oration with praising those who had spoken before him, and marks the characteristick excellencies of their different eloquence,—strength, and sweetness, which he expresses by the different metals on which he recommends them to be engraven for the instruction of posterity. The speech of Agamemnon is such that it ought to be engraven in brass, and the tablet held up by him on the one side, and Greece on the other, to show the union of their opinion. And Nestor ought to be exhibited in silver, uniting all his audience in one mind by his soft and gentle elocution. Brass is the common emblem of strength, and silver of gentleness. We call a soft voice a *silver* voice, and a persuasive tongue a *silver* tongue. I once read for *hand*, the *band*, of Greece, but I think the text right. To *hatch* is a term of art for a particular method of *engraving*. *Hacher*, to cut, Fr.

JOHNSON.

In the description of Agamemnon's speech, there is a plain allusion to the old custom of *engraving* laws and publick records in *brass*, and hanging up the tables in temples, and other places of general resort. Our author has the same allusion in *Measure for Measure*, Act V. sc. i. The Duke, speaking of the merit of Angelo and Escalus, says, that

" —— it deserves *with characters of brass*
" A forted residence, 'gainst the tooth of time
" And razure of oblivion ——."

So far therefore is clear. Why Nestor is said to be *hatch'd in silver*, is much more obscure. I once thought that we ought to read,—*thatch'd in silver*, alluding to his *silver hair;* the same

Thou great,—and wise,[2]—to hear Ulysses speak.

metaphor being used by Timon, Act IV. sc. iv. to Phryne and Timandra:

" —— *thatch* your poor thin roofs
" With burthens of the dead——."

But I know not whether the present reading may not be understood to convey the same allusion; as I find, that the species of engraving, called *hatching*, was particularly used in the *hilts of swords*. See Cotgrave in v. *Haché*: hacked, &c. also, *Hatched, as the hilt of a sword*; and in v. *Hacher*; to hacke, &c. also, *to hatch a hilt*. Beaumont and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*, Vol. II. p. 90:

" When thine own bloody sword cried out against thee,
" *Hatch'd* in the life of him —."

As to what follows, if the reader should have no more conception than I have, of

" —— a bond of *air*, strong as the axle-tree
" On which heaven rides;——"

he will perhaps excuse me for hazarding a conjecture, that the true reading may possibly be:

——*a bond of* awe,——.

The expression is used by Fairfax, in his 4th Eclogue, *Muses Library*, p. 308:

" Unty these *bonds of awe* and cords of duty."

After all, the construction of this passage is very harsh and irregular; but with that I meddle not, believing it was left so by the author. TYRWHITT.

Perhaps no alteration is necessary: *hatch'd in silver*, may mean, whose white hair and beard make him look like a figure engraved on silver.

The word is metaphorically used by Heywood, in *The Iron Age*, 1632:

" ———— his face
" Is *hatch'd* with impudency three-fold thick."

And again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant*:

" His weapon *hatch'd* in blood."

Again, literally, in *The Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620:

" Double and treble gilt,——
" *Hatch'd* and inlaid, not to be worn with time."

Again, more appositely, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632:

" Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is *hatch'd*
" *With silver* ——."

Again, in Chapman's version of the 23d *Iliad*:

" Shall win this sword, *silver'd and hatch'd*;—."

AGAM. Speak,[3] prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect[4]

The voice of Nestor, which on all occasions enforced attention, might be, I think, not unpoetically called, *a bond of air*, because its operations were visible, though his voice, like the wind, was unseen. STEEVENS.

In a newspaper of the day, intitled *The Newes published for Satisfaction and Information of the People*, Nov. 12, 1663, No. XI. p. 86, is advertized, "Lost, in Scotland Yard, a *broad sword hatcht with silver*." REED.

In the following verses in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, nearly the same picture of Nestor is given. The fifth line of the first stanza may lead us to the true interpretation of the words *hatch'd in silver*. In a subsequent passage the colour of the old man's beard is again mentioned;

"I'll hide my *silver* beard in a gold beaver."

Dr. Johnson therefore is undoubtedly mistaken in supposing that there is any allusion to the soft voice or *silver tongue* of Nestor. The poet, however, might mean not merely that Nestor looked *like* a figure engraved in silver (as Mr. Steevens supposes); but that he should actually be so engraved.

With respect to the breath or speech of Nestor, here called a *bond of air*, it is so truly Shakspearian, that I have not the smallest doubt of the genuineness of the expression. Shakspeare frequently calls words *wind*, and *air*. So, in one of his poems:

"—— sorrow ebbs, being blown with *wind* of *words*."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Three civil broils, bred of an *airy* word."

Again, more appositely, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

"Charm ache with *air*, and agony with words."

The verses above alluded to are these:

"There pleading you might see grave *Nestor* stand,
"As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight;
"Making such sober action with his hand,
"That it *beguil'd attention*, charm'd the sight;
"In speech it seem'd, *his beard all silver white*
"Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
"Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.
"About him were a press of gaping faces,
"Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice,
"All jointly list'ning but with several graces,
"As if some mermaid did their ears entice;
"Some high, some low; the painter was so nice,
"The scalps of many almost hid behind
"To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind."

That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,

What is here called *speech that beguil'd attention*, is in the text a *bond of air*; i. e. *breath*, or words that strongly enforced the attention of his auditors. In the same poem we find a kindred expression:

" Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
" Will *tie* the *hearers* to *attend* each line."

Again, more appositely, in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, 4to. no date:

" Torlton, whose *tongue* men's ears in *chains* could *bind*."

The word *knit*, which alone remains to be noticed, is often used by Shakspeare in the same manner. So, in *Macbeth*:

" —— to the which my duties
" Are with a most indissoluble *tie*
" For ever *knit*."

Again, in *Othello*: " I have profess'd me thy friend, and I confess me *knit* to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness."

A passage in Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, may illustrate that before us: " Whether now persuasions may not be said violent and forcible, especially to simple myndes, in special I refer to all men's judgement that hear the story. At least waies I finde this opinion confirmed by a pretie devise or embleme that Lucianus alleageth he saw in the portrait of Hercules within the citie of Marseilles in Provence; where they had figured a lustie *old man with a long chayne tyed by one end at his tong, by the other end at the people's eares*, who stood afar off, and seemed to be *drawen to him by force of that chayne fastened to his tong*; as who would say, by force of his persuasions." MALONE.

Thus, in Chapman's version of the 13th *Odyssey*:

" He said; and silence all their tongues contain'd
" (In admiration) when *with pleasure chain'd*
" *Their ears had long been to him*." STEEVENS.

[3] Thou *great*,—*and wise*,] This passage is sense as it stands: yet I have little doubt that Shakspeare wrote—

Though great and wise,——. M. MASON.

[3] Agam. *Speak*, &c.] This speech is not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *expect*—] *Expect* for *expectation*. Thus, in our author's works, we have *suspect* for *suspicion*, &c. STEEVENS.

When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear musick, wit, and oracle.

ULYSS. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,[5]
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule[6] hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.[7]
When that the general is not like the hive,[8]
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.

[5] ——*Hector's* sword had lack'd a master,] So, in *Cymbeline:*
" ——— gains, or loses,
" Your *sword*, or mine; or *masterless* leaves both—."
STEEVENS.

[6] *The specialty of rule*—] The particular rights of supreme authority. JOHNSON.

[7] Hollow *upon this plain, so many* hollow *factions.*] The word *hollow*, at the beginning of the line, injures the metre, without improving the sense, and should probably be struck out.
M. MASON.

I would rather omit the word in the second instance. To *stand empty*, (*hollow*, as Shakspeare calls it,) is a provincial phrase applied to houses which have no tenants. These *factions*, however, were *avowed*, not *hollow*, or insidious. Remove the word *hollow*, at the beginning of the verse, and every tent in sight would become chargeable as the quondam residence of a factious chief; for the plain sense must then be—there are as many hollow factions as there are tents. STEEVENS.

[8] *When that the general* is not like *the hive,*] The meaning is,—*When the general is not* to the army *like the hive* to the bees, the repository of the stock of every individual, that to which each particular resorts with whatever he has collected for the good of the whole, *what honey is expected?* what hope of advantage? The sense is clear, the expression is confused.
JOHNSON.

The heavens themselves,[9] the planets, and this center,[1]
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,[2]
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: But, when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,[3]

[9] *The heavens themselves,*] This illustration was probably derived from a passage in Hooker: "If celestial spheres should forget their wonted motion; if the prince of the lights of heaven should begin to stand; if the moon should wander from her beaten way; and the seasons of the year blend themselves; what would become of man?" WARBURTON.

[1] —— *the planets, and this* center,] i. e. the center of the earth, which, according to the Ptolemaic system, then in vogue, is the center of the solar system. WARBURTON.

By *this center*, Ulysses means the earth itself, not the center of the earth. According to the system of Ptolemy, the earth is the center round which the planets move. M. MASON.

[2] *Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,*] So, the folio. The quarto reads:

Corrects th' influence of evil planets. MALONE.

[3] —— *But, when the planets,*
In evil mixture, to disorder wander, &c.] I believe the poet, according to astrological opinions, means, when the planets form malignant configurations, when their aspects are evil towards one another. This he terms *evil mixture.* JOHNSON.

The poet's meaning may be somewhat explained by Spenser, to whom he seems to be indebted for his present allusion:

"For who so liste into the heavens looke,
"And search the courses of the rowling spheres,
"Shall find that from the point where they first tooke
"Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares
"They all are wandred much; that plaine appeares.

What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate[4]
The unity and married calm of states[5]

" For that same golden fleecy ram, which bore
" Phrixus and Helle from their stepdames feares,
" Hath now forgot where he was plast of yore,
" And shouldred hath the bull which fayre Europa bore.

" And eke the bull hath with his bow-bent horne
" So hardly butted those two twins of Jove,
" That they have crush'd the crab, and quite him borne
" Into the great Nemæan lion's grove.
" So now all *range*, and do *at random rove*
" Out of their proper places far away,
" And all this world with them amisse doe move,
" And all his creatures from their course astray,
" Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay."

Fairy Queen, B. V. c. i. STEEVENS.

The apparent irregular motions of the planets were supposed to portend some disasters to mankind; indeed the planets themselves were not thought formerly to be confined in any fixed orbits of their own, but to wander about *ad libitum*, as the etymology of their names demonstrates. ANONYMOUS.

[4] —— *deracinate*—] i. e. force up by the roots. So again, in *King Henry V:*

" ——— the coulter rusts
" That should *deracinate* such savag'ry." STEEVENS.

[5] —— married *calm of states*—] The epithet—*married*, which is used to denote an intimate union, is employed in the same sense by Milton:

" ——— Lydian airs
" *Married* to immortal verse."

Again:

" —— voice and verse
" *Wed* your divine sounds."

Again, in Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas's *Eden:*

" —— shady groves of noble palm-tree sprays,
" Of amorous myrtles and immortal bays;
" Never unleav'd, but evermore they're new,
" Self-arching, in a thousand arbours grew.
" Birds *marrying* their sweet tunes to the angels' lays,
" Sung Adam's bliss, and their great Maker's praise."

Quite from their fixure? O, when degree is shak'd,[6]
Which is the ladder of all high designs,
The enterprize[7] is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,[8]
Peaceful commérce from dividable shores,[9]
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentick place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy:[1] The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:[2]
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong,
(Between whose endless jar justice resides,)

The subject of Milton's larger poem would naturally have led him to read this description in Sylvester. The quotation from him I owe to Dr. Farmer.

Shakspeare calls a harmony of features, *married lineaments*, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. iii. See note on this passage. STEEVENS.

[6] —— O, *when degree is shak'd*,] I would read:
—— So, *when degree is shak'd*. JOHNSON.

[7] The *enterprize*—] Perhaps we should read:
Then *enterprize is sick!*—— JOHNSON.

[8] —— *brotherhoods in cities*,] Corporations, companies, *confraternities*. JOHNSON.

[9] —— dividable *shores*,] i. e. divided. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, our author uses *corrigible* for corrected. Mr. M. Mason has the same observation. STEEVENS.

[1] —— mere *oppugnancy*:] *Mere* is absolute. So, in *Hamlet*:
"——things rank and gross in nature
"Possess it *merely*." STEEVENS.

[2] *And make a* sop *of all this solid globe*:] So, in *K. Lear*:
"—— I'll make a *sop* o'the moonshine of you."
STEEVENS.

Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglection[3] of degree it is,
That by a pace[4] goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb.[5] The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:[6]
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

NEST. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power[7] is sick.

[3] ——*this* neglection—] This uncommon word occurs again in *Pericles*, 1609:

" ——— if *neglection*
" Should therein make me vile,—." MALONE.

[4] *That by a pace*—] That goes backward *step by step.* JOHNSON.

[5] —— *with a purpose*
It hath to climb.] With a design in each man to aggrandize himself, by slighting his immediate superior. JOHNSON.

Thus the quarto. Folio—*in* a purpose. MALONE.

[6] —— *bloodless emulation:*] An emulation not vigorous and active, but malignant and sluggish. JOHNSON.

[7] —— *our* power—] i. e. our army. So, in another of our author's plays:

" Who leads his *power?*" STEEVENS.

AGAM. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

ULYSS. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,[8]
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day,
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and aukward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation[9] he puts on;
And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,[1]—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming[2]

[8] ——*his* airy *fame*,] Verbal elogium; what our author, in *Macbeth*, has called *mouth honour*. See p. 264, note.
MALONE.

[9] *Thy* topless *deputation*—] *Topless* is that which has nothing *topping* or *overtopping* it: supreme; sovereign.
JOHNSON.

So, in *Doctor Faustus*, 1604:
"Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
"And burnt the *topless* towers of Ilium?"
Again, in *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598:
"And *topless* honours be bestow'd on thee." STEEVENS.

[1] *'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the* scaffoldage,] The galleries of the theatre, in the time of our author, were sometimes termed *the scaffolds*. See *An Account of the ancient Theatres*, Vol. III. MALONE.

[2] ——*o'er*-wrested *seeming*—] i. e. wrested beyond the truth; overcharged. Both the old copies, as well as all the modern editions, have—*o'er-rested*, which affords no meaning.
MALONE.

He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending;[3] with terms unsquar'd,[4]
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries—*Excellent!—'tis* Agamemnon *just.—*
Now play me Nestor;—*hem, and stroke thy beard,*
As he, being 'drest to some oration.
That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels;[5] as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*
'Tis Nestor *right! Now play him me,* Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling[6] on his gorget,

Over-wrested is—wound up too high. A *wrest* was an instrument for tuning a harp, by *drawing up* the strings. See Mr. Douce's note on Act III. sc. iii. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*a chime a mending;*] To this comparison the praise of originality must be allowed. He who, like myself, has been in the tower of a church while the chimes were repairing, will never wish a second time to be present at so dissonantly noisy an operation. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*unsquar'd,*] i. e. unadapted to their subject, as stones are unfitted to the purposes of architecture, while they are yet *unsquar'd*. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*as near as the extremest ends*
Of parallels;] The *parallels* to which the allusion seems to be made, are the parallels on a map. As like as east to west. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *a palsy-fumbling*—] Old copies gives this as two distinct words. But it should be written—*palsy-fumbling*, i. e. paralytick fumbling. TYRWHITT.

Fumbling is often applied by our old English writers to the speech. So, in *King John*, 1591:

Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, *O!—enough*, Patroclus;—
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots,[7] orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.[8]

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein,[9] in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle: and sets Thersites

"——he *fumbleth* in the *mouth;*
"His speech doth fail."

Again, in North's translation of *Plutarch:* "—he heard his wife Calphurnia being fast asleepe, weepe and sigh, and put forth many *fumbling* lamentable *speaches.*"

Shakspeare, I believe, wrote—*in* his gorget. Malone.

On seems to be used for—*at*. So, p. 285: "Pointing *on* him." i. e. *at* him. Steevens.

[7] *All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,*
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, &c.] All our good *grace exact*, means our *excellence irreprehensible*. Johnson.

[8] ——*to make* paradoxes.] *Paradoxes* may have a meaning, but it is not clear and distinct. I wish the copies had given:
——*to make* parodies. Johnson.

[9] ——*bears his head*
In such a rein,] That is, holds up his head as haughtily. We still say of a girl, *she bridles*. Johnson.

(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint,[1])
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.[2]

ULYSS. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,[3]—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet-war:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

NEST. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Trumpet sounds.*

[1] —— *whose gall coins slanders like a mint,*] i. e. as fast as a mint coins *money*. See Vol. XI. p. 240, n. 7. MALONE.

[2] *How* rank *soever rounded in with danger.*] A *rank weed* is a *high weed*. The modern editions silently read:
How hard *soever*—. JOHNSON.

—— rounded in *with danger.*] So, in *King Henry V.*:
" How dread an army hath *enrounded* him." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *and know*, by *measure*
Of *their observant toil, the enemies' weight,*] I think it were better to read:
—— *and know* the *measure*,
By *their observant toil*, of *the enemies' weight.*
JOHNSON.

——*by measure*—] That is, " *by means* of their observant toil." M. MASON.

AGAM. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.[4]

Enter ÆNEAS.

MEN. From Troy.

AGAM. What would you 'fore our tent?

ÆNE. Is this
Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?

AGAM. Even this.

ÆNE. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?[5]

AGAM. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm[6]
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

ÆNE. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks[7]

[4] *What trumpet? look*, Menelaus.] Surely, the name of *Menelaus* only serves to destroy the metre, and should therefore be omitted. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*kingly* ears?] The quarto:
——*kingly* eyes. JOHNSON.

[6] ——Achilles' *arm*——] So the copies. Perhaps the author wrote:
—— Alcides' *arm*. JOHNSON.

[7] *A stranger to those most imperial looks*——] And yet this was the seventh year of the war. Shakspeare, who so wonderfully preserves character, usually confounds the customs of all nations, and probably supposed that the ancients (like the heroes of chivalry) fought with beavers to their helmets. So, in the fourth Act of this play, Nestor says to Hector:
"But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
"I never saw till now."
Shakspeare might have adopted this error from the wooden cuts to ancient books, or from the illuminators of manuscripts, who never seem to have entertained the least idea of habits, manners, or customs more ancient than their own. There are

Know them from eyes of other mortals?

AGAM. How?

ÆNE. Ay;
I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek[8] be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

AGAM. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

ÆNE. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart.[9] But peace, Æneas,

books in the British Museum of the age of King Henry VI; and in these the heroes of ancient Greece are represented in the very dresses worn at the time when the books received their decorations. STEEVENS.

In *The Destruction of Troy* Shakspeare found all the chieftains of each army termed knights, mounted on stately horses, defended with modern helmets, &c. &c. MALONE.

In what edition did these representations occur to Shakspeare? STEEVENS.

[8] ——bid *the cheek*—] So the quarto. The folio has:
——on *the cheek*—. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*they have galls,*
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart.] I have not the smallest doubt that the poet wrote—(as I suggested in my SECOND APPENDIX, 8vo. 1783):

—— *they have galls,*
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's a god
Nothing so full of heart.

Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!

So, in *Macbeth:*

" Sleek o'er your rugged looks: be bright and *jovial*
" Among your guests to-night."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" Cæsar, why he's the *Jupiter* of men."

Again, *ibidem:*

" Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly *Jove*."

The text, in my apprehension, is unintelligible, though I have not ventured, on my own opinion, to disturb it. In the old copy there is no point after the word *accord*, which adds some support to my conjecture. It also may be observed, that in peace the Trojans have just been compared to *angels;* and here Æneas, in a similar strain of panegyrick, compares them in war to that *God* who was proverbially distinguished for high spirits.

The present punctuation of the text was introduced by Mr. Theobald. The words being pointed thus, he thinks it clear that the meaning is—They have galls, good arms, &c. and, *Jove annuente*, nothing *is* so full of heart as they. Had Shakspeare written, "—*with* Jove's accord," and "*Nothing's* so full," &c. such an interpretation might be received; but, as the words stand, it is inadmissible.

The quarto reads:

——*and* great *Jove's accord*—&c. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read:

——*and* Love's *a* lord
Nothing so full of heart.

The words *Jove* and *Love*, in a future scene of this play, are substituted for each other, by the old blundering printers. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, Cupid is styled "*Lord* of ay-mees;" and Romeo speaks of his "bosom's *Lord*." In *Othello*, Love is commanded to "yield up his *hearted* throne." And yet more appositely, Valentine, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, says,

" ——*love's a* mighty *lord*—."

The meaning of Æneas will then be obvious. The most confident of all passions is not so daring as we are in the field. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" And what *Love* can do, that dares *Love* attempt."

Mr. M. Mason would read—" and Jove's *arm hard*."

Perhaps, however, the old reading may be the true one, the speaker meaning to say, that, *when they have the accord of Jove on their side, nothing is so courageous as the Trojans.* Thus, in *Coriolanus:*

The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:[1]
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame follows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

AGAM. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

ÆNE. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

AGAM. What's your affair, I pray you?[2]

ÆNE. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

AGAM. He hears nought privately, that comes from Troy.

ÆNE. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

" The god of soldiers
" (With the *consent* of supreme *Jove*) inform
" Thy thoughts with nobleness."

Jove's accord, in the present instance, like the *Jove probante* of Horace, may be an ablative absolute, as in Pope's version of the 19th *Iliad*, 190:

" And, *Jove attesting*, the firm compact made."

STEEVENS.

[1] *The worthiness of praise distains his worth,*
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:] So, in *Coriolanus:*

" ——power unto itself most commendable,
" Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
" To extol what it hath done." MALONE.

[2] *What's your affair,* I pray you?] The words—*I pray you*, are an apparent interpolation, and consequently destroy the measure.

" *Æn.* Ay, Greek, that is my name,
" *Agam.* What's your affair?—"

These hemistichs, joined together, form a complete verse.

STEEVENS.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;[3]
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;—
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,)
Who in this dull and long-continued truce[4]
Is rusty[5] grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession,[6]

[3] *Speak frankly as the wind:*] So, Jaques, in *As you like it*:
" —— I must have liberty
" Withal, as large a charter as *the wind*
" To blow on whom I please;——." Steevens.

[4] ——*long-continued truce*—] Of this long *truce* there has been no notice taken; in this very Act it is said, that *Ajax coped Hector yesterday in the battle.* Johnson.

Here we have another proof of Shakspeare's falling into inconsistencies, by sometimes adhering to, and sometimes deserting, his original: a point, on which some stress has been laid in the Dissertation printed at the end of *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* See Vol. XIV. p. 255—6.

Of this dull and long-continued truce (which was agreed upon at the desire of the Trojans, for six months,) Shakspeare found an account in the seventh chapter of the third Book of *The Destruction of Troy.* In the fifteenth chapter of the same book the beautiful daughter of Calchas is first introduced. Malone.

[5] ——*rusty*—] Quarto,—*rusty*. Johnson.

[6] —— *more than* in confession,] *Confession* for *profession*. Warburton.

(With truant vows to her own lips he loves,[7])
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers,[8]—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance.[9] Even so much.

AGAM. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

NEST. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian host[1]
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire

[7] ——*to her own lips he loves,*] That is, *confession made with idle vows to the lips of her whom he loves.* JOHNSON.

[8] *In other* arms *than hers,*] *Arms* is here used equivocally for the arms of the body, and the armour of a soldier. MALONE.

[9] ——*and not worth*
The splinter of a lance.] This is the language of romance. Such a challenge would better have suited Palmerin or Amadis, than Hector or Æneas. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*in our Grecian* host—] So the quarto. The folio has—Grecian *mould.* MALONE.

To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace[2] put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world; His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.[3]

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but* Ulysses *and* Nestor.

Ulyss. Nestor,——

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.[4]

[2] *And in my* vantbrace—] An armour for the arm, *avant-bras*. Pope.

Milton uses the word in his *Samson Agonistes*, and Heywood in his *Iron Age*, 1632:

"—— peruse his armour,
"The dint's still in the *vantbrace*." Steevens.

[3] *I'll prove this truth with my* three drops of blood.] So, in *Coriolanus*, one of the Volscian Guard says to old Menenius, "Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood."
Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*I'll* pawn *this truth*.
Malone.

[4] *Be you my time* &c.] i. e. be you to my present purpose what time is in respect of all other schemes, viz. a ripener and bringer of them to maturity. Steevens.

NEST. What is't?

ULYSS. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride[5]
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery[6] of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

NEST. Well, and how?[7]

ULYSS. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

NEST. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:[8]

I believe Shakspeare was here thinking of the period of gestation which is sometimes denominated a female's *time*, or reckoning. T. C.

[5] —— *The seeded pride* &c.] Shakspeare might have taken this idea from Lyte's *Herbal*, 1578 and 1579. The Oleander tree or Nerium "hath scarce one good propertie." It may be compared to a Pharisee, "who maketh a glorious and beautiful show, but inwardly is of a corrupt and poisoned nature."—"It is high time &c. to supplant it (i. e. pharisaism) for it hath already floured, so that I feare it will shortly *seede*, and fill this wholesome soyle full of wicked Nerium." TOLLET.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"How will thy shame be *seeded* in thine age,
"When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?"

MALONE.

[6] —— *nursery*—] Alluding to a plantation called a nursery. JOHNSON.

[7] *Well, and how?*] We might complete this defective line by reading:

Well, and how then?

Sir T. Hanmer reads—*how* now? STEEVENS.

[8] *The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,*
Whose grossness little characters sum up:] That is, the

And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes,
It is most meet; Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours[1] off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action: for the success,

purpose is as plain as *body* or substance; and though I have collected this purpose from many minute particulars, as a gross body is made up of small insensible parts, yet the result is as clear and certain as a body thus made up is palpable and visible. This is the thought, though a little obscured in the conciseness of the expression. WARBURTON.

Substance is estate, the value of which is ascertained by the use of small *characters*, i. e. numerals. So, in the prologue to *King Henry V:*

" —— a crooked figure may
" Attest, in little place, a million."

The *gross sum* is a term used in *The Merchant of Venice. Grossness* has the same meaning in this instance. STEEVENS.

" *And, in the publication*, make no strain," Nestor goes on to say, make no difficulty, no doubt, when this duel comes to be proclaimed, but that Achilles, dull as he is, will discover the drift of it. This is the meaning of the line. So afterwards, in this play, Ulysses says:

" I do not *strain* at the position."

i. e. I do not hesitate at, I make no difficulty of it. THEOBALD.

[1] —— those *honours* —— Folio *his* honour. MALONE.

Although particular, shall give a scantling[2]
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks[3]
To their subséquent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; Who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd,[4] limbs are his instruments,[5]
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

ULYSS. Give pardon to my speech;—
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,[6]

[2] ——*scantling*—] That is, a *measure*, *proportion*. The carpenter cuts his wood to a certain *scantling*. JOHNSON.

So, in John Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, folio, 1603: "When the lion's skin will not suffice, we must add a *scantling* of the fox's." MALONE.

[3] ——*small pricks*—] Small *points compared* with the volumes. JOHNSON.

Indexes were, in Shakspeare's time, often *prefixed* to books. MALONE.

[4] *Which entertain'd*, &c.] These two lines [and the concluding hemistich] are not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*limbs are his instruments*,] The folio reads:

——*limbs are* in *his instruments*.

I have omitted the impertinent preposition. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*if not*,] I suppose, for the sake of metre, we should read:

——*if* they do *not*. STEEVENS.

The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worse first.[7] Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes; what are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share[8] with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Africk sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion[9] crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax[1] draw

[7] *The lustre of the better shall exceed,*
By showing the worse first.] The folio reads:
The lustre of the better, yet to show,
Shall show the better.
I once thought that the alteration was made by the author: but a more diligent comparison of the quartos and the first folio has convinced me that some arbitrary alterations were made in the latter copy by its editor. The quarto copy of this play is in general more correct than the folio. MALONE.

[8] —— *share* —] So the quarto. The folio—*wear.* JOHNSON.

[9] —— *our main opinion* —] is, our general estimation or character. See Vol. XI. p. 422, n. 9. *Opinion* has already been used in this scene in the same sense. MALONE.

[1] —— *blockish Ajax* —] Shakspeare, on this occasion, has deserted Lydgate, who gives a very different character of Ajax:
"Another Ajax (surnamed Telamon)
"There was, a man that *learning did adore*," &c.
"Who did so much in *eloquence* abound,
"That in his time the like could not be found."

The sort[2] to fight with Hector: Among ourselves,

Again:

" And one that *hated pride and flattery*," &c.

Our author appears to have drawn his portrait of the Grecian chief from the invectives thrown out against him by Ulysses in the thirteenth Book of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, translated by Golding, 1587; or from the prologue to Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, in which he is represented as "strong, heady, boisterous, and a terrible fighting fellow, but neither wise, learned, staide, nor pollitícke." STEEVENS.

I suspect that Shakspeare confounded Ajax *Telamonius* with Ajax *Oileus*. The characters of each of them are given by Lydgate. Shakspeare knew that one of the *Ajaxes* was Hector's nephew, the son of his sister; but perhaps did not know that he was Ajax *Telamonius*, and in consequence of not attending to this circumstance has attributed to the person whom he has introduced in this play part of the character which Lydgate had drawn for Ajax Oileus:

" Oileus Ajax was right corpulent;
" To be well cladde he set all his entent.
" In rich aray he was full curyous,
" Although he were of body corsyous.
" Of armes great, with shoulders square and brode;
" It was of him almost a horse-lode.
" High of stature, and boystrous in a pres,
" *And of his speech rude, and rechless.*
" *Full many worde in ydel hym asterte*,
" And but a coward was he of his herte."

Ajax Telamonius he thus describes:

" An other Ajax Thelamonyius
" There was also, *diserte* and *virtuous;*
" Wonder faire and semely to behold,
" Whose heyr was black and upward ay gan folde,
" In compas wise round as any sphere;
" And of musyke was there none his pere.
" —— yet had he good practike
" In armes eke, and was a noble knight.
" No man more orped, nor hardyer for to fight,
" Nor desirous for to have victorye;
" Devoyde of pomp, hating all vayn glorye,
" All ydle laud spent and blowne in vayne."

Lydgate's *Auncient Historie*, &c. 1555.

There is not the smallest ground in Lydgate for what the author of the *Rifacimento* of this poem, published in 1614, has

Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will physick the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion[3] still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

introduced, concerning his *eloquence* and *adoring learning*. See Mr. Steevens's note.

Perhaps, however, *The Destruction of Troy* led Shakspeare to give this representation: for the author of that book, describing these two persons, improperly calls Ajax Oileus, simply *Ajax*, as the more eminent of the two:

"*Ajax* was of a huge stature, great and large in the shoulders, great armes, and alwayes was well clothed, and very richly: and was of no great enterprise, and spake very quicke. *Thelamon Ajax* was a marvellous faire knight; he had black hayres, and he hadde great pleasure in musicke, and he sang him selfe very well: he was of greate prowesse, and a valiant man of warre, and without pompe." MALONE.

Mr. Malone observes, that "there is not the smallest ground, &c. concerning his *eloquence and adoring* learning." But may we ask what interpretation this gentleman would give to the epithets

"——*diserte* and *virtuous*?"

By the first word, (formed from the Latin *disertus*,) *eloquence* must have been designed; and by the latter, the *artes ingenuæ*, which in the age of Lydgate were often called the *virtuous arts*. STEEVENS.

[2] *The* sort—] i. e. the lot. STEEVENS.

So, in Lydgate's *Ancient Historie*, &c:

"Calchas had experience
"Especially of calculation;
"Of *sorte* also, and divination." MALONE.

[3] ——*under our* opinion—] Here again *opinion* means character. MALONE.

NEST. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;[4]
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on,[5] as 'twere their bone.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.[6] SCENE I.

Another Part of the Grecian *Camp.*

Enter AJAX *and* THERSITES.

AJAX. Thersites,——

THER. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

AJAX. Thersites,——

THER. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

AJAX. Dog,——

[4] —— *Ulysses,*
Now I begin &c.] The quarto and folio have—*Now, Ulysses,* I begin, &c. The transposition was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[5] *Must* tarre *the mastiffs on,*] *Tarre,* an old English word, signifying to provoke or urge on. See *King John,* Act IV. sc. i:
" ——like a dog,
" Snatch at his master that doth *tarre* him on." POPE.

[6] *Act II.*] This play is not divided into Acts in any of the original editions. JOHNSON.

THER. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

AJAX. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. [*Strikes him.*

THER. The plague of Greece upon thee,[7] thou mongrel beef-witted lord![8]

AJAX. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak:[9] I will beat thee into handsomeness.

[7] *The* plague of Greece *upon thee,*] Alluding perhaps to the plague sent by Apollo on the Grecian army. JOHNSON.

The following lines of Lydgate's *Auncient Historie of the Warres betweene the Trojans and the Grecians*, 1555, were probably here in our author's thoughts:

" And in this whyle a great mortalyte,
" Both of sworde and of *pestilence*,
" *Among Greekes*, by fatal influence
" Of noyous hete and of corrupt eyre,
" Engendred was, that tho in great dispayre
" Of theyr life in the fyelde they leye,
" For day by day sodaynly they deye,
" Whereby theyr nombre fast gan dyscrece;
" And whan they sawe that it ne wolde sece,
" By theyr advyse the kyng Agamemnowne
" For a trewse sent unto the towne,
" For thirty dayes, and Priamus the kinge
" Without abode graunted his axynge." MALONE.

Our author may as well be supposed to have caught this circumstance, relative to the *plague*, from the first Book of Hall's or Chapman's version of the *Iliad*. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *thou* mongrel beef-witted *lord!*] So, in *Twelfth-Night*: "—I am a great eater of *beef*, and I believe that does harm to my *wit*." STEEVENS.

He calls Ajax *mongrel* on account of his father's being a *Grecian* and his mother a *Trojan*. See Hector's speech to Ajax, in Act IV. sc. v:

" Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son," &c.
MALONE.

[9] *Speak then, thou* unsalted *leaven, speak:*] *Unsalted* leaven means *sour* without *salt*, malignity without wit. Shakspeare

THER. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o'thy jade's tricks![1]

AJAX. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

THER. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

AJAX. The proclamation,—

THER. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

AJAX. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

THER. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would

wrote first *unsalted;* but recollecting that want of *salt* was no fault in leaven, changed it to *vinew'd.* JOHNSON.

The want of salt is no fault in leaven; but leaven without the *addition* of salt will not make good bread: hence Shakspeare used it as a term of reproach. MALONE.

Unsalted is the reading of both the quartos. Francis Beaumont, in his letter to Speght on his edition of Chaucer's works, 1602, says: "Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were *vinew'd* and hoarie with over long lying."

Again, in Tho. Newton's *Herbal to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587:

"For being long kept they grow hore and *vinewed.*"

STEEVENS.

In the Preface to James the First's Bible, the translators speak of *fenowed* (i. e. vinewed or mouldy) traditions.

BLACKSTONE.

The folio has—thou *whinid'st* leaven; a corruption undoubtedly of *vinnewdst*, or *vinniedst:* that is, thou most *mouldy* leaven. In Dorsetshire they at this day call cheese that is become mouldy, *vinny* cheese. MALONE.

[1] —— *a red murrain* &c.] A similar imprecation is found in *The Tempest:* "—The *red plague* rid you!" STEEVENS.

make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece.[2] When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

AJAX. I say, the proclamation,——

THER. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.[3]

AJAX. Mistress Thersites!

THER. Thou shouldest strike him.

AJAX. Cobloaf![4]

THER. He would pun thee into shivers[5] with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

[2] ——*in Greece.*] [Thus far the folio.] The quarto adds—*when thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.* JOHNSON.

[3] —— ay, *that thou barkest at him.*] I read,—O *that thou* barkedst *at him.* JOHNSON.

The old reading is *I*, which, if changed at all, should have been changed into *ay.* TYRWHITT.

[4] *Cobloaf!*] A crusty, uneven, gibbous loaf, is in some counties called by this name. STEEVENS.

A *cob-loaf*, says Minsheu, in his *Dictionary*, 1616, is "a bunne. It is a little loaf made with a round head, such as cob-irons which support the fire. G. *Bignet*, a *bigne*, a knob or lump risen after a knock or blow." The word *Bignets* Cotgrave, in his *Dictionary*, 1611, renders thus: "Little round loaves or lumps, made of fine meale, oyle, or butter, and reasons: bunnes, lenten loaves."

Cob-loaf ought, perhaps, to be rather written *cop-loaf.* MALONE.

[5] —— pun *thee into shivers*—] *Pun* is in the midland counties the vulgar and colloquial word for—*pound.* JOHNSON.

It is used by P. Holland, in his translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, Book XXVIII. ch. xii: "—*punned* altogether and

AJAX. You whoreson cur! [*Beating him.*

THER. Do, do.

AJAX. Thou stool for a witch![6]

THER. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego[7] may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant

reduced into a liniment." Again, Book XXIX. ch. iv: "The gall of these lizards *punned* and dissolved in water." STEEVENS.

Cole, in his *Dictionary*, renders it by the Latin words *contero, contundo.* Mr. Pope, who altered whatever he did not understand, reads—*pound*, and was followed by three subsequent editors. MALONE.

[6] *Thou stool for a witch!*] In one way of trying a *witch* they used to place her on a chair or stool, with her legs tied across, that all the weight of her body might rest upon her seat; and by that means, after some time, the circulation of the blood would be much stopped, and her sitting would be as painful as the wooden horse. GREY.

[7] —— *an* assinego—] I am not very certain what the idea conveyed by this word was meant to be. *Asinaio* is Italian, says Sir T. Hanmer, for an *ass-driver:* but, in *Mirza*, a tragedy, by Rob. Baron, Act III. the following passage occurs, with a note annexed to it:

"—— the stout trusty blade,
"That at one blow has cut an *asinego*
"Asunder like a thread.——"

"This (says the author) is the usual trial of the Persian shamsheers, or cemiters, which are crooked like a crescent, of so good metal, that they prefer them before any other, and so sharp as any razor."

I hope, for the credit of the prince, that the experiment was rather made on an *ass*, than an *ass-driver*. From the following passage I should suppose *asinego* to be merely a cant term for a foolish fellow, an idiot: "They apparelled me as you see, made a fool, or an *asinego* of me." See *The Antiquary*, a comedy, by S. Marmion, 1641. Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady:* "—all this would be forsworn, and I again *an asinego*, as your sister left me." STEEVENS.

Asinego is Portuguese for a *little ass.* MUSGRAVE.

ass! thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold[8] among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me,[9] I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

AJAX. You dog!

THER. You scurvy lord!

AJAX. You cur! [*Beating him.*

THER. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

ACHIL. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?
How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

THER. You see him there, do you?

ACHIL. Ay; what's the matter?

And Dr. Musgrave might have added, that, in his native county, it is the vulgar name for an *ass* at present. HENLEY.

The same term, as I am informed, is also current among the lower rank of people in Norfolk. STEEVENS.

An *asinego* is a *he ass.* "A souldiers wife abounding with more lust than love, complaines to the king, her husband did not satisfie her, whereas he makes her to be coupled to an *asinego*, whose villainy and lust took away her life."
Herbert's *Travels*, 1634, p. 98. RITSON.

[8] —— *thou art bought and sold*—] This was a proverbial expression. MALONE.

So, in *King Richard III:*
"For Dickon thy master is *bought and sold.*"
Again, in *King Henry VI.* Part I:
"From *bought and sold* lord Talbot." STEEVENS.

[9] *If thou use to beat me,*] i. e. if thou continue to beat me, or make a practice of beating me. STEEVENS.

THER. Nay, look upon him.

ACHIL. So I do; What's the matter?

THER. Nay, but regard him well.

ACHIL. Well, why I do so.

THER. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

ACHIL. I know that, fool.

THER. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

AJAX. Therefore I beat thee.

THER. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater*[1] is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

ACHIL. What?

THER. I say, this Ajax——

ACHIL. Nay, good Ajax.

[AJAX *offers to strike him*, ACHILLES *interposes.*

THER. Has not so much wit——

ACHIL. Nay, I must hold you.

THER. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

ACHIL. Peace, fool!

[1] —— *his* pia mater *&c.*] So, in *Twelfth-Night*: "—here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*." The *pia mater* is a membrane that protects the substance of the brain. STEEVENS.

THER. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

AJAX. O thou damned cur! I shall——

ACHIL. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

THER. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

PATR. Good words, Thersites.

ACHIL. What's the quarrel?

AJAX. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

THER. I serve thee not.

AJAX. Well, go to, go to.

THER. I serve here voluntary.

ACHIL. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary;[2] Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

THER. Even so?—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains;[3] 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

ACHIL. What, with me too, Thersites?

THER. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails[4] on

——*is beaten* voluntary;] i. e. voluntarily. Shakspeare often uses adjectives adverbially. See Vol. XI. p. 386, n. 9.
MALONE.

[3] *Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains;* &c.] The same thought occurs in *Cymbeline:*

" ——— not Hercules
" Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none."
STEEVENS.

[4] ——*Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere* your *grandsires had nails*—] [Old copies—*their* grandsires.] This is one of

their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

ACHIL. What, what?

THER. Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

AJAX. I shall cut out your tongue.

THER. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

PATR. No more words, Thersites; peace.

THER. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me,[5] shall I?

these editors' wise riddles. What! was Nestor's wit mouldy before his grandsire's toes had nails? Preposterous nonsense! and yet so easy a change as one poor pronoun for another, sets all right and clear. THEOBALD.

[5] ——*when Achilles'* brach *bids me,*] The folio and quarto read—Achilles *brooch. Brooch* is an appendant ornament. The meaning may be equivalent to one of Achilles' *hangers-on.* JOHNSON.

Brach I believe to be the true reading. He calls Patroclus, in contempt, Achilles's dog. So, in *Timon of Athens:*

" When thou art *Timon's dog*" &c.

A *brooch* was a cluster of gems affixed to a pin, and anciently worn in the hats of people of distinction. See the portrait of Sir Christopher Hatton. STEEVENS.

I believe *brache* to be the true reading. It certainly means a *bitch*, and not a *dog*, which renders the expression more abusive and offensive. Thersites calls Patroclus Achilles' *brache*, for the same reason that he afterwards calls him his *male harlot*, and his *masculine whore.* M. MASON.

I have little doubt of *broch* being the true reading, as a term of contempt.

The meaning of *broche* is well ascertained—a spit—a *bodkin;* which being formerly used in the ladies' dress, was adorned with jewels, and gold and silver ornaments. Hence in old lists of jewels are found *brotchets.*

I have a very magnificent one, which is figured and described by Pennant, in the second volume of his *Tour to Scotland*, in 1772,

ACHIL. There's for you, Patroclus.

THER. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

PATR. A good riddance.

ACHIL. Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host:
That Hector, by the first[6] hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewell.

p. 14, in which the spit or bodkin forms but a very small part of the whole. LORT.

Brock was, properly, a trinket with a pin affixed to it, and is consequently used by Shakspeare for an ornament in general. So, in *Hamlet:*

" ——he is the *brooch* indeed
" And gem of all the nation."

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——not the imperious show
" Of the full fortun'd Cæsar, ever shall
" Be *broach'd* with me."

But Thersites could not mean to compliment Patroclus, and therefore this cannot, I think, be the true reading. *Brach*, which was introduced by Mr. Rowe, might serve well enough, but that it certainly meant a *bitch*. [See Vol. IX. p. 16, n. 9.] It is possible, however, that Shakspeare might have used the word as synonymous to *follower*, without any regard to sex.

I have sometimes thought that the word intended might have been Achilles's *brock*, i. e. that over-weening conceited coxcomb, who attends upon Achilles. Our author has used this term of contempt in *Twelfth-Night:* "Marry, hang thee, *brock!*" So, in *The Jests of George Peele*, quarto, 1657: "This self-conceited *brock* had George invited," &c.

MALONE.

A *brock*, literally, means—a *badger*. STEEVENS.

——*the* first—] So the quarto. Folio—the *first*—.

MALONE.

AJAX. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

ACHIL. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise,
He knew his man.

AJAX. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Troy. *A Room in* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, *and* HELENUS.

PRI. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;
Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to't?

HECT. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet,
Dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spungy[7] to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows?*[8]
Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,

[7] ——*spungy*—] So, in *Macbeth:*
"——his *spungy* officers." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*Who knows what follows?*] Who knows what *ill* consequences may follow from pursuing this or that course? MALONE.

Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,[9]
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up?

TRO. Fye, fye, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?[1]
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fye, for godly shame!

HEL. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,[2]

[9] ——*many thousand* dismes,] *Disme*, Fr. is the tithe, the tenth. So, in the Prologue to Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, 1554:

"The *disme* goeth to the battaile."

Again, in Holinshed's *Reign of Richard II:* "—so that there was levied, what of the *disme*, and by the devotion of the people," &c. STEEVENS.

[1] *The* past-*proportion of his infinite?*] Thus read both the copies. The meaning is, *that greatness to which no measure bears any proportion.* The modern editors silently give:

The vast *proportion*—. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*though you* bite *so sharp at* reasons, *&c.*] Here is a wretched quibble between *reasons* and *raisins*, which in Shakspeare's time, were, I believe, pronounced alike. Dogberry, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, plays upon the same words: "If Justice cannot tame you, she shall never weigh more reasons in her balance." MALONE.

You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

TRO. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd?[3]—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.[4]

The present suspicion of a quibble on the word—*reason*, is not, in my opinion, sufficiently warranted by the context. STEEVENS.

[3] *And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,*
Or like a star dis-orb'd?] These two lines are misplaced in all the folio editions. POPE.

[4] ——*reason and* respect
Make livers pale, &c.] *Respect* is caution, a regard to consequences. So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

" Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating die!
" *Respect* and reason wait on wrinkled age!—
" Sad pause and deep regard beseem the sage."

Again, in *Timon of Athens:*

" ——and never learn'd
" The icy precepts of *respect*, but follow'd
" The sugar'd game before thee." MALONE.

HECT. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

TRO. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

HECT. But value dwells not in particular will:
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive[4]
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.[6]

TRO. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;[7]
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench[8] from this, and to stand firm by honour:

[4] *And the will dotes, that is* attributive—] So the quarto. The folio reads—*inclinable*, which Mr. Pope says "is better." MALONE.

I think the first reading better; *the will dotes that attributes* or gives *the qualities which it affects;* that first causes excellence, and then admires it. JOHNSON.

[6] *Without some image of the* affected *merit.*] We should read:

——— *the* affected's *merit.*

i. e. without some mark of merit in the thing affected. WARBURTON.

The present reading is right. The will *affects* an object for some supposed *merit*, which Hector says is censurable, unless the *merit* so *affected* be really there. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*in the* conduct *of my will:*] i. e. under the guidance of my will. MALONE.

[8] ——*blench*—] See p. 231, n. 6. STEEVENS.

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them;[9] nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,[1]
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath with full consent[2] bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And, for an old aunt,[3] whom the Greeks held captive,

[9] ——soil'd *them;*] So reads the quarto. The folio:
——spoil'd *them.* JOHNSON.

[1] ——*unrespective* sieve,] That is, unto a *common voider*. *Sieve* is in the quarto. The folio reads:
——*unrespective* same;
for which the second folio and modern editions have silently printed:
——*unrespective* place. JOHNSON.

It is well known that *sieves* and half-*sieves* are baskets to be met with in every quarter of Covent Garden market; and that, in some families, baskets lined with tin are still employed as voiders. With the former of these senses *sieve* is used in *The Wits*, by Sir W. D'Avenant:
" ——————apple-wives
" That wrangle for a *sieve.*"
Dr. Farmer adds, that, in several counties of England, the baskets used for carrying out dirt, &c. are called *sieves.* The correction, therefore, in the second folio, appears to have been unnecessary. STEEVENS.

[2] *Your breath with full* consent—] Your breaths all blowing together; your unanimous approbation. See Vol. XII. p. 217, n. 5. Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*of* full consent. MALONE.

[3] *And, for an old aunt,*] Priam's sister, Hesione, whom Hercules, being enraged at Priam's breach of faith, gave to Telamon, who by her had Ajax. MALONE.

This circumstance is also found in *Lydgate*, Book II. where Priam says:

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.[4]
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go,*)
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cry'd—*Inestimable!*) why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
And do a deed that fortune never did,[5]
Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!

" My syster eke, called Exiona
" Out of this regyon ye have ladde away" &c.
STEEVENS.

[4] —— *makes* pale *the morning.*] So the quarto. The folio and modern editors—
—— *makes* stale *the morning.* JOHNSON.

[5] *And do a deed that fortune* never *did,*] If I understand this passage, the meaning is: " Why do you, by censuring the determination of your own wisdoms, degrade Helen, whom fortune hath not yet deprived of her value, or against whom, as the wife of Paris, fortune has not in this war so declared, as to make us value her less?" This is very harsh, and much strained. JOHNSON

The meaning, I believe, is: " Act with more inconstancy and caprice than ever did fortune." HENLEY.

Fortune was never so unjust and mutable as to rate a thing on one day above all price, and on the next to set no estimation whatsoever upon it. You are now going to do what fortune never did. Such, I think, is the meaning. MALONE.

But, thieves,[6] unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

CAS. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

PRI. What noise? what shriek is this?

TRO. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

CAS. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!

HECT. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, *raving.*[7]

CAS. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick tears.

HECT. Peace, sister, peace.

CAS. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,[8]

[6] But, *thieves,*] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*Base* thieves,—. JOHNSON.

That did, in the next line, means—that *which* did. MALONE.

Enter Cassandra, *raving.*] This circumstance also is from the third Book of Lydgate's *Auncient Historie*, &c. 1555:

" This was the noise and the pyteous crye
" Of *Cassandra* that so dredefully
" She gan to make aboute in euery strete
" Through y^e^ towne" &c. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *wrinkled* elders,] So the quarto. Folio—wrinkled *old.* MALONE.

Elders, the erroneous reading of the quarto, would seem to have been properly corrected in the copy whence the first folio was printed; but it is a rule with printers, whenever they meet with a strange word in a manuscript, to give the nearest word to it they are acquainted with: a liberty which has been not very

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;[9]
Our fire-brand brother,[1] Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures

sparingly exercised in all the old editions of our author's plays. There cannot be a question that he wrote:

—— *mid-age and wrinkled* eld.

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"The superstitious idle-headed *eld*."

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

"Doth beg the alms of palsied *eld*." Ritson.

[9] *Troy* must not be, *nor goodly* Ilion *stand*;] See p. 240, n. 5, and p. 246, n. 9. This line unavoidably reminds us of another in the second Book of the *Æneid*:

"*Trojaque* nunc stares, *Priameia* arx alta *maneres*."

Steevens.

[1] *Our* fire-brand *brother*,] Hecuba, when pregnant with Paris, dreamed she should be delivered of a burning torch:

"—— *et face prægnans*
"*Cisseïs regina Parin cremat*."

Æneid X. 705. Steevens.

Cannot distaste[2] the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious.[3] For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

PAR. Else might the world convince of levity[4]
As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent[5]
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

PRI. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

[2] —— *distaste*—] Corrupt; change to a worse state. JOHNSON.

[3] *To make it gracious.*] i. e. to set it off; to show it to advantage. So, in Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604: "—he is most exquisite, &c. in sleeking of skinnes, blushing of cheeks, &c. that ever *made an ould lady gracious* by torch-light." STEEVENS.

[4] —— convince *of levity*—] This word, which our author frequently employs in the obsolete sense of—to *overpower*, *subdue*, seems, in the present instance, to signify—*convict*, or subject to the charge of levity. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *your full* consent—] Your unanimous approbation. See p. 304, n. 2. MALONE.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape[1]
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have gloz'd,[2]—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle[3] thought

[1] —— *her fair* rape—] *Rape*, in our author's time, commonly signified *the carrying away* of a female. Malone.

It has always borne that, as one of its significations: *raptus Helenæ* (without any idea of personal violence) being constantly rendered—the *rape* of Helen. Steevens.

[2] *Have* gloz'd,] So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, Book III. viii. 11:

"—— could well his *glozing* speeches frame."

To *gloze*, in this instance, means to *comment*; but, in Shakspeare, to *comment*. So, in *King Henry V.*:

"Which Salique land the French unjustly
"To be the realm of France." Steevens.

[3] —— *Aristotle*—] Let it be remembered, as often as Shakspeare's anachronisms occur, that errors in computing time were

Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons, you allege, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; For pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders[9] to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence [1]
To their benumbed wills,[2] resist the same;

very frequent in those ancient romances which seem to have formed the greater part of his library. I may add, that even classick authors are not exempt from such mistakes. In the fifth Book of Statius's *Thebaid*, Amphiaraus talks of the fates of Nestor and Priam, neither of whom died till long after him. If on this occasion, somewhat should be attributed to his augural profession, yet if he could so freely mention, nay, even quote as examples to the whole army, things that would not happen till the next age, they must all have been prophets as well as himself, or they could not have understood him.

Hector's mention of *Aristotle*, however, (during our ancient propensity to quote the authorities of the learned on every occasion) is not more absurd than the following circumstance in *The Dialogues of Creatures Moralysed*, bl. l. no date, (a book which Shakspeare might have seen,) where we find God Almighty quoting *Cato*. See Dial. IV. I may add, on this subject, that during an altercation between *Noah and his Wife*, in one of the Chester Whitsun Playes, the Lady swears by—*Christ and Saint John*. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *more deaf than adders*—] See Vol. XIII. p. 283, n. 4. STEEVENS.

[1] —— of *partial indulgence*—] i. e. *through* partial indulgence. M. MASON.

[2] —— *benumbed wills*,] That is, inflexible, immoveable, no longer obedient to superior direction. JOHNSON.

There is a law[3] in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth:[4] yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

TRO. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,[5]
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us:[6]
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose

There is a law—] What the law does in every nation between individuals, justice ought to do between nations. JOHNSON.

Is this, in way of truth:] Though considering *truth* and *justice* in this question, this is my opinion; yet as a question of honour, I think on it as you. JOHNSON.

— the performance of our heaving spleens,] The execution of spirit and resentment. JOHNSON.

— canonize *us:*] The hope of being *canonized a saint*, is rather out of its place at so early a period, as this is of the Trojan war. STEEVENS.

So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

HECT. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advértis'd, their great general slept,
Whilst emulation[7] in the army crept;
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Grecian *Camp. Before* Achilles' *Tent.*

Enter THERSITES.

THER. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of myspiteful execrations. Then there's

[7] —— *emulation*—] That is, envy, factious contention. JOHNSON.

Emulation is now never used in an ill sense; but Shakspeare meant to employ it so. He has used the same with more propriety in a former scene, by adding epithets that ascertain its meaning:

"———— so every step,
"Exampled by the first pace that is sick
"Of his superior, grows to an *envious* fever
"Of *pale* and *bloodless emulation*." MALONE.

Achilles,—a rare engineer.[a] If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*;[b] if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons,[c] and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache![d] for that, methinks, is the curse dependant

[a] —— *a rare engineer.*] The old copies have—*engineer*, which was the old spelling of *engineer*. So, *truncheoner*, *pioner*, *mutiner*, *sonneter*, &c. MALONE.

[b] —— *the* serpentine *craft of thy* Caduceus;] The wand of Mercury is wreathed with *serpents*. So Martial, Lib. VII. Epig. lxxiv:

Cyllenes caduque dicens! facunde minister,
Aurea cui torto virga dracone viret. STEEVENS.

[c] —— *without drawing their massy irons,*] That is, *without drawing their swords to cut the web.* They use no means but those of violence. JOHNSON.

Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*the* massy irons. In the late editions *iron* has been substituted for *irons*, the word found in the old copies, and certainly the true reading. So, in *King Richard III:*

"Put in their hands thy bruising *irons* of wrath,
"That they may crush down with a heavy fall
"The usurping helmets of our adversaries." MALONE.

Bruising irons, in this quotation, as Mr. Henley has well observed *in loco*, signify—*battle-axes*, weapons formerly used by our English cavalry. See *Grose on ancient Armour*, p. 5. STEEVENS.

[d] —— *the bone-ache!*] In the quarto—*th.* Neapolitan *bone-ache!* JOHNSON.

on those that war for a placket.[3] I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

PATR. Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

THER. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldest not have slipped out of my contemplation:[4] but it is no matter; Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction[5] till thy death! then if she, that lays thee out, says—thou art a fair

[3] —— *that* war *for a* placket.] On this occasion Horace must be our expositor:

——*fuit ante Helenam* ****** *teterrima belli Causa.*

Sat. Lib. I. iii. 107. STEEVENS.

In mine opinion, this remark enlumineth not the English reader. See mine handling of the same subject, in the play of *King Lear*, Act III. sc. iv. Vol. XVII. AMNER.

[4] *If I could have remembered a* gilt counterfeit, *thou wouldest not have* slipped *out of my contemplation:*] Here is a plain allusion to the counterfeit piece of money called a *slip*, which occurs again in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. sc. iv. and which has been happily illustrated by Mr. Reed, in a note on that passage. There is the same allusion in *Every Man in his Humour*, Act II. sc. v. WHALLEY.

[5] *Let thy* blood *be thy direction*—] Thy *blood* means, thy passions: thy natural propensities. See Vol. VIII. p. 178, n. 4. MALONE.

So, in *The Yorkshire Tragedy*: "—for 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden." This word has the same sense in *Timon of Athens* and *Cymbeline*. STEEVENS.

corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

PATR. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

THER. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

ACHIL. Who's there?

PATR. Thersites, my lord.

ACHIL. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

THER. Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

PATR. Thy lord, Thersites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

THER. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

PATR. Thou mayest tell, that knowest.

ACHIL. O, tell, tell.

THER. I'll decline the whole question.[1] Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.[2]

PATR. You rascal!

THER. Peace, fool; I have not done.

[1] —— decline *the whole question.*] Deduce the question from the first case to the last. JOHNSON.

See Vol. XIV. p. 153, n. 9. MALONE.

[2] —— *Patroclus is a fool.*] The four next speeches are not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

ACHIL. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

THER. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

ACHIL. Derive this; come.

THER. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.[8]

PATR. Why am I a fool?

THER. Make that demand of the prover.[9]—It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and* AJAX.

ACHIL. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody:—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

THER. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold, and a whore; A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions,[1] and bleed to death upon. Now the dry

[8] —— *a fool* positive.] The poet is still thinking of his grammar; the first degree of comparison being here in his thoughts. MALONE.

[9] —— *of the prover.*] So the quarto. JOHNSON.

The folio profanely reads—*to* thy creator. STEEVENS.

There seems to be a profane allusion in the last speech but one spoken by Thersites. MALONE.

[1] —— *to draw* emulous *factions,*] i. e. envious, contending factions. See p. 312, n. 7. MALONE.

Why not *rival* factions, factions jealous of each other? STEEVENS.

serpigo on the subject![2] and war, and lechery, confound all! [*Exit.*

AGAM. Where is Achilles?

PATR. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

AGAM. Let it be known to him, that we are here.
He shent our messengers;[3] and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

PATR. I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*

ULYSS. We saw him at the opening of his tent;
He is not sick.

[2] *Now the dry* serpigo *&c.*] This is added in the folio. JOHNSON.

The *serpigo* is a kind of tetter. The term has already occurred in *Measure for Measure*. STEEVENS.

[3] *He* shent *our messengers;*] i. e. rebuked, rated. WARBURTON.

This word is used in common by all our ancient writers. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Book IV. c. vi:

"Yet for no bidding, not for being *shent*,
"Would he restrained be from his attendement."

Again, *ibid:*

"He for such baseness shamefully him *shent*."

Again, in the ancient metrical romance of *The Sowdon of Babylone*, p. 11:

"———— hastowe no mynde
"How the cursed Sowdan Laban
"All *messengeris he dyd shende*." STEEVENS.

The quarto reads—*sate:* the folio—*sent*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. Sir T. Hanmer reads—*He sent his messengers*. I have great doubts concerning the emendation now adopted, though I have nothing satisfactory to propose. Though *sent* might easily have been misprinted for *sent*, how could *sate* (the reading of the original copy) and *shent* have been confounded? MALONE.

AJAX. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him show us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[*Takes* AGAMEMNON *aside.*

NEST. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

ULYSS. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

NEST. Who? Thersites?

ULYSS. He.

NEST. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

ULYSS. No you see, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

NEST. All the better; their fraction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong composure,[4] a fool could disunite.

ULYSS. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

NEST. No Achilles with him.

ULYSS. The elephant hath joints,[5] but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

[4] —— *composure,*] So reads the quarto very properly; but the folio, which the moderns have followed, has, *it was a strong* counsel. JOHNSON.

[5] *The elephant hath joints,* &c.] So, in *All's lost by Lust,* 1633:

" —— Is she pliant?
" Stubborn as an *elephant's leg, no bending* in her."

Again, in *All Fools,* 1605:

" I hope you are no *elephant,* you have *joints.*"

In *The Dialogues of Creatures Moralysed,* &c. bl. l. is mention of " the *olefaunte* that *bowyth not the kneys;*" a curious specimen of our early Natural History. STEEVENS.

PATR. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this noble state,[6]
To call upon him; he hopes, it is no other,
But, for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath.[7]

AGAM. Hear you, Patroclus;—
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,—
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him: And you shall not sin,
If you do say—we think him over-proud,
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater,

[6] —— *noble state,*] Person of high dignity: spoken of Agamemnon. JOHNSON.

Noble state rather means *the stately train of attendants you bring with you.* Patroclus had already addressed Agamemnon by the title of "your greatness." STEEVENS.

State was formerly applied to a single person. So, in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614: "The archbishop of Granada saying to the archbishop of Toledo, that he much marvelled, he being so great a *state*, would visit hospitals —."

Again, in Harrington's translation of *Ariosto*, 1591:

"The Greek demanded her, whither she was going,
"And which of these two great *estates* her keeper."

Yet Mr. Steevens's interpretation appears to agree better with the context here. MALONE.

[7] —— *breath.*] *Breath*, in the present instance, stands for—*breathing*, i. e. exercise. So, in *Hamlet*: "—it is the *breathing* time of day with me." STEEVENS.

Than in the note of judgment;[8] and worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness[9] he puts on;
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite[1] in an observing kind[2]
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lunes,[3] his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,
That, if he overhold his price so much,

[8] *Than* in the *note* &c.] Surely the two unnecessary words—*in the*, which spoil the metre, should be omitted. STEEVENS.

[9] —— tend *the savage* strangeness—] i. e. shyness, distant behaviour. So, in *Venus and Adonis:*

" Measure my *strangeness* with my unripe years."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" ——— I'll prove more true,
" Than those that have more cunning to be *strange*."

To *tend* is to *attend upon*. MALONE.

[1] —— *underwrite*—] To *subscribe*, in Shakspeare, is to *obey*. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Lear:* " You owe me no *subscription*." STEEVENS.

[2] —— *in an* observing *kind*—] i. e. in a mode religiously attentive. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream:*

" To do *observance* to a morn of May." STEEVENS.

[3] *His pettish lunes,*] This is Sir T. Hanmer's emendation of his pettish *lines*. The old quarto reads:

His *course and time*.

This speech is unfaithfully printed in modern editions. JOHNSON.

The quarto reads:

His course and time, *his ebbs and flows*, and *if*
The passage and whole stream of his commencement
Rode on his tide.——

His [*his* commencement] was probably misprinted for *this*, as it is in a subsequent passage in this scene in the quarto copy:

" And how his silence drinks up *his* applause." MALONE.

We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give[4]
Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently.
[*Exit.*

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter.[5]
[*Exit* Ulysses.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his

[4] —— allowance *give*—] *Allowance* is *approbation*. So, in *King Lear*:

" —— if your sweet sway
" *Allow* obedience." Steevens.

[5] —— *enter.*] Old copies, regardless of metre,—enter *you*. Steevens.

own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.[6]

AJAX. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.[7]

NEST. And yet he loves himself: Is it not strange? [*Aside.*

Re-enter ULYSSES.

ULYSS. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

AGAM. What's his excuse?

ULYSS. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

AGAM. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

ULYSS. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,

[6] ——*whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.*] So, in *Coriolanus:*

" —— power, unto itself most commendable,
" Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
" To extol what it hath done." MALONE.

[7] ——*the engendering of toads.*] Whoever wishes to comprehend the whole force of this allusion, may consult the late Dr. Goldsmith's *History of the Earth, and animated Nature*, Vol. VII. p. 92—93. STEEVENS.

Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,[8]
And batters down himself: What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud,[9] that the death-tokens of it[1]
Cry—*No recovery.*

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam;[2]

[8] Kingdom'd *Achilles in commotion rages,*] So, in *Julius Cæsar:*

"The genius and the mortal instruments
"Are then in council; and the state of man,
"Like to a little *kingdom*, suffers then
"The nature of an insurrection." Malone.

[9] *He is so* plaguy *proud*, &c.] I cannot help regarding the vulgar epithet—*plaguy*, which extends the verse beyond its proper length, as the wretched interpolation of some foolish player. Steevens.

[1] ——*the* death-tokens *of it*—] Alluding to the decisive spots appearing on those infected by the plague. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian:*

"Now, like the fearful *tokens* of the plague,
"Are mere fore-runners of their ends." Steevens.

Dr. Hodges, in his *Treatise on the Plague*, says: "Spots of a dark complexion, usually called *tokens*, and looked on as the pledges or forewarnings of *death*, are minute and distinct blasts, which have their original from within, and rise up with a little pyramidal protuberance, the pestilential poison chiefly collected at their bases, tainting the neighbouring parts, and reaching to the surface." Reed.

[2] ——*with his own* seam;] *Swine-seam*, in the North, is *hog's-lard.* Ritson.

See Sherwood's *English and French Dictionary*, folio, 1650. Malone.

And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;[3]
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.[4]
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
And say in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.
[*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!
[*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll pash him
Over the face.[5]

[3] *That were to enlard* &c.] This is only the well-known proverb—*Grease a fat sow* &c. in a more stately dress. Steevens.

[4] ——*to* Cancer, *when he burns*
With entertaining great Hyperion.] *Cancer* is the *Crab*, a sign in the zodiack.

The same thought is more clearly expressed by Thomson, whose words, on this occasion, are a sufficient illustration of our author's:

"And *Cancer* reddens with *the solar blaze*."
Steevens.

[5] ——*I'll* pash *him*
Over the face.] i. e. strike him with violence. So, in *The Virgin Martyr*, by Massinger, 1623:

"——when the batt'ring ram
"Were fetching his career backward, *to pash*
"Me with his horns to pieces."

AGAM. O, no, you shall not go.

AJAX. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride:[6]
Let me go to him.

ULYSS. Not for the worth[7] that hangs upon our quarrel.

AJAX. A paltry, insolent fellow,——

NEST. How he describes
Himself! [*Aside.*

AJAX. Can he not be sociable?

ULYSS. The raven
Chides blackness. [*Aside.*

Again, in Churchyard's *Challenge*, 1596, p. 91: "—the pot which goeth often to the water comes home with a knock, or at length is *pashed* all to pieces." REED.

[6] —— pheeze *his pride:*] To *pheeze* is to *comb* or *curry*. JOHNSON.

Mr. Steevens has explained the word *feaze*, as Dr. Johnson does, to mean the untwisting or unravelling a knotted skain of silk or thread. I recollect no authority for this use of it. To *feize* is to drive away; and the expression—*I'll feize* his pride, may signify, I'll humble or lower his pride. See Vol. IX. p. 11, n. 1. WHALLEY.

To *comb* or *curry*, undoubtedly, is the meaning of the word here. Kersey, in his *Dictionary*, 1708, says that it is a sea-term, and that it signifies, to separate a cable by untwisting the ends; and Dr. Johnson gives a similar account of its original meaning. [See the reference at the end of the foregoing note.] But whatever may have been the origin of the expression, it undoubtedly signified, in our author's time, to beat, knock, strike, or whip. Cole, in his *Latin Dictionary*, 1679, renders it, *flagellare, virgis caedere*, as he does to *feaze*, of which the modern school-boy term, to *feg*, is a corruption. MALONE.

[7] *Not for the worth*—] Not for the value of all for which we are fighting. JOHNSON.

AJAX. I will let his humours blood.[8]

AGAM. He'll be physician,[9] that should be the patient. [*Aside.*

AJAX. An all men
Were o'my mind,——

ULYSS. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*

AJAX. He should not bear it so,
He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

NEST. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*

ULYSS. He'd have ten shares. [*Aside.*

AJAX. I'll knead him, I will make him supple:——

NEST. He's not yet thorough warm: force him with praises:[1]
Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*

[8] *I will* let his humours blood.] In the year 1600 a collection of Epigrams and Satires was published with this quaint title: *The Letting of Humours Blood* in the Head-vaine. JOHNSON.

[9] *He'll be physician,*] Old copies—*the* physician. STEEVENS.

[1] *I'll knead him,* &c.] Old copy:

Ajax. *I'll knead him, I'll make him supple,* he's not yet thorough warm.

Nest. ——*force him with praises:* &c.

The latter part of Ajax's speech is certainly got out of place, and ought to be assigned to Nestor, as I have ventured to transpose it. Ajax is feeding on his vanity, and boasting what he will do to Achilles; he'll pash him o'er the face, he'll make him eat swords, he'll knead him, he'll supple him, &c. Nestor and Ulysses slily labour to keep him up in this vein; and to this end Nestor craftily hints that Ajax is not warm yet, but must be crammed with more flattery. THEOBALD.

Nestor was of the same opinion with Dr. Johnson, who, speaking of a metaphysical Scotch writer, said, that he thought

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike. [*To* Agamemnon.

Nest. O noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man—But 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous,[2] as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter[3] thus with us!
I would, he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice
Were it in Ajax now——

Ulyss. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?

there was "as much charity in helping a man *down hill* as up hill, if his tendency be downwards." See Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides*, third edit. p. 245. Malone.

——*force him*—] i. e. stuff him. *Farcir*, Fr. So, again, in this play: "—malice *forced* with wit." Steevens.

[2] *He is not* emulous,] *Emulous* is here used, in an ill sense, for *envious*. See p. 316, n. 1. Malone.

Emulous, in this instance, and perhaps in some others, may well enough be supposed to signify—*jealous of higher authority*. Steevens.

[3] ——*that shall* palter—] That shall juggle with us, or fly from his engagements. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"——what other band
"Than secret Romans, who have spoke the word,
"And will not *palter?*" Malone.

DIO. Or strange, or self-affected?

ULYSS. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:[4]
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:[5]
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield[6]
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn,[7] a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,—
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

AJAX. Shall I call you father?

[4] —— *she that gave thee suck:*] This is from *St. Luke*, xi. 27: "Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps that thou hast sucked." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *beyond all erudition:*] Thus the folio. The quartos, erroneously:

—— *beyond all* thy *erudition.* STEEVENS.

[6] *Bull-bearing Milo his* addition *yield*—] i. e. yield his *titles*, his celebrity for strength. *Addition*, in legal language, is the title given to each party, showing his degree, occupation, &c. as esquire, gentleman, yeoman, merchant, &c.

Our author here, as usual, pays no regard to chronology. Milo of Croton lived long after the Trojan war. MALONE.

[7] —— *like a* bourn,] A *bourn* is a boundary, and sometimes a rivulet dividing one place from another. So, in *King Lear*, Act III. sc. vi:

"Come o'er the *bourn*, Bessy, to me."

See note on this passage. STEEVENS.

Nest. Ay, my good son.[8]

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy:[9] To-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.[1] [*Exeunt.*

[8] Ajax. *Shall I call you father?*
Nest. *Ay, my good son.*] In the folio and in the modern editions Ajax desires to give the title of *father* to Ulysses; in the quarto, more naturally, to Nestor. Johnson.

Shakspeare had a custom prevalent about his own time in his thoughts. Ben Jonson had many who called themselves his *sons*.

Mr. Vaillant adds, that Cotton dedicated his *Treatise on Fishing* to his *father Walton*; and that Ashmole, in his *Diary*, observes—"April 3. Mr. William Backhouse, of Swallowfield, in com. Berks, caused me to call him *father* thenceforward."
Steevens.

[9] *Fresh kings are come to Troy:* &c.] We might complete this imperfect verse by reading:
Fresh kings are come to succour *Troy:* &c.
So, Spenser:
"To *succour* the weak state of sad afflicted Troy."
Steevens.

[1] —— *draw deep.*] So, in the Prologue to this play:
"—— the *deep-drawing* barks." Steevens.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Troy. *A Room in* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter PANDARUS *and a* Servant.

PAN. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not you follow the young lord Paris?

SERV. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

PAN. You do depend upon him, I mean?

SERV. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

PAN. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

SERV. The lord be praised!

PAN. You know me, do you not?

SERV. 'Faith, sir, superficially.

PAN. Friend, know me better; I am the lord Pandarus.

SERV. I hope, I shall know your honour better.[2]

PAN. I do desire it.

SERV. You are in the state of grace.

[*Musick within.*

PAN. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles:—What musick is this?

[2] *I hope, I shall* know your honour better.] The servant means to quibble. He hopes that Pandarus will become a better man than he is at present. In his next speech he chooses to understand Pandarus as if he had said he wished to grow better, and hence the servant affirms that he is in the state of *grace*. The second of these speeches has been pointed, in the late editions, as if he had asked, of what *rank* Pandarus was.

MALONE.

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is musick in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love musick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,[3]——

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen; Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sodden business! there's a stewed phrase,[4] indeed!

[3] ——*love's* invisible *soul*,] may mean, the *soul of love* invisible every where else. Johnson.

[4] Sodden *business! there's a* stewed *phrase*,] The quibbling speaker seems to mean that *sodden* is a phrase fit only for the *stews*. Thus, says the *Bawd* in *Pericles*: "The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully *sodden*." Steevens.

Enter PARIS *and* HELEN, *attended.*

PAN. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

HELEN. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

PAN. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken musick.

PAR. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

PAN. Truly, lady, no.

HELEN. O, sir,——

PAN. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

PAR. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.[5]

PAN. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

HELEN. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

PAN. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

[5] ——*in* fits.] i. e. now and then, by fits; or perhaps a quibble is intended. A *fit* was a part or division of a song, sometimes a strain in musick, and sometimes a measure in dancing. The reader will find it sufficiently illustrated in the two former senses by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry:* in the third of these significations it occurs in *All for Money*, a tragedy, by T. Lupton, 1578:

"*Satan.* Upon these chearful words I needs must dance a *fitte.*" STEEVENS.

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i'faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you,[6] that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,——

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,——

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.[7]

[6] *And, my lord, he desires you,*] Here I think the speech of Pandarus should begin, and the rest of it should be added to that of Helen, but I have followed the copies. Johnson.

Mr. Rowe had disposed these speeches in this manner. Hanmer annexes the words, "And to make a sweet lady" &c. to the preceding speech of Pandarus, and in the rest follows Rowe. Malone.

[7] *You must not know where he sups.* &c.] These words are in the quarto given to *Helen*, and the editor of the folio did not perceivet he error. In like manner, in Act II. sc. i. p. 293, four speeches belonging to different persons are all in the quarto

PAR. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

assigned to Ajax. "Cobloaf! He would pun thee," &c. and in the last scene of the same Act, words that evidently belong to *Nestor* are given to *Ajax*, [see p. 326, n. 1,] both in the quarto and folio. I have not therefore hesitated to add the words, "You must not know where he sups," to the speech of Pandarus. Mr. Steevens proposes to assign the next speech, "I'll lay my life," &c. to *Helen* instead of *Paris*. This arrangement appeared to me so plausible, that I once regulated the text accordingly. But it is observable that through the whole of the dialogue Helen steadily perseveres in soliciting Pandarus to sing: "*My lord Pandarus*,"—"*Nay, but my lord*,"—&c. I do not therefore believe that Shakspeare intended she should join in the present inquiry. Mr. M. Mason's objection also to such an arrangement is very weighty. "Pandarus, (he observes,) in his next speech but one, clearly addresses *Paris*, and in that speech he calls Cressida his *disposer*." In what sense, however, Paris can call Cressida his *disposer*, I am altogether ignorant. Mr. M. Mason supposes that "Paris means to call Cressida his *governor* or *director*, as it appears, from what Helen says afterwards, that *they had been good friends*."

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—*despiser*. What Pandarus says afterwards, that "Paris and Cressida are *twain*," supports this conjecture.

I do not believe that *deposer* (a reading suggested below) was our author's word; for Cressida had not deposed Helen in the affections of Troilus. A speech in a former scene, in which Pandarus says, Helen loves Troilus more than Paris, (which is insisted on by an anonymous Remarker,) [Mr. Ritson,] proves nothing. Had he said that Troilus once loved Helen better than Cressida, and afterwards preferred Cressida to her, the observation might deserve some attention.

The words,—*I'll lay my life*,—are omitted in the folio. The words,—*You must not know where he sups*,—I find Sir Thomas Hanmer had assigned to Pandarus. MALONE.

I believe, with Sir Thomas Hanmer, that—*You must not know where he sups*, should be added to the speech of Pandarus; and that the following one of Paris should be given to Helen. That Cressida wanted to separate Paris from Helen, or that the beauty of Cressida had any power over Paris, are circumstances not evident from the play. The one is the opinion of Dr. Warburton, the other a conjecture of Mr. Heath's. By giving, however, this line,—*I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida*, to Helen, and by changing the word *disposer* into *deposer*, some meaning

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide;[8] come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.[9]

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

may be obtained. She addresses herself, I suppose, to Pandarus, and, by her *deposer*, means—she who thinks her beauty (or, whose beauty you suppose) to be superior to mine. But the passage in question (as Arthur says of himself in *King John*,) is "not worth the coil that is made for it."

The word—*disposer*, however, occurs in *The Epistle Dedicatorie* to Chapman's Homer:

"Nor let her poore *disposer* (learning) lie
"Still bed-rid." Steevens.

The dialogue should perhaps be regulated thus:

"*Par.* Where sups he to-night?
"*Helen.* Nay, but my lord,—
"*Pan.* What says my sweet queen?
"*Par.* My cousin will fall out with you. [*To* Helen.
"*Pan.* You must not know where he sups. [*To* Paris.
"*Helen.* I'll lay my life with my deposer Cressida."

She calls Cressida her *deposer*, because she had *deposed* her in the affections of Troilus, whom Pandarus, in a preceding scene, is ready to swear she *loved more than Paris.* Ritson.

[8] ——*you are* wide;] i. e. wide of your mark; a common exclamation when an archer missed his aim. So, in Spenser's *State of Ireland:* "Surely he shoots *wide* on the bow-hand, and very far from the mark." Steevens.

[9] Par. *I spy.*] This is the usual exclamation at a childish game called *Hic, spy, hic.* Steevens.

PAN. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

HELEN. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.[1]

PAN. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

HELEN. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord,[2] thou hast a fine forehead.[3]

PAN. Ay, you may, you may.

HELEN. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

PAN. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

PAR. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

PAN. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
For, oh, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The shaft confounds,[4]
Not that it wounds[5]
But tickles still the sore.

[1] *Falling in, after falling out,* &c.] i. e. the reconciliation and wanton dalliance of two lovers after a quarrel, may produce a child, and so make three of two. TOLLET.

[2] ——*sweet* lord,] In the quarto—sweet *lad.* JOHNSON.

[3] ——*a* fine *forehead.*] Perhaps, considering the character of Pandarus, Helen means that he has a forehead illuminated by eruptions. To these Falstaff has already given the splendid names of—*brooches, pearls,* and *ouches.* See notes on *King Henry IV.* Part II. Vol. XII. p. 80, 81, n. 5. STEEVENS.

[4] *The shaft* confounds—] To confound, it has already been observed, formerly meant to destroy. MALONE.

[5] ——*that it wounds,*] i. e. that *which* it wounds. MUSGRAVE.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:[6]
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Both Malone and Musgrave have mistaken the sense of this passage. Pandarus means to say, that "the shaft confounds," not because the wounds it gives are severe, but because "it tickles still the sore."

To *confound* does not signify here to *destroy*, but to *annoy* or *perplex*; and *that it wounds* does not mean that *which* it wounds, but *in* that it wounds, or because it wounds. M. Mason.

[6] *These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!*
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"For I have heard, it [love] is a *life* in *death*,
"That *laughs* and *weeps*, and all but in a breath!"
Malone.

The wound to kill may mean *the wound that seems mortal.*
Johnson.

The wound to kill is the *killing wound.* M. Mason.

A passage in Massinger's *Fatal Dowry* may prove the aptest comment on the third line of this despicable ditty:

"*Beaumelle.* [Within.] *Ha! ! ! he!*
"*Charalois.* How's this? It is my lady's *laugh*—
"When first I pleas'd her, in this *merry language*
"She gave me thanks." Steevens.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers?[7] Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?[8]

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-night, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.*

[*A Retreat sounded.*

[7] —— *a generation of vipers?*] Here is an apparent allusion to the whimsical physiology of Shakspeare's age. Thus, says Thomas Lupton, in *The Seventh Booke of Notable Thinges*, 4to. bl. l: "The female vyper doth open her mouth to receyve y^e^ generative &c. of the male vyper, which receyved, she doth byte off his head. This is the maner of the froward *generating of vypers*. And, after that, the young vipers that springs of the same, do eate or gnaw asunder their mother's belly, therby comming or bursting forth. And so they (being revengers of theyr father's iniurye) do kyll theyr owne mother. You may see, they were a towardly kynde of people, that were called the *generation of vipers*." *St. Matthew*, iii. 7, &c. Steevens.

[8] Pan. *Is this the generation of love?* &c.——*Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?*] However *Pan.* may have got shuffled to the head of this speech, no more of it, I am confident, than the last five or six words belongs to that character. The rest is clearly *Helen's*. Ritson.

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris:
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee.[o]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. Pandarus' *Orchard.*

Enter Pandarus *and a* Servant, *meeting.*

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit* Servant.

[o] —— above thought *I love thee.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"She's cunning *past man's thought.*" Steevens.

PAN. Have you seen my cousin?

TRO. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

PAN. Walk here i'the orchard, I'll bring her straight. [*Exit* PANDARUS.

TRO. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; What will it be,
When that the watry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp[1] in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;[2]
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

[1] —— tun'd *too sharp*—] So the quarto, and more accurately than the folio, which has—*and* too sharp. JOHNSON.

The quarto has *to* instead of *too*. MALONE.

[2] *That I shall lose* distinction in my joys;] Thus, in Sappho's *Epistle to Phaon*:

"—— ubi jam amborum fuerat *confusa voluptas*,—"
STEEVENS.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

PAN. She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite:[3] I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit* PANDARUS.

TRO. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:[4]
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.[5]

Enter PANDARUS *and* CRESSIDA.

PAN. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to

[3] ——*frayed*—] i. e. frighted. So, in Chapman's version of the 21st *Iliad:*

" ——— all the massacres
" Left for the Greeks, could put on looks of no more overthrow
" Than now *fray'd* life." STEEVENS.

[4] *Even such a* passion *doth* embrace *my bosom:*] So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" —— rash-*embraced* despair." MALONE.

[5] *Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring*
The eye of majesty.] Mr. Rowe seems to have imitated this passage in his *Ambitious Stepmother*, Act I:

" Well may the ignoble herd
" Start, if with heedless steps they unawares
" Tread on the lion's walk: a prince's genius
" Awes with superior greatness all beneath him."

STEEVENS.

her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame,[6] must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i'the fills.[7]—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture.[8] Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on,

[6] —— *you must be* watched *ere you be made tame,*] Alluding to the manner of taming hawks. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew:*

" —— to *watch* her as we watch these *kites.*"

STEEVENS.

Hawks were tamed by being *kept from sleep*, and thus Pandarus means that Cressida should be tamed. MALONE.

[7] —— *i'the* fills.] That is, in the shafts. *Fill* is a provincial word used in some counties for *thills*, the shafts of a cart or waggon. See Vol. VII. p. 269, n. 9.

The editor of the second folio, for *fills*, the reading of the first folio, substituted *files*, which has been adopted in all the modern editions. The quarto has *filles*, which is only the more ancient spelling of *fills*. The words "*draw* backward" show that the original is the true reading. MALONE.

Sir T. Hanmer supports the reading of the second folio, by saying—*put you in the files*, " alludes to the custom of putting men suspected of cowardice [i. e. of *drawing backward*,] in the middle places." Thus, Homer, *Iliad* IV. 299:

" —— κακὸς δ' ἐν μέσσον ἔλασσεν,
" Ὄφρα καὶ ἂν ἐΰεἰλων τις ἀναΐσκαίη πολεμίζῃ."

STEEVENS.

The word *files* does not mean the middle places, but the *ranks*. The common soldiers of an army are called the *rank and file;* and when the serjeants or corporals misbehave, it is usual to punish them by reducing them to *the files*, that is, to the rank of private men. To *draw backward*, is merely to *fall back*, and has no reference to drawing in a carriage.

M. MASON.

[8] *Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture.*] It should seem, from these words, that Cressida, like Olivia in *Twelfth-Night*, was intended to come in veiled. Pandarus however had, as usual, a double meaning. MALONE.

and kiss the mistress.[9] How now, a kiss in fee-farm![1] build there, carpenter; the air is sweet.[2] Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'the river:[3] go to, go to.

[9] *So, so; rub on, and* kiss *the* mistress.] The allusion is to *bowling*. What we now call *the jack*, seems, in Shakspeare's time, to have been termed *the mistress*. A bowl that kisses *the jack* or *mistress*, is in the most advantageous situation. *Rub on* is a term at the same game. So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657:

" —— So, a fair riddance;
" There's three *rubs* gone; I've a clear way to the *mistress*."

Again, in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:

" *Mini*. Since he hath hit *the mistress* so often in the fore-game, we'll even play out the rubbers.
" *Sir Vaugh*. Play out your rubbers in God's name; by Jesu I'll never *bowl* in your alley." MALONE.

An instance to the same effect was long ago suggested in a note on *Cymbeline*, Act II. sc. i. STEEVENS.

[1] —— *a kiss in* fee-farm!] Is a kiss of a duration that has no bounds; a fee-farm being a grant of lands in fee, that is, for ever, reserving a certain rent. MALONE.

How much more poetically is the same idea expressed in *Coriolanus*, when the jargon of law was absent from our author's thoughts!

" —— O, a kiss,
" Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!"

STEEVENS.

[2] —— *build there, carpenter; the air is sweet.*] So, in *Macbeth*:

" —— does approve
" By his lov'd mansionry, that heaven's breath
" Smells wooingly here." STEEVENS.

[3] *The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'the river:*] Pandarus means, that he'll match his niece against her lover for any bett. The *tercel* is the *male* hawk; by the *falcon* we generally understand the *female*. THEOBALD.

I think we should rather read:—*at* the tercel—.

TYRWHITT.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's —*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*[4]— Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire.

[*Exit* Pandarus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus?

Cres. Wished, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

In Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, L. IV. 410, is the following stanza, from which Shakspeare may have caught a glimpse of meaning, though he has not very clearly expressed it. Pandarus is the speaker:

" What? God forbid, alway that eche plesaunce
" In o thing were, and in non othir wight;
" If one can singe, anothir can wel daunce,
" If this be godely, she is glad and light,
" And this is faire, and that can gode aright;
" Eche for his vertue holdin is full dere,
" *Both heroner and faucon for rivere.*"

Again, in Fenton's *Tragicall Discourses*, bl. l. 4to. 1567: " — how is that possible to make a froward kite a forward *hawke to the ryver?*" P. 159, b.

Mr. M. Mason observes, that the meaning of this difficult passage is, " I will back the falcon against the tiercel, I will wager that the falcon is *equal* to the tiercel." Steevens.

[4] —— *the parties interchangeably*—] have set their hands and *seals*. So afterwards: " Go to, a bargain made: *seal* it, *seal* it." Shakspeare appears to have had here an idea in his thoughts that he has often expressed. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

" But my *kisses* bring again,
" *Seals* of love, but seal'd in vain."

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

" Pure lips, sweet *seals* in my soft lips imprinted,
" What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?"

Malone.

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.[5]

Tro. Fears make devils cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.[6]

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers;[7] thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

[5] —— *if my* fears *have eyes.*] The old copies have—*tears.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[6] —— *no* fear: *in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.*] From this passage, however, a *Fear* appears to have been a personage in other pageants: or perhaps in our ancient moralities. To this circumstance Aspatia alludes in *The Maid's Tragedy:*

" —— and then a *Fear:*
" Do that *Fear* bravely, wench."

See also *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act II. sc. ii. Steevens.

[7] —— *weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers;*] Here we have, not a Trojan prince talking to his mistress, but Orlando Furioso vowing that he will endure every calamity that can be imagined: boasting that he will achieve more than ever *knight* performed. Malone.

CRES. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

TRO. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it:[8] no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble.[9] Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth;[1] and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

CRES. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

PAN. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

[8] —— *our head shall go bare, till merit crown it:*] I cannot forbear to observe, that the quarto reads thus: *Our head shall go bare, till merit* louer part no affection, *in reversion*, &c. Had there been no other copy, how could this have been corrected? The true reading is in the folio. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *his* addition *shall be humble.*] We will give him no high or pompous titles. JOHNSON.

Addition is still the term used by conveyancers in describing the quality and condition of the parties to deeds, &c. REED.

[1] —— *what* envy *can say worst, shall be a* mock for his truth;] i. e. shall be *only* a mock for his truth. Even malice (for such is the meaning of the word *envy*) shall not be able to impeach his truth, or attack him in any other way, except by ridiculing him for his constancy. See p. 64, n. 2. MALONE.

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.[2]

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;

[2] — *they'll stick where they are thrown.*] This allusion has already occurred in *Measure for Measure:*

"Nay, friar, I am a kind of *bur*, I shall stick."

STEEVENS.

For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness,[3] from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

TRO. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence.

PAN. Pretty, i'faith.

CRES. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

TRO. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

PAN. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,——

CRES. Pray you, content you.

TRO. What offends you, lady?

CRES. Sir, mine own company.

TRO. You cannot shun
Yourself.

CRES. Let me go and try:[4]
I have a kind of self resides with you;[5]
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,

[3] Cunning *in dumbness,*] The quarto and folio read—*Coming* in dumbness. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[4] *Let me go and try:*] This verse being imperfect, I suppose our author to have originally written:
Let me go in, my lord, *and try.* STEEVENS.

[5] *I have a kind of self resides with you;*] So, in our author's 123d Sonnet:
" —— for I, being pent in thee,
" Perforce am thine, and all that is in me." MALONE.
A similar thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" That thou, *residing here,* go'st yet with me," &c.
STEEVENS.

To be another's fool. I would be gone:—
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.[6]

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love;
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;
Or else you love not; For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.[7]

[6] —— *I would be gone :—*
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.] Thus the quartos. The folio reads:
To be another's fool. Where is my wit?
I would be gone. I speak I know not what. Malone.

[7] —— *But* you are *wise;*
Or else you *love not; For to be wise, and love,*
Exceeds man's might; &c.] I read:
—— *but* we're not *wise,*
Or else we *love not; to be wise, and love,*
Exceeds man's might;——
Cressida, in return to the praise given by Troilus to her wisdom, replies: "That lovers are never wise; that it is beyond the power of man to bring love and wisdom to an union."
Johnson.

I don't think that this passage requires any amendment. Cressida's meaning is this: "Perchance I fell too roundly to confession, in order to angle for your thoughts: but you are not so easily taken in: you are too wise, or too indifferent: for to be wise and love, exceeds man's might." M. Mason.

—— *to be wise, and love,*
Exceeds man's might;] This is from Spenser, *Shepherd's Calendar, March:*
"To be wise, and eke to love,
"Is granted scarce to gods above." Tyrwhitt.

This thought originally belongs to Publius Syrus, among whose sentences we find this:
"Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur."
Marston, in *The Dutch Courtezan*, 1605, has the same thought, and the line is printed as a quotation:

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;[8]
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays![9]
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you

" But raging lust my fate all strong doth move;
" *The gods themselves cannot be wise, and love.*"

Cressida's argument is certainly inconsequential: " But you are wise, or *else* you are *not* in love; for no one who *is* in love can be wise." I do not, however, believe there is any corruption, as our author sometimes entangles himself in inextricable difficulties of this kind. One of the commentators has endeavoured to extort sense from the words as they stand, and thinks there is no difficulty. In these cases, the surest way to prove the inaccuracy, is, to omit the word that embarrasses the sentence. Thus, if, for a moment, we read:

—— *But you are wise;*
Or else you love; *for to be wise, and love,*
Exceeds man's might: &c.

the inference is clear, by the omission of the word *not*: which is not a word of so little importance that a sentence shall have just the same meaning whether a negative is contained in it or taken from it. But for all inaccuracies of this kind our poet himself is undoubtedly answerable.—Sir T. Hanmer, to obtain some sense, arbitrarily reads:

A sign you love not. MALONE.

[8] *To feed for* aye *her* lamp &c.] Troilus alludes to the perpetual lamps which were supposed to illuminate sepulchres:

" ——— lasting flames, that burn
" To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn."

See my note on *Pericles*, Act III. sc. i. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *swifter than* blood *decays!*] *Blood*, in Shakspeare, frequently means desire, appetite. MALONE.

In the present instance, the word *blood* has its common signification. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

" Time hath not yet so *dry'd* this *blood*—." STEEVENS.

Might be affronted with the match[1] and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.[2]

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,[3]
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,[4]—

[1] *Might be* affronted *with the match*—] I wish "my integrity might be met and matched with such equality and force of pure unmingled love." JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*:

"—— that he, as 'twere by accident, may here
"*Affront* Ophelia." STEEVENS.

[2] *And simpler than the infancy of truth.*] This is fine; and means, "Ere truth, to defend itself against deceit in the commerce of the world, had, out of necessity, learned worldly policy." WARBURTON.

[3] —— *compare*,] i. e. comparison. So Milton, *Paradise Lost*, B. III:

"Beyond *compare* the son of God was seen—."
STEEVENS.

[4] *True swains in love shall, in the world to come,*
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—] The metre, as well as the sense, of the last verse, will be improved, I think, by reading:

"*Want similes* of *truth*, *tir'd with iteration*,—."

So, a little lower in the same speech:

Yet after all comparisons of truth. TYRWHITT.

This is a very probable conjecture. *Truth* at present has no verb to which it can relate. MALONE.

As true as steel,[5] as plantage to the moon,[6]

[5] *As true as* steel,] *As true as steel* is an ancient proverbial simile. I find it in Lydgate's *Troy Book*, where he speaks of Troilus, L. II. c. xvi:

" Thereto in love *trewe as any stele.*"

Virgil, *Æneid* VII. 640, applies a similar epithet to a sword:

" —— *fidoque* accingitur ense."

i. e. a weapon in the metal of which he could confide; a *trusty* blade. It should be observed, however, that Geo. Gascoigne, in his *Steele Glass*, 1576, bestows the same character on his Mirrour:

" —— this poore glass which is of *trustie* steele."

Again:

" —— that steele both *trusty* was and *true.*"

STEEVENS.

Mirrors formerly being made of steel, I once thought the meaning might be, " as true as the mirror, which faithfully exhibits every image that is presented before it." But I now think with Mr. Steevens, that—*As true as steel* was merely a proverbial expression, without any such allusion. A passage in an old piece entitled *The Pleasures of Poetry*, no date, but printed in the time of Queen Elizabeth, will admit either interpretation:

" Behold in her the lively glasse,
" The pattern, *true as steel.*" MALONE.

[6] —— *as plantage* to *the moon*,] Alluding to the common opinion of the influence the moon has over what is *planted* or sown, which was therefore done in the increase:

" Rite Latonæ puerum canentes,
" Rite crescentem face noctilucam,
" Prosperam frugum, ——." *Hor.* Lib. IV. Od. vi.

WARBURTON.

Plantage is not, I believe, a general term, but the herb which we now call *plantain*, in Latin, *plantago*, which was, I suppose, imagined to be under the peculiar influence of the moon.

JOHNSON.

Shakspeare speaks of *plantain* by its common appellation in *Romeo and Juliet*; and yet, in *Sapho and Phao*, 1591, *Mandrake* is called *Mandrage*:

" Sow next thy vines *mandrage.*"

From a book entitled *The profitable Art of Gardening*, &c. by Tho. Hill, Londoner, the third edition, printed in 1579, I learn, that neither sowing, planting, nor grafting, were ever undertaken without a scrupulous attention to the encrease or waning

As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant,[7] as earth to the center,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentick author to be cited,[8]
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,[9]
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,[1]
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,

of the moon.—Dryden does not appear to have understood the passage, and has therefore altered it thus:

As true as flowing tides *are to the moon.* STEEVENS.

This may be fully illustrated by a quotation from Scott's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*: "The poore husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the *moone* maketh *plants* frutefull: so as in the *full moone* they are in the best strength; decaieing in the *wane*; and in the *conjunction* do utterlie wither and vade."

FARMER.

[7] *As iron to adamant,*] So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1614: "As *true* to thee as *steel to adamant.*" MALONE.

[8] *As* truth's authentick author *to be cited,*] Troilus shall *crown the verse*, as a man *to be cited as the authentick author of truth*; as one whose protestations were true to a proverb.

JOHNSON.

[9] —— crown *up the verse,*] i. e. conclude it. *Finis coronat opus.* So, in Chapman's version of the second *Iliad*:

"We flie, not putting on the *crowne* of our so long-held warre." STEEVENS.

[1] *And* blind oblivion swallow'd *cities up,*] So, in *King Richard III.* quarto, 1598:

"And almost shoulder'd in this *swallowing* gulph
"Of *blind forgetfulness* and dark *oblivion.*" MALONE.

Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.[2]

PAN. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all constant men[3] be Troiluses, all false

[2] Tro. —— *when their rhymes,*
Want similes —
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse —
Cres. ————
Yea, let them say —
As false as Cressid.] This antithesis of praise and censure appears to have found an imitator in Edmund Smith, the author of *Phædra and Hippolytus:*

"*Theseus.* ————
"And when aspiring bards, in daring strains,
"Shall raise some matron to the heavenly powers,
"They'll say, she's great, she's true, she's chaste as Phædra.
"*Phædra.* ————
"And when th' avenging muse with pointed rage,
"Would sink some impious woman down to hell,
"They'll say, she's false, she's base, she's foul as Phædra."
Act V. STEEVENS.

[3] —— constant *men* —] Though Sir T. Hanmer's emendation [*inconstant*] be plausible, I believe Shakspeare wrote—*constant*. He seems to have been less attentive to make Pandar talk consequentially, than to account for the ideas *actually annexed* to the three names. Now it is certain that, in his time, *a Troilus* was as clear an expression for *a constant lover*, as *a Cressida* and *a Pandar* were for *a jilt* and *a pimp*.
TYRWHITT.

women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

I entirely agree with Mr. Tyrwhitt, and am happy to have his opinion in support of the reading of the old copy, from which, in my apprehension, we ought not to deviate, except in cases of extreme necessity. Of the assertion in the latter part of his note, relative to the constancy of Troilus, various proofs are furnished by our old poets. So, in *A gorgeous Gallery of gallant Inventions*, &c. 4to. 1578:

" But if thou me forsake,
" As Cressid that forgot
" *True Troilus*, her make," &c.

Again, *ibid:*

" As *Troilus' truth* shall be my shield,
" To kepe my pen from blame,
" So Cressid's crafte shall kepe the field,
" For to resound thy shame."

Mr. M. Mason objects, that *constant* cannot be the true reading, because Pandarus has already supposed that they should *both* prove *false* to each other, and it would therefore be absurd for him to say that *Troilus* should be quoted as an example of *constancy*. But to this the answer is, that Shakspeare himself knew what the event of the story was, and who the person was that did prove false; that many expressions in his plays have dropped from him, in consequence of that knowledge, that are improper in the mouth of the speaker; and that, in his licentious mode of writing, the words, " *if ever you prove false to one another*," may mean, not, if you *both* prove false, but, *if it should happen that any falshood or breach of faith should disunite you, who are now thus attached to each other*. This might and did happen, by *one* of the parties proving false, and breaking her engagement.

The modern editions read—if ever you prove false *to one another;* but the reading of the text is that of the quarto and folio, and was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. MALONE.

It is clearly the intention of the poet that this imprecation should be such a one as was verified by the event, as it is in part to this very day. But neither was Troilus ever used to denote an *inconstant* lover, nor, if we believe the story, did he ever deserve the character, as both the others did in truth deserve that shame here imprecated upon them. Besides, Pandarus seems to adjust his imprecation to those of the other two pre-

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber and a bed,[4] which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this geer!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, *and* Calchas.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,[5]

ceding, just as they dropped from their lips; as *false as Cressid*, and, consequently, *as true* (or *as constant*) *as Troilus*.
Heath.

[4] —— *and a bed,*] These words are not in the old copy, but what follows shows that they were inadvertently omitted.
Malone.

This deficiency was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. He reads, however, "—a chamber *with* a bed; which bed, because" &c. Steevens.

[5] —— *Appear it to your* mind,] Sir Thomas Hanmer, very properly in my opinion, reduces this line to measure, by reading:

——*Appear it to you,*—. Steevens.

That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove[6]
I have abandon'd Troy,[7] left my possession,

[6] —— *through the sight I bear in things, to* Jove &c.] This passage, in all the modern editions, is silently depraved, and printed thus:

—— *through the sight I bear in things to* come,—.

The word is so printed that nothing but the sense can determine whether it be *love* or *Jove*. I believe that the editors read it as *love*, and therefore made the alteration to obtain some meaning. JOHNSON.

I do not perceive why *love*, the clear and evident reading of both the quartos and folios, should be passed over without some attempt to explain it. In my opinion it may signify—"No longer assisting Troy with my advice, I have left it to the dominion of *love*, to the consequences of the amour of Paris and Helen." STEEVENS.

[7] *That, through the sight I bear in things, to* Jove
I have abandon'd Troy, &c.] This reasoning perplexes Mr. Theobald: "He foresaw his country was undone; he ran over to the Greeks; and this he makes a merit of (says the editor). I own (continues he) the motives of his oratory seem to be somewhat perverse and unnatural. Nor do I know how to reconcile it, unless our poet purposely intended to make Calchas act the part of a *true priest*, and so from motives of self-interest insinuate the merit of service." The editor did not know how to reconcile this. Nor I neither. For I do not know what he means by "the motives of his oratory," or, "from motives of self-interest to insinuate merit." But if he would insinuate, that it was the poet's design to make his priest self-interested, and to represent to the Greeks that what he did for his own preservation, was done for their service, he is mistaken. Shakspeare thought of nothing so silly, as it would be to draw his priest a *knave*, in order to make him talk like a *fool*. Though that be the fate which generally attends their abusers. But Shakspeare was no such; and consequently wanted not this cover for dulness. The *perverseness* is all the editor's own, who interprets,

—— *through the sight I have in things to come,*
I have abandon'd Troy,——

to signify, "by my power of prescience finding my country must be ruined, I have therefore abandoned it to seek refuge with you:" whereas the true sense is, "Be it known unto you, that on account of a gift or faculty I have of seeing things to

Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,

come, which faculty I suppose would be esteemed by you as acceptable and useful, I have abandoned Troy my native country." That he could not mean what the editor supposes, appears from these considerations: First, if he had represented himself as running from a falling city, he could never have said:

" I have —— expos'd myself,
" From *certain* and possess'd conveniences,
" To *doubtful* fortunes;——."

Secondly, the absolute knowledge of the fall of Troy was a secret hid from the inferior gods themselves; as appears from the poetical history of that war. It depended on many contingencies, whose existence they did not foresee. All that they knew was, that if such and such things happened, Troy would fall. And this secret they communicated to Cassandra only, but along with it, the fate not to be believed. Several others knew each a several part of the secret; *one*, that Troy could not be taken unless Achilles went to the war; another, that it could not fall while it had the *palladium;* and so on. But the secret, that it was absolutely to fall, was known to none.—The sense here given will admit of no dispute among those who know how acceptable a *seer* was amongst the Greeks. So that this Calchas, *like a true priest*, if it needs must be so, went where he could exercise his profession with most advantage. For it being much less common amongst the Greeks than the Asiaticks, there would be a greater demand for it. WARBURTON.

I am afraid, that after all the learned commentator's efforts to clear the argument of Calchas, it will still appear liable to objection; nor do I discover more to be urged in his defence, than that though his skill in divination determined him to leave Troy, yet that he joined himself to Agamemnon and his army by unconstrained good-will; and though he came as a fugitive escaping from destruction, yet his services after his reception, being voluntary and important, deserved reward. This argument is not regularly and distinctly deduced, but this is, I think, the best explication that it will yet admit. JOHNSON.

In p. 239, n. 4, an account has been given of the motives which induced Calchas to abandon Troy. The *services* to which he alludes, a short quotation from Lydgate will sufficiently explain. *Auncient Hist.* &c. 1555:

To doubtful fortunes; séquest'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,

" He entred into the oratorye,—
" And besily gan to knele and praye,
" And his things devoutly for to saye,
" And to the god crye and call full stronge;
" And for Apollo would not tho prolonge,
" Sodaynly his answere gan attame,
" And sayd *Calchas* twies by his name;
" Be right well 'ware thou ne tourne agayne
" To Troy towne, for that were but in vayne,
" For finally lerne this thynge of me,
" In shorte tyme it shall destroyed be:
" This is in sooth, whych may not be denied.
" Wherefore I will that thou be alyed
" With the Greekes, and with Achilles go
" To them anone: my will is, it be so:—
" For *thou to them shall be necessary*,
" *In counseling and in giving rede*,
" *And be right helping to their good spede*."

Mr. Theobald thinks it strange that Calchas should claim any merit for having joined the Greeks after he had said that he knew his country was undone; but there is no inconsistency: he had left, from whatever cause, what was dear to him, his country, friends, children, &c. and, having joined and *served* the Greeks, was entitled to protection and reward.

On the phrase—*As new* into *the world*, (for so the old copy reads,) I must observe, that it appears from a great number of passages in our old writers, the word *into* was formerly often used in the sense of *unto*, as it evidently is here. In proof of this assertion the following passages may be adduced:

" It was a pretty part in the old church-playes when the nimble Vice would skip up nimbly like a jackanapes *into* the devil's necke, and ride the devil a course." Harsnet's *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, 4to. 1602.

Again, in a letter written by J. Paston, July 8, 1468; *Paston Letters*, Vol. II. p. 5: " —and they that have justed with him *into* this day, have been as richly beseen," &c.

Again, in Laneham's *Account of the Entertainment at Kenilworth*, 1575: " —what time it pleased her to ryde forth *into* the chase, to hunt the hart of fors: which found, anon," &c.

Chase, indeed, may mean here, the place in which the Queen hunted; but I believe it is employed in the more ordinary sense.

Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

AGAM. What would'st thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

CAL. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,[8]

Again, in Daniel's *Civil Warres*, B. IV. st. 72, edit. 1602:

" She doth conspire to have him made away,—
" Thrust *thereinto* not only with her pride,
" But by her father's counsell and consent."

Again, in our author's *All's well that ends well:*

" ——I'll stay at home,
" And pray God's blessing *into* thy attempt." MALONE.

The folio reads—

——*in things to* love,

which appears to me to have no meaning, unless we adopt the explanation of Mr. Steevens, which would make sense of it. The present reading, though supported by Johnson and Malone, is little better than nonsense, and there is this objection to it, that it was Juno, not *Jove*, that persecuted the Trojans. *Jove* wished them well; and though we may abandon a man to his enemies, we cannot, with propriety, say, that we abandon him to his friends. Let me add, that the speech of Calchas would have been incomplete, if he had said that he abandoned Troy, from the sight he *bore of things*, without explaining it by adding the words—*to come*. I should, therefore, adhere to that reading, which I consider as one of those happy amendments which do not require any authority to support them.

The merit of Calchas did not merely consist in his having come over to the Greeks; he also revealed to them the fate of Troy, which depended on their conveying away the palladium, and the horses of Rhesus, before they should drink of the river Xanthus. M. MASON.

[8] —— *Antenor,*] Very few particulars respecting this Trojan are preserved by Homer. But as Professor Heyne, in his seventh Excursus to the first *Æneid*, observes, " Fuit *Antenor* inter

Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you, (often have you thanks therefore,)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,[9]

eos, in quorum rebus ornandis ii maxime scriptores laborarunt, qui narrationes Homericas novis commentis de suo onerarunt; non aliter ac si delectatio a mere fabulosis & temere effusis figmentis proficisceretur." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*such a* wrest *in their affairs*,] According to Dr. Johnson, who quotes this line in his *Dictionary*, the meaning is, that the *loss* of Antenor is such a *violent distortion* of their affairs, &c. But as in a former scene [p. 273—see n. 2,] we had *o'er-rested* for *o'er-wrested*, so here I strongly suspect *wrest* has been printed instead of *rest*. Antenor is such a *stay* or support of their affairs, &c. All the ancient English muskets had *rests* by which they were supported. The subsequent words—*wanting his manage*—appear to me to confirm the emendation. To say that Antenor *himself* (for so the passage runs, not the *loss* of Antenor,) is a violent distortion of the Trojan negociations, is little better than nonsense. MALONE.

I have been informed that a *wrest* anciently signified a sort of tuning-hammer, by which the strings of some musical instruments were screwed or *wrested* up to their proper degree of tension. Antenor's advice might be supposed to produce a congenial effect on the Trojan councils, which otherwise

" ——— must *slack*,
" Wanting his manage;——." STEEVENS.

Wrest is not misprinted for *rest*, as Mr. Malone supposes, in his correction of Dr. Johnson, who has certainly mistaken the sense of this word. It means an instrument for tuning the harp by *drawing up* the strings. Laneham, in his *Letter from Kenilworth*, p. 50, describing a minstrel, says, "his harp in good grace dependaunt before him: his *wrest* tyed to a green lace and hanging by." And again, in Wynne's *History of the Gwedir Family*: "And setting forth very early before day, unwittingly carried upon his finger the *wrest of his cosen's harpe*." To *wrest*, is to *wind*. See Minsheu's *Dictionary*. The form of the *wrest* may be seen in some of the illuminated service books, wherein David is represented playing on his harp; in the second part of Mersenna's *Harmonics*, p. 69; and in the *Syntagmata* of Prætorius, Vol. II. Fig. xix. DOUCE.

That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.[1]

AGAM. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

DIO. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES *and* CALCHAS.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS, *before their Tent.*

ULYSS. Achilles stands i'the entrance of his tent:—
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him:[2]

[1] *In most accepted* pain.] Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read:

In most accepted pay.

They do not seem to understand the construction of the passage. *Her presence*, says Calchas, *shall strike off*, or recompense *the service I have done*, even in those *labours* which were *most accepted*. JOHNSON.

[2] *Why such unplausive eyes are bent*, why turn'd *on him*:] If the eyes were *bent* on him, they were *turn'd* on him. This

If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

AGAM. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;—
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

ACHIL. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

AGAM. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

NEST. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

ACHIL. No.

NEST. Nothing, my lord.

AGAM. The better.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON *and* NESTOR.

ACHIL. Good day, good day.

MEN. How do you? how do you?

[*Exit* MENELAUS.

ACHIL. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

AJAX. How now, Patroclus?

ACHIL. Good morrow, Ajax.

AJAX. Ha?

tautology, therefore, together with the redundancy of the line, plainly show that we ought to read, with Sir Thomas Hanmer:

Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him:——

STEEVENS.

ACHIL. Good morrow.[3]

AJAX. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit* AJAX.

ACHIL. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

PATR. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

ACHIL. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour[4] for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;

[3] *Good morrow.*] Perhaps, in this repetition of the salute, we should read, as in the preceding instance,—Good morrow, *Ajax;* or, with more colloquial spirit,—*I say*, good morrow. Otherwise the metre is defective. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*but honour*—] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—but *honour'd*. MALONE.

I'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, Ulysses?

ULYSS. Now, great Thetis' son?

ACHIL. What are you reading?

ULYSS. A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted,[5]
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

ACHIL. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself[6]
(That most pure spirit[7] of sense,) behold itself,

[5] ——*how dearly ever* parted,] *However excellently endowed*, with however *dear* or precious *parts* enriched or adorned. JOHNSON.

Johnson's explanation of the word *parted* is just. So, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, he describes Macilente as a man well *parted;* and in Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence*, Sanazarro says of Lydia:

"And I, my lord, chose rather
"To deliver her better *parted* than she is,
"Than to take from her." M. MASON.

So, in a subsequent passage:

"—— no man is the lord of any thing,
"(Though in and of him there is much consisting,)
"Till he communicate his *parts* to others." MALONE.

[6] ——*nor doth the eye itself* &c.] So, in *Julius Cæsar:*

"No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
"But by reflexion, by some other things." STEEVENS.

[7] *To others' eyes:*——
(*That most pure spirit* &c.] These two lines are totally omitted in all the editions but the first quarto. POPE.

Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,[8]
Till it hath travell'd, and is married there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance,[9] expressly proves—
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there be much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like[1] an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun,[2] receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.[3]
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,

[8] *For* speculation *turns not* &c.] *Speculation* has here the same meaning as in *Macbeth*:

"Thou hast no *speculation* in those eyes
"Which thou dost glare with." MALONE.

[9] —— *in his circumstance*,] In the detail or circumduction of his argument. JOHNSON.

[1] —— which, *like*—] Old copies—*who*, like—. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[2] —— *a gate of steel*
Fronting the sun,] This idea appears to have been caught from some of our ancient romances, which often describe gates of similar materials and effulgence. STEEVENS.

[3] *The unknown Ajax.*] Ajax, who has abilities, which were never brought into view or use. JOHNSON.

Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd.[4] O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,[5]
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting[6] in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;

[4] —— *Now shall we see to-morrow,*
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd.] I once thought that we ought to read *renown*. But by considering the middle line as parenthetical, the passage is sufficiently clear. MALONE.

By placing a break after *him*, the construction will be:—*Now we shall see to-morrow an act that very chance doth throw upon him*—[we shall see] Ajax renown'd. HENLEY.

[5] *How some men* creep *in skittish fortune's hall,*] To *creep* is to *keep out of sight* from whatever motive. Some men *keep out of notice in the hall of fortune*, while others, though they but *play the idiot*, are always *in her eye*, in the way of distinction. JOHNSON.

I cannot think that *creep*, used without any explanatory word, can mean to *keep out of sight*. While some men, says Ulysses, remain *tamely inactive* in fortune's hall, without any effort to excite her attention, others, &c. Such, I think, is the meaning. MALONE.

[6] ——*fasting*—] Quarto. The folio has *feasting*. Either word may bear a good sense. JOHNSON.

I have preferred *fasting*, the reading of the quarto, to *feasting*, which we find in the folio, not only because the quarto copies are in general preferable to the folio, but because the original reading furnishes that kind of antithesis of which our poet was so fond. One man eats, while another fasts. Achilles is he who fasts; who capriciously abstains from those active exertions which would furnish new food for his pride. MALONE.

As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.[7]

ACHIL. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?

ULYSS. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,[8]
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perséverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,

[7] *And great Troy* shrinking.] The quarto—*shricking*. The folio has, less poetically,—*shrinking*. The following passage in the subsequent scene supports the reading of the quarto:

" Hark, how *Troy roars;* how Hecuba cries out;
" How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth;
" And all cry—Hector, Hector's dead." MALONE.

I prefer the reading of the folio. That the collective body of martial Trojans should *shrink* at sight of their hero's danger, is surely more natural to be supposed, than that, like frighted women, they would unite in a general *shriek*.

As to what Cassandra says, in the preceding note,—it is the fate of that lady's evidence—never to be received. STEEVENS.

[8] *Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,*] This speech is printed in all the modern editions with such deviations from the old copy, as exceed the lawful power of an editor. JOHNSON.

This image is literally from Spenser:

" And eeke *this wallet at your backe* arreare—
" — — — — —
" And in this bag, which I behinde me don,
" I *put* repentaunce for *things past and gone*."
Fairy Queen, B. VI. c. viii. st. 24. BOADEN.

That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,[9]
O'er-run[1] and trampled on: Then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,[2]
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,[3]

[9] ——*to the abject* rear,] So Hanmer. All the editors before him read—to the abject, *near*. JOHNSON.

[1] *O'er-run* &c.] The quarto wholly omits the simile of the horse, and reads thus:

And leave you hindmost, then what they do at present—.

The folio seems to have some omission, for the simile begins,

Or, *like a gallant horse*——. JOHNSON.

The construction is, Or, like a gallant horse, &c. *you* lie there for pavement—; the personal pronoun of a preceding line being understood here. There are many other passages in these plays in which a similar ellipsis is found. So, in this play, p. 365: "—but commends itself—," instead of "—but *it* commends itself." MALONE.

[2] ——*Welcome ever smiles,*] The compositor inadvertently repeated the word *the*, which has just occurred, and printed—*the* welcome, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[3] *For beauty, wit,* &c.] The modern editors read:

For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service, &c.

I do not deny but the changes produce a more easy lapse of numbers, but they do not exhibit the work of Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson might have said,—the work of Shakspeare, as

High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.[4]

mangled by theatres, ignorant transcribers, and unskilful printers. He has somewhere else observed, that perhaps we have not received one of our author's plays as it was originally written.
STEEVENS.

[4] *And* give *to dust, that is a little gilt,*
More laud than gilt *o'er-dusted.*] [The old copies—*goe to* dust.] In this mangled condition do we find this truly fine observation transmitted. Mr. Pope saw it was corrupt, and therefore, as I presume, threw it out of the text; because he would not *indulge his private sense* in attempting to make sense of it. I owe the foundation of the amendment, which I have given in the text, to the sagacity of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. I read:

And give *to dust, that is a little gilt,*
More laud than they will give to gold *o'er-dusted.*
THEOBALD.

This emendation has been adopted by the succeeding editors, but recedes too far from the copy. There is no other corruption than such as Shakspeare's incorrectness often resembles. He has omitted the article—*to* in the second line: he should have written:

More laud than to *gilt o'er-dusted.* JOHNSON.

Gilt, in the second line, is a substantive. See *Coriolanus*, Act I. sc. iii.

Dust a little gilt means, ordinary performances ostentatiously displayed and magnified by the favour of friends and that admiration of novelty which prefers "new-born gawds" to "things past." *Gilt o'er-dusted* means, splendid actions of preceding ages, the remembrance of which is weakened by time.

The poet seems to have been thinking either of those monuments which he has mentioned in *All's well that ends well:*

"Where *dust* and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
"Of honour'd bones indeed;——."

or of the *gilded* armour, trophies, banners, &c. often hung up in churches in "monumental mockery." MALONE.

The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and cómplete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,[5]
And still it might; and yet it may again,
If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions[6] 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.[7]

Achil. Ha! known?[8]

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful state,

[5] ——*went* once *on thee,*] So the quarto. The folio—went *out* on thee. Malone.

[6] *Made emulous* missions—] The meaning of *mission* seems to be *dispatches* of the gods *from heaven* about mortal business, such as often happened at the siege of Troy. Johnson.

It means the descent of deities to combat on either side; an idea which Shakspeare very probably adopted from Chapman's translation of Homer. In the fifth Book, Diomed wounds Mars, who on his return to heaven is rated by Jupiter for having interfered in the battle. This disobedience is the *faction* which I suppose Ulysses would describe. Steevens.

[7] ——*one of Priam's daughters.*] Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom, he was afterwards killed by Paris. Steevens.

[8] *Ha! known?*] I must suppose that, in the present instance, some word, wanting to the metre, has been omitted. Perhaps the poet wrote—Ha! *is't* known? Steevens.

Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;[9]
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought,[1] and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.[2]

[9] *Knows almost every* grain *of* Plutus' *gold;*] For this elegant line the quarto has only:

Knows almost every thing. JOHNSON.

The old copy has—*Pluto's* gold; but, I think, we should read—*of Plutus' gold.* So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, Act IV:

" 'Tis not the wealth of *Plutus*, nor the gold
" Lock'd in the heart of earth——." STEEVENS.

The correction of this obvious error of the press, needs no justification, though it was not admitted by Mr. Steevens in his own edition. The same error is found in *Julius Cæsar*, Act IV. sc. iii. where it has been properly corrected:

" ——within, a heart,
" Dearer than *Pluto's* mine, richer than gold."

So, in this play, Act IV. sc. i. we find in the quarto—to *Calcho's* house, instead of—to *Calchas'* house. MALONE.

[1] *Keeps* place *with thought,*] i. e. there is in the providence of a state, as in the providence of the universe, a kind of *ubiquity.* The expression is exquisitely fine; yet the Oxford editor alters it to—*Keeps pace*, and so destroys all its beauty. WARBURTON.

Is there not here some allusion to that sublime description of the Divine Omnipresence in the 139th *Psalm?* HENLEY.

[2] *Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.*] It is clear, from the defect of the metre, that some word of two syllables was omitted by the carelessness of the transcriber or compositor. Shakspeare perhaps wrote:

Does thoughts themselves *unveil in their dumb cradles.*

Or,

Does infant *thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.*

So, in *King Richard III:*

" And turn his *infant* morn to aged night."

In *Timon of Athens*, we have the same allusion:

" Joy had the like *conception* in my *brain*,
" And at that instant, *like a babe sprung up.*" MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

Does even our *thoughts* &c. STEEVENS.

There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle[3]) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:
All the commérce[4] that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.
[*Exit.*

PATR. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.[5]

ACHIL. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

[3] ——(*with whom relation*
Durst never meddle)—] There is a secret administration of affairs, which no *history* was ever able to discover. JOHNSON.

[4] *All the* commérce—] Thus also is the word accented by Chapman, in his version of the fourth Book of Homer's *Odyssey*:
"To labour's taste, nor the *commérce* of men."
STEEVENS.

[5] ——*to air.*] So the quarto. The folio—*ayrie* air.
JOHNSON.

PATR. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour
by him.

ACHIL. I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.[6]

PATR. O, then beware;
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary[7]
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

ACHIL. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

THER. A wonder!

ACHIL. What?

THER. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

ACHIL. How so?

[6] *My fame is shrewdly* gor'd.] So, in our author's 110th Sonnet:

"Alas, 'tis true; I have gone here and there,—
"*Gor'd* mine own thoughts,——." MALONE.

[7] *Omission to do* &c.] By *neglecting* our duty we *commission* or enable that danger of *dishonour*, which could not reach us before, to lay hold upon us. JOHNSON.

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetick but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politick regard,[8] as who should say—there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking.[9] The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i'the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, *Good-morrow*, Ajax; and he replies, *Thanks*, Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my embassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms.[1] I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

[8] ——*with a politick regard,*] With a *sly look*. Johnson.

[9] ——*it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking.*] So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"That carries anger, *as the flint bears fire;*
"Who, *much enforced*, shows a hasty spark,
"And straight is *cold* again." Steevens.

[1] ——*he wears his* tongue *in his* arms.] So, in *Macbeth*:

"My *voice* is in my *sword*." Steevens.

ACHIL. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

PATR. Jove bless great Ajax.

THER. Humph!

PATR. I come from the worthy Achilles,——

THER. Ha!

PATR. Who most humbly desires you, to invite Hector to his tent,——

THER. Humph!

PATR. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

THER. Agamemnon?

PATR. Ay, my lord.

THER. Ha!

PATR. What say you to't?

THER. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

PATR. Your answer, sir.

THER. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

PATR. Your answer, sir.

THER. Fare you well, with all my heart.

ACHIL. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

THER. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What musick will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none;

unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.[2]

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.[3]

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.[4]

[*Exeunt* Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

[2] ——*to make* catlings *on.*] It has been already observed that a *catling* signifies a small lute-string made of *catgut*. One of the musicians in *Romeo and Juliet* is called Simon *Catling*. Steevens.

[3] ——*the more* capable *creature.*] The more *intelligent* creature. So, in *King Richard III:*

"Bold, forward, quick, ingenious, *capable.*"

See also Vol. XV. p. 187, n. 2. Malone.

[4] *And I myself* see not the bottom *of it.*] This is an image frequently introduced by our author. So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II: "I *see the bottom* of Justice Shallow." Again, in *King Henry VI.* Part II:

"——we then should *see the bottom*
"Of all our fortunes." Steevens.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Troy. *A Street.*

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS *and* Servant, *with a Torch; at the other,* PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, *and Others, with Torches.*

PAR. See, ho! who's that there?

DEI. 'Tis the lord Æneas.

ÆNE. Is the prince there in person?—
Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

DIO. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.

PAR. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

ÆNE. Health to you, valiant sir,[5]
During all question of the gentle truce:[6]

[5] ——valiant *sir*,] The epithet—*valiant*, appears to have been caught by the compositor from the preceding speech, and is introduced here only to spoil the metre. STEEVENS.

[6] *During all* question *of the gentle truce:*] I once thought to read:

During all quiet *of the gentle truce:*

But I think *question* means intercourse, interchange of conversation. JOHNSON.

See Vol. VII. p. 349, n. 9. Question of the gentle truce is, conversation while the gentle truce lasts. MALONE.

But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

DIO. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

ÆNE. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,[7]
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

DIO. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand cómplete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

ÆNE. We know each other well.

DIO. We do; and long to know each other worse.

PAR. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?

ÆNE. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

PAR. His purpose meets you;[8] 'Twas to bring this Greek

[7] —— *By Venus' hand I swear,*] This oath was used to insinuate his resentment for Diomedes' wounding his mother in the hand. WARBURTON.

I believe Shakspeare had no such allusion in his thoughts. He would hardly have made Æneas civil and uncivil in the same breath. STEEVENS.

[8] *His purpose meets you;*] I bring you his meaning and his orders. JOHNSON.

To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

ÆNE. That I assure you;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

PAR. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

ÆNE. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*

PAR. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus?

DIO. Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soilure,)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour,)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;[9]

[9] —— *a flat* tamed *piece;*] i. e. a piece of wine out of which the spirit is all flown. WARBURTON.

This word, with a somewhat similar sense, occurs in *Coriolanus:*

"His remedies are *tame* i'the present peace ——."
STEEVENS.

You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.[1]

PAR. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

DIO. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris,—
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

PAR. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:

[1] *Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more:*
But he as he, the *heavier for a whore.*] I read:
But he as he, each *heavier for a whore.*
Heavy is taken both for *weighty,* and for *sad,* or *miserable.* The quarto reads:
But he as he, the *heavier for a whore.*
I know not whether the thought is not that of a wager. It must then be read thus:
But he as he. Which *heavier, for a whore?*
That is, *for a whore* staked down, *which is the heavier?*
JOHNSON.

As the quarto reads,
—— the *heavier for a whore,*
I think all new pointing or alteration unnecessary. The sense appears to be this: the merits of either are sunk in value, because the contest between them is only for a strumpet.
STEEVENS.

The merits of each, whatever they may be, being weighed one against the other, are exactly equal; in each of the scales, however, in which their merits are to be weighed, a harlot must be placed, since each of them has been equally attached to one. This is the reading of the quarto. The folio reads,
—— which *heavier for a whore.* MALONE.

But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.[2]
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *We'll not* commend *what we intend* to *sell.*] I believe the meaning is only this: though you practise the buyer's art, we will not practise the seller's. We intend to sell Helen dear, yet will not commend her. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton would read—*not* sell. STEEVENS.

The sense, I think, requires we should read—*condemn.* TYRWHITT.

When Dr. Johnson says, they meant to sell Helen dear, he evidently does not mean that they really intended to sell her at all, (as he has been understood,) but that the Greeks should pay very dear for her, if they had her. We'll not commend what we intend to make you *pay* very dear for, *if you have her.* So Ajax says, in a former scene: "however, he shall pay for me, ere he has me."

Commend is, I think, the true reading, our author having introduced a similar sentiment in two other places. In *Love's Labour's Lost,* we have—

"To things of *sale* a seller's *praise* belongs."

Again, in his 21st Sonnet:

"I will not *praise* that purpose *not* to *sell.*"

This passage favours Dr. Warburton's emendation; but *intend not sell* sounds very harsh. However, many very harsh combinations may be found in these plays, where rhymes are introduced. MALONE.

Surely Dr. Warburton's reading is the true one.

We'll not commend *what we* intend not sell,

is evidently opposed to—

"*Dispraise* the thing that you *desire to buy:*"

in the same speech.

Of such elliptical phraseology as is introduced by Dr. Warburton's emendation, our author's plays will afford numerous examples. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

The same. Court before the House of Pandarus.

Enter TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

TRO. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

CRES. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

TRO. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill[3] those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought![4]

CRES. Good morrow then.

TRO. Pr'ythee now, to bed.

CRES. Are you aweary of me?

TRO. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,[5]
And dreaming night will hide our joys[6] no longer,
I would not from thee.

CRES. Night hath been too brief.

[3] —— *Sleep* kill—] So the old copies. The moderns have—*Sleep* seal. JOHNSON.

Seal was one of the numerous innovations introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[4] *And give as soft attachment to thy senses,*
As infants' empty of all thought!] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor:*

"Sleep she as sound *as careless infancy.*" STEEVENS.

[5] —— ribald *crows,*] See note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. sc. viii. HARRIS.

[6] —— *hide our* joys—] Thus the quarto. The folio has—*hide our* eyes. MALONE.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights[6] she stays,
As tediously[7] as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Pr'ythee, tarry;—
You men will never tarry.——
O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's one up.

Pan. [*Within.*] What, are all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.[8]

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life,——

[6] ——venomous *wights*—] i. e. *venefici*; those who practise nocturnal sorcery. Steevens.

[7] *As* tediously—] The folio has:
As hideously *as hell.* Johnson.

Sir T. Hanmer, for the sake of metre, with great probability, reads:
Tedious *as hell*; &c. Steevens.

[8] *Enter* Pandarus.] The hint for the following short conversation between Pandarus and Cressida is taken from Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, Book III. v. 1561:

" Pandare, a morowe which that commen was
" Unto his necè, gan her faire to grete,
" And saied all this night so rained it alas!
" That all my drede is, that ye, necè swete,
" Have little leisir had to slepe and mete,
" All night (quod he) hath rain so do me wake,
" That some of us I trowe their heddis ake.

PAN. How now, how now? how go maidenheads? —Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

CRES. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do,[9] and then you flout me too.

PAN. To do what? to do what?—let her say what: what have I brought you to do?

CRES. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

PAN. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia![1]—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!
[*Knocking.*

CRES. Did I not tell you?—'would he were knock'd o'the head!—

" Cresseide answerde, nevir the bet for you,
" Foxe that ye ben, God yeve your hertè care,
" God help me so, ye causid all this fare," &c.
STEEVENS.

[9] ——*to* do,] To *do* is here used in a wanton sense. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Petruchio says: " I would fain be *doing*."
Again, in *All's well that ends well*, Lafeu declares that he is " past *doing*." COLLINS.

[1] ——*a poor* capocchia!] Pandarus would say, I think, in English—*Poor* innocent! *Poor* fool! *hast not slept to-night?* These appellations are very well answered by the Italian word *capocchio:* for *capocchio* signifies the thick head of a club; and thence metaphorically, a head of not much brain, a sot, dullard, heavy gull. THEOBALD.

The word in the old copy is *chipochia*, for which Mr. Theobald substituted *capocchio*, which he has rightly explained. *Capochia* may perhaps be used with propriety in the same sense, when applied to a *female*; but the word has also an entirely different meaning, not reconcilable to the context here, for which I choose to refer the reader to Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, 1598. MALONE.

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile, and mock me, as if[2] I meant naughtily.

TRO. Ha, ha!

CRES. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.— [*Knocking.*
How earnestly they knock!—pray you, come in;
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.
[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

PAN. [*Going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

ÆNE. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

PAN. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

ÆNE. Is not prince Troilus here?

PAN. Here! what should he do here?

ÆNE. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him;
It doth import him much, to speak with me.

PAN. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late: What should he do here?

[2] ——*as* if—] Here, I believe, a common ellipsis has been destroyed by a playhouse interpolation: *As*, in ancient language, has frequently the power of—as *if*. I would therefore omit the latter conjunction, which encumbers the line without enforcing the sense. Thus, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*:

"That with the noise it shook *as* it would fall."

STEEVENS.

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—
Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware:
You'll be so true to him, to be false to him:
Do not you know of him, yet go fetch[3] him hither;
Go.

As Pandarus *is going out, enter* Troilus.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash:[4] There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us;[5] and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me![6]

[3] —— *yet go fetch* &c.] Old copy, redundantly—but *yet* &c. Steevens.

[4] —— *matter is so* rash:] My business is so *hasty* and so abrupt. Johnson.

So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II:
" —— aconitum, or *rash* gunpowder." Steevens.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" It is too *rash*, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
" Too like the lightning," &c. Malone.

[5] *Deliver'd to us;* &c.] So the folio. The quarto thus:
Delivered to him, *and forthwith.* Johnson.

[6] *How my achievements* mock *me!*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" And *mock* our eyes with air." Steevens.

I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.[7]

ÆNE. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.[8]

[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* ÆNEAS.

PAN. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke's neck!

[7] *We met by chance; you did not find me here.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" See where he is, who's with him, what he does:
" *I did not send you.*" MALONE.

[8] —— *the* secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.] This is the reading of both the elder folios; but the first verse manifestly halts, and betrays its being defective. Mr. Pope substitutes:

—— *the secrets of* neighbour *Pandar.*

If this be a reading *ex fide codicum* (as he professes all his various readings to be) it is founded on the credit of such copies as it has not been my fortune to meet with. I have ventured to make out the verse thus:

The secret's things *of nature*, &c.

i. e. the *arcana naturæ*, the mysteries of nature, of occult philosophy, or of religious ceremonies. Our poet has allusions of this sort in several other passages. THEOBALD.

Mr. Pope's reading is in the old quarto. So great is the necessity of collation. JOHNSON.

I suppose the editor of the folio meant—the *secretest* of nature, and that *secrets* was an error of the press. So, in *Macbeth:*

" The *secret'st* man of blood." MALONE.

I suppose our author to have written—*secrecies.*

A similar thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" In *nature's* infinite book of *secrecy* ——."

Wherever there is redundant metre, as in the reading of the quarto, corruption may always be suspected. STEEVENS.

Enter CRESSIDA.

CRES. How now? What is the matter? Who was here?

PAN. Ah, ah!

CRES. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord gone?
Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

PAN. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

CRES. O the gods!—what's the matter?

PAN. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou had'st ne'er been born! I knew, thou would'st be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

CRES. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

PAN. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

CRES. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

PAN. Thou must.

CRES. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;[9]
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!

[9] *I know no* touch *of consanguinity;*] So, in *Macbeth*: "He wants the natural *touch*."
Touch of consanguinity is *sense or feeling of relationship.*
MALONE.

Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,[1]
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love[2]
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;—

PAN. Do, do.

CRES. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.[3]
[*Exeunt.*

[1] ——*the very* crown *of falsehood,*] So, in *Cymbeline:*
" —— my supreme *crown* of grief."
Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*
" —— the *crown* and comfort of my life." MALONE.

See page 353, note 9. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *the strong base and building of my love*—] So, in our author's 119th Sonnet:
" And ruin'd *love*, when it is *built* anew,——."
Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
" Betwixt us as the cement of our *love*,
" To keep it *builded*, be the ram to batter
" The fortress of it." MALONE.

[3] —— *I will not* go *from Troy.*] I believe the verb—*go* (which roughens this line) should be left out, in conformity to the ancient elliptical mode of writing, which, in like instances, omits it as unnecessary to sense. Thus, in p. 383, we find—
" I would not from thee;"
i. e. I would not *go* from thee. STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

The same. Before Pandarus' *House.*

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, *and* DIOMEDES.

PAR. It is great morning;[4] and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:[5]—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

TRO. Walk in to her house;[6]
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*

PAR. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

[4] ——*great morning;*] *Grand jour;* a Gallicism. STEEVENS.

[5] *Comes fast upon:*] Though *fast upon*, only signifies—fast *on*, I must suppose, with Sir T. Hanmer, we ought to read:

Comes fast upon us:——

The metre, as it stands at present, is obviously defective. STEEVENS.

[6] Walk *in to her house;*] Here, I believe, we have an interpolation similar to those in p. 386 and in the preceding page. In elliptical language the word—*walk* (which in the present instance destroys the measure) is frequently omitted. So, in *King Henry IV.* Part I:

"*I'll in* and haste the writer."

i. e. I'll *walk*, or *go* in. Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "*I'll in, I'll in*: follow your friend's advice; *I'll in.*" *In*, therefore, in the speech of Troilus, will signify *walk* or *go* in, the omitted verb being understood. STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in Pandarus' *House.*

Enter PANDARUS *and* CRESSIDA.

PAN. Be moderate, be moderate.

CRES. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it:[7] How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:

[7] *The grief* &c.] The folio reads:

The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And no less *in a sense as strong*
As that which causeth it.——

The quarto otherwise:

The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth *in a sense as strong*
As that which causeth it.——

Violenteth is a word with which I am not acquainted, yet perhaps it may be right. The reading of the text is without authority. JOHNSON.

I have followed the quarto. *Violenceth* is used by Ben Jonson, in *The Devil is an Ass:*

"Nor nature *violenceth* in both these."

And Mr. Tollet has since furnished me with this verb as spelt in the play of Shakspeare: "His former adversaries *violented* any thing against him." Fuller's *Worthies in Anglesea.*

Dr. Farmer likewise adds the following instance from Latimer, p. 71: "Maister Pole *violentes* the text for the maintenance of the bishop of Rome."

The modern and unauthorized reading was:

And in its sense is no less strong, than that
Which causeth it.—— STEEVENS.

My love admits no qualifying dross:
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: *O heart*,—as the goodly saying is,——

——— *o heart, o heavy heart,*[8]
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By friendship, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd[9] a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

[8] ——*o heavy heart,*] *O*, which is not in the old copy, was added, for the sake of the metre, by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[9] ——*strain'd*—] So the quarto. The folio and all the moderns have—*strange*. JOHNSON.

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other,[1] must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,[2]
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.[3]

[1] *Did* buy *each other*,] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:
" A thousand kisses *buys* my heart from me,
" And pay them at thy leisure, one by one." MALONE.

[2] *With distinct breath and* consign'd kisses *to them*,] *Consign'd* means *sealed*; from *consigno*, Lat. So, in *King Henry V*: "It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to *consign* to." Our author has the same image in many other places. So, in *Measure for Measure*:
" But my *kisses* bring again,
" *Seals* of love, but seal'd in vain."
Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:
" Pure lips, sweet *seals* in my soft lips imprinted."
MALONE.

[3] Distasted *with the salt of* broken *tears*.] i. e. of tears to which we are not permitted to give full vent, being interrupted and suddenly torn from each other. The poet was probably thinking of *broken* sobs, or *broken* slumbers. This is the reading of the quarto. The folio has—*distasting*. MALONE.

Æne. [*Within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so
Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.[4]—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,[5]
or my heart will be blown up by the root![6]

[*Exit* Pandarus.

Cres. I must then to the Greeks?

Tro. No remedy.

Broken tears is sufficiently explained by—*interrupted* tears. So, in *King Henry VIII*: "You have now a *broken* banquet;" i. e. an *interrupted* one. Steevens.

[4] *Hark! you are call'd: Some say*, the Genius *so*
Cries, Come! *to him that instantly must die.*] An obscure poet (Flatman) has borrowed this thought:

"My soul just now about to take her flight,
"Into the regions of eternal night,
"Methinks I hear some gentle *spirit* say,
"Be not fearful, *come away!*"

After whom, Pope:

"Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, *come away.*" Malone.

Again, in *Eloisa to Abelard*:

"*Come*, sister, *come!* (it said, or seem'd to say,)
"Thy place is here, sad sister, *come away!*"

Steevens.

[5] *Where are my* tears? *rain, to lay this wind,*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"That *tears* will drown the *wind.*"

Perhaps, rain, to lay this wind! is an optative, and as if he had said—O for tears &c.! and so I have pointed it.

Steevens.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
"Holds back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
"At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er." Malone.

[6] —— *by* the root!] So the folio. Quarto—by *my throat.*
Malone.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks![7]
When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart,——

Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?[8]

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:
I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to death[9] himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens!—be true, again?

[7] *A woeful Cressid 'mongst the* merry Greeks!] So, in *A mad World my Masters*, 1608, a man gives the watchmen some money, and when they have received it he says: "the *merry Greeks* understand me." Steevens.

See p. 248, n. 3. Malone.

[8] ——*what wicked* deem *is this?*] *Deem* (a word now obsolete) signifies, *opinion, surmise.* Steevens.

[9] *For I will throw my glove to death*—] That is, I will *challenge* death himself in defence of thy fidelity. Johnson.

TRO. Hear why I speak it, love;
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,[1]
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelty may move, and parts with person,[2]
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,)
Makes me afeard.

CRES. O heavens! you love me not.

TRO. Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt,[3] nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,

[1] They're *loving*, &c.] This line is not in the quarto. The folio reads—*Their* loving. This slight correction I proposed some time ago, and I have lately perceived it was made by Mr. Pope. It also has *gift* of nature. That emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. In the preceding line "*full* of quality," means, I think, absolute, perfect, in their dispositions. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre:*

"So buxom, blithe, and *full* of face,
"As heaven had lent her all his grace." MALONE.

The irregularity of metre in this speech, (unless the epithet—*loving* be considered as an interpolation,) together with the obscure phrase—full of *quality*, induce me to suspect the loss of some words which are now irretrievable. *Full of quality*, however, may mean *highly accomplished*. So, in Chapman's version of the fourteenth *Iliad:*

"—— Besides all this, he was well *qualitied*."

The construction, indeed, may be—*of full quality*. Thus, in the same translator's version of the third *Iliad*, "full of size" is apparently used for—*of full size*. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*with* person,] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*with* portion. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*the high* lavolt,] The *lavolta* was a dance. See Vol. XII. p. 387, n. 9. STEEVENS.

To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly:[4] but be not tempted.

CRES. Do you think, I will?

TRO. No.
But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

ÆNE. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,——

TRO. Come, kiss; and let us part.

PAR. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

TRO. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

CRES. My lord, will you be true?

TRO. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;[5]
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,[6]—there's all the reach of it.

[4] *There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,*
That tempts most cunningly:] This passage may chance to remind the reader of another in *Othello:*
"For here's a young and sweating devil here,
"That commonly rebels." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *catch mere simplicity;*] The meaning, I think, is, *while others*, by their art, gain high estimation, I, by honesty, obtain a plain simple approbation. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *the* moral *of my wit*
Is – plain, and true,] *Moral*, in this instance, has the same meaning as in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III. sc. iv:

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, *and* Diomedes.

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port,[7] lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the way, possess thee what she is.[8]
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,

" Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some *moral* in this Benedictus."

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. sc. iv:

" —— he has left me here behind to expound the *meaning or moral* of his signs and tokens." Tollet.

[7] *At the* port,] The *port* is the *gate*. So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II:

" That keeps the *ports* of slumber open wide."

Steevens.

[8] —— possess *thee what she is.*] I will *make thee fully understand*. This sense of the word *possess* is frequent in our author. Johnson.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

" —— Is he yet *possess'd*
" How much you would?" Steevens.

In praising her:[9] I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,[1]
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

DIO. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust:[2] And know you, lord,

[9] *To shame the* zeal *of my petition* to *thee,*
In *praising her:*] [Old copies—the *seal.*] To *shame* the *seal* of a petition is nonsense. Shakspeare wrote:
To shame the zeal——
and the sense is this: Grecian, you use me discourteously: you see I am a *passionate* lover by my petition to you; and therefore you should not shame the *zeal* of it, by promising to do what I require of you, for the sake of her *beauty:* when, if you had good manners, or a sense of a *lover's* delicacy, you would have promised to do it in compassion to his *pangs* and *sufferings.*
WARBURTON.

Troilus, I suppose, means to say, that Diomede does not use him courteously by addressing himself to Cressida, and assuring her that she shall be well treated for her own sake, and on account of her singular beauty, instead of making a direct answer to that *warm* request which Troilus had just made to him to "entreat her fair." The subsequent words fully support this interpretation:

"I charge thee, use her well, *even for my charge.*"
MALONE.

[1] *She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,*] So, in *The Tempest:*

"—— she will outstrip all praise—." STEEVENS.

[2] —— *my* lust:] *List*, I think, is right, though both the old copies read *lust.* JOHNSON.

Lust is *inclination, will.* HENLEY.

So, in *Exodus*, xv. 9: "I will divide the spoil; my *lust* shall be satisfied upon them."

I'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Tro. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee,[3] Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt* Troilus, Cressida, *and* Diomed.

[*Trumpet heard.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field with him.

In many of our ancient writers, *lust* and *list* are synonymously employed. So, in Chapman's version of the seventeenth *Iliad*:

" —— Sarpedon, guest and friend
" To thee, (and most deservedly) thou flew'st from in his end,
" And left'st to all the *lust* of Greece."

I'll answer to my lust, means—I'll follow my inclination.

Steevens.

Lust was used formerly as synonymous to *pleasure*. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" —— the eyes of men through loopholes thrust,
" Gazing upon the Greeks with little *lust*." Malone.

[3] —— I'll *tell thee*,] This phraseology (instead of—" *I* tell thee") occurs almost too frequently in our author to need exemplification. One instance of it, however, shall be given from *King John*, Act V. sc. vi:

" *I'll* tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night
" Passing these flats are taken by the tide."

Again, in the first line of *King Henry V.*:

" My lord, *I'll* tell you, that self bill is urg'd—."

Mr. Malone, conceiving this mode of speech to be merely a printer's error, reads, in the former instance—" *I* tell thee," though, in the two passages just cited, he retains the ancient, and perhaps the true reading. Steevens.

DEI. Let us make ready straight.[4]

ÆNE. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

[4] Dei. *Let us make ready straight.* &c.] These five lines are not in the quarto, being probably added at the revision. JOHNSON.

But why should *Diomed* say—*Let* us *make ready straight?* Was HE *to tend* with them on *Hector's heels?* Certainly not. *Dio.* has therefore crept in by mistake; the line either is part of Paris's speech, or belongs to *Deiphobus*, who is in company. As to *Diomed*, he neither goes along with them, nor has any thing to get ready: — he is now walking with Troilus and Cressida, towards the gate, on his way to the Grecian camp. RITSON.

This last speech cannot possibly belong to *Diomede*, who was a Grecian, and could not have addressed Paris and Æneas, as if they were going on the same party. This is, in truth, a continuation of the speech of *Paris*, and the preceding stage direction should run thus: "*Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomed who had the charge of Cressida.*" M. MASON.

To the first of these lines, "*Let us make ready straight,*" is prefixed in the folio, where alone the passage is found, *Dio.*

I suspect these five lines were an injudicious addition by the actors, for the sake of concluding the scene with a couplet; to which (if there be no corruption) they were more attentive than to the country of Diomed, or the particular commission he was entrusted with by the Greeks. The line in question, however, as has been suggested, may belong to *Deiphobus*. From Æneas's second speech, in p. 387, and the stage-direction in the quarto and folio prefixed to the third scene of this Act, Deiphobus appears to be now on the stage; and *Dio.* and *Dei.* might have been easily confounded. As this slight change removes the absurdity, I have adopted it. It was undoubtedly intended by Shakspeare that Diomed should make his *exit* with Troilus and Cressida. MALONE.

SCENE V.

The Grecian *Camp. Lists set out.*

Enter AJAX, *armed;* AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, *and Others.*

AGAM. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,[5]
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

AJAX. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek[6]
Out-swell the colick of puff'd Aquilon:

[5] —— *in* appointment *fresh and fair,*] *Appointment* is preparation. So, in *Measure for Measure:*

"Therefore your best *appointment* make with speed."

Again, in *King Henry V.* Part 1:

"What well-*appointed* leader fronts us here?"

i. e. what leader well prepared with arms and accoutrements? STEEVENS.

On the other hand, in *Hamlet:*

"Unhousell'd, *disappointed*, unanneal'd." MALONE.

[6] —— *bias cheek*—] Swelling out like the bias of a bowl. JOHNSON.

So, in *Vittoria Corombona, or the White Devil*, 1612:

"—— 'Faith his cheek
"Has a most excellent *bias* —."

The idea is taken from the puffy cheeks of the winds, as represented in ancient prints, maps, &c. STEEVENS.

Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*

ULYSS. No trumpet answers.

ACHIL. 'Tis but early days.

AGAM. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

ULYSS. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, *with* CRESSIDA.

AGAM. Is this the lady Cressid?

DIO. Even she.

AGAM. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

NEST. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

ULYSS. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.

NEST. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.

ACHIL. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

MEN. I had good argument for kissing once.

PATR. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.

ULYSS. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine: Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir:—Lady, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render, or receive?[7]

Patr. Both take and give.[8]

Cres. I'll make my match to live,[9]
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o'the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

[7] *In kissing, do you* render, *or* receive?] Thus, Bassanio, in *The Merchant of Venice*, when he kisses Portia:

"—— Fair lady, by your leave,
"I come by note, to *give*, and to *receive*." Steevens.

[8] Patr. *Both take and give.*] This speech should rather be given to Menelaus. Tyrwhitt.

[9] *I'll make my match to live,*] I will make such *bargains* as I may live by, *such as may bring me profit*, therefore will not take a worse kiss than I give. Johnson.

I believe this only means—*I'll lay my life*. Tyrwhitt.

CRES. You may.

ULYSS. I do desire it.

CRES. Why, beg then.[1]

ULYSS. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

CRES. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

ULYSS. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.[2]

DIO. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father. [DIOMED *leads out* CRESSIDA.

NEST. A woman of quick sense.

ULYSS. Fye, fye upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks;[3] her wanton spirits look out

[1] *Why, beg* then.] For the sake of rhyme we should read:
Why beg two.
If you think kisses worth begging, beg more than one.
JOHNSON.

[2] *Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.*] I once gave both these lines to Cressida. She bids Ulysses beg a kiss; he asks that he may have it,
" When Helen is a maid again,—."
She tells him that then he shall have it,—When Helen is a maid again:
" *Cres.* I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
" *Ulyss.* Never's my day, and then a kiss *for* you."
But I rather think Ulysses means to slight her, and that the present reading is right. JOHNSON.

[3] *There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,*
Nay, her foot speaks; &c.] One would almost think that Shakspeare had, on this occasion, been reading St. Chrysostom, who says—" *Non loquuta es lingua, sed loquuta es gressu; non loquuta es voce, sed oculis loquuta es clarius quam voce;*" i. e. " They say nothing with their mouthes, they speake in their gate, they speake with their eyes, they speake in the carriage of their bodies." I have borrowed this invective against a wanton, as well as the translation of it, from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part III. Sect. ii. Memb. 2. Subs. 3. STEEVENS.

At every joint and motive of her body.[4]
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,[5]

[4] —— motive *of her body.*] *Motive*, for *part that contributes to motion.* JOHNSON.

This word is also employed, with some singularity, in *All's well that ends well:*

" As it hath fated her to be my *motive*
" And helper to a husband." STEEVENS.

[5] *O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,*
That give a coasting *welcome ere it comes,*] Ere what comes? As this passage stands, the pronoun *it* has no antecedent. Johnson says, *a coasting* means an *amorous address, courtship*, but he has given no example to prove it, or shown how the word can possibly bear that meaning. I have no doubt but we should read:

And give accosting *welcome ere it come.* M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason's conjecture is plausible and ingenious; and yet, without some hesitation, it cannot be admitted into the text.

A *coasting welcome* may mean a *side-long glance of invitation.* Ere *it* comes, may signify, *before such an overture has reached her.* Perhaps, therefore, the plain sense of the passage may be, that Cressida is one of those females who *throw out their lure, before any like signal has been made to them by our sex.*

I always advance with reluctance what I cannot prove by examples; and yet, perhaps, I may be allowed to add, that in some old book of voyages which I have formerly read, I remember that the phrase, a *coasting salute*, was used to express a salute of guns from a ship passing by a fortified place at which the navigator did not design to stop, though the salute was instantly returned. So, in *Othello:*

" They do discharge their shot of courtesy;
" Our friends, at least."

Again:

" They give this greeting to the citadel:
" This likewise is a friend."

Cressida may therefore resemble a fortress which salutes before it has been saluted. STEEVENS.

A *coasting welcome* is a conciliatory welcome; that makes

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,[5]
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*

ALL. The Trojans' trumpet.

AGAM. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, *armed;* ÆNEAS, TROILUS, *and other* Trojans, *with Attendants.*

ÆNE. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands?[6] Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity[7]
Pursue each other; or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

AGAM. Which way would Hector have it?

ÆNE. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

silent *advances* before the tongue has uttered a word. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

"Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,
"And all in haste she *coasteth* to the cry." MALONE.

[5] —— *sluttish spoils of opportunity,*] Corrupt wenches, of whose chastity every opportunity may make a prey. JOHNSON.

[6] —— what shall be done
To him that victory commands?] This phrase is scriptural, and signifies—*what honour shall he receive?* So, in I. *Samuel* xvii. 26: "*What shall be done to* the man that killeth this Philistine?" STEEVENS.

[7] —— *to the edge of all extremity*—] So, in *All's well that ends well:* "To the extreme edge of hazard." STEEVENS.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,[8]

[8] *'Tis done like Hector, but* securely done,] This speech, in the old copies, is given to Agamemnon. Malone.

It seems absurd to me, that Agamemnon should make a remark to the disparagement of Hector for pride, and that Æneas should immediately say—

"If not Achilles, sir, what is your name?"

To Achilles I have ventured to place it; and consulting Mr. Dryden's alteration of this play, I was not a little pleased to find, that I had but seconded the opinion of that great man in this point. Theobald.

Though all the old copies agree in giving this speech to Agamemnon, I have no doubt but Theobald is right in restoring it to Achilles. It is this very speech, so much in character, that makes Æneas immediately recognize Achilles, and say in reply—

"If not Achilles, sir, what is your name?"

And it is to Achilles he afterwards addresses himself in reply to this speech; on which he answers the observation it contains on Hector's conduct, by giving his just character, and clearing himself from the charge of pride.—I have already observed that the copies of this play are uncommonly faulty with respect to the distribution of the speeches to the proper persons. M. Mason.

—— securely *done,*] In the sense of the Latin, *securus*—*securus admodum de bello, animi securi homo.* A negligent security arising from a contempt of the object opposed.

Warburton.

Dr. Warburton truly observes, that the word *securely* is here used in the Latin sense: and Mr. Warner, in his ingenious letter to Mr. Garrick, thinks the sense peculiar to Shakspeare; "for (says he) I have not been able to trace it elsewhere." This gentleman has treated me with so much civility, that I am bound in honour to remove his difficulty.

It is to be found in the last act of *The Spanish Tragedy:*

"O damned devil, how *secure* he is."

In my Lord Bacon's *Essay on Tumults,* "— neither let any prince or state be *secure* concerning discontents." And besides these, in Drayton, Fletcher, and the vulgar translation of the Bible.

Mr. Warner had as little success in his researches for the word *religion* in its Latin acceptation. I meet with it however in Hoby's translation of *Castilio,* 1561: "Some be so scrupulous, as it were, with a *religion* of this their Tuscane tung."

A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd.

ÆNE. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

ACHIL. If not Achilles, nothing.

ÆNE. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know this;—
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:[1]
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.[2]

ACHIL. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Ben Jonson more than once uses both the *substantive* and the *adjective* in this sense.

As to the word *Cavalero*, with the Spanish termination, it is to be found in Heywood, Withers, Davies, Taylor, and many other writers. FARMER.

[9] *Valour and pride* excel *themselves in Hector;*] Shakspeare's thought is not exactly deduced. Nicety of expression is not his character. The meaning is plain: "Valour (says Æneas,) is in Hector greater than valour in other men, and pride in Hector is less than pride in other men. So that Hector is distinguished by the excellence of having pride less than other pride, and valour more than other valour." JOHNSON.

[1] *This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:*] Ajax and Hector were cousin-germans. MALONE.

[2] —— *half Trojan, and half Greek.*] Hence Thersites, in a former scene, called Ajax a *mongrel*. See p. 291, n. 8. MALONE.

Re-enter DIOMED.

AGAM. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath:[3] the combatants being kin,
Half stints[4] their strife before their strokes begin.
[AJAX *and* HECTOR *enter the lists.*

ULYSS. They are oppos'd already.

AGAM. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

ULYSS. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;[5]
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought[6] with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;

[3] ——*a* breath:] i. e. a breathing, a slight exercise of arms. See p. 319, n. 7. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*stints*—] i. e. stops. So, in *Timon of Athens:*
" —— make peace, *stint* war——." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*deedless in his tongue;*] i. e. no boaster of his own deeds. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*an* impair *thought*—] A thought unsuitable to the dignity of his character. This word I should have changed to *impure*, were I not overpowered by the unanimity of the editors, and concurrence of the old copies. JOHNSON.

So, in Chapman's preface to his translation of the *Shield of Homer*, 1598: " —nor is it more *impaire* to an honest and absolute man" &c. STEEVENS.

For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects;[7] but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.[8]
[*Alarum.* HECTOR *and* AJAX *fight.*

AGAM. They are in action.

NEST. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

TRO. Hector, thou sleep'st;
Awake thee!

AGAM. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!

DIO. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*

ÆNE. Princes, enough, so please you.

AJAX. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

DIO. As Hector pleases.

HECT. Why then, will I no more:—
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
That thou could'st say—*This hand is Grecian all,*

[7] —— *Hector,——subscribes*
To tender objects;] That is, *yields, gives way.* JOHNSON.

So, in *King Lear*: "—*subscrib'd* his power;" i. e. submitted. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *thus translate him to me.*] Thus *explain his character.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*:

"There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves;
"You must *translate.*" STEEVENS.

And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds-in my father's; by Jove multipotent,
Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
My sacred aunt,[9] should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition[1] earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
Cries, *This is he*,) could promise to himself[2]
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

[9] *My* sacred *aunt*,] It is remarkable that the Greeks give to the uncle the title of Sacred, Θειος. Patruus avunculus ὁ πρὸς πατρὸς, θεῖος, Gaz. de Senec. patruus ὁ πρὸς μητρὸς θειος, avunculus, Budæi Lexic.—Θειος is also used absolutely for ὁ πρὸς πατρὸς θειος, Euripid. Iphigen. Taurid. l. 930:

"Ἰφ. Ἦ που κασιγνήτης θεῖός ὑμᾶσεν δόμους."

And Xenoph. Κυρου παιδ. Lib. I. passim. Vaillant.

This circumstance may tend to establish an opinion I have elsewhere expressed, that this play was not the entire composition of Shakspeare, to whom the Grecism before us was probably unknown. Steevens.

[1] *A great* addition—] i. e. denomination. See p. 214, n. 5. Steevens.

[2] *Not Neoptolemus* so mirable
(*On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes*
Cries, This is he,) *could promise to himself* &c.] Dr. War-

ÆNE. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

burton observes, that " the sense and spirit of Hector's speech requires that the most celebrated of his adversaries should be picked out to be defied, and this was Achilles himself, not his son Neoptolemus, who was yet but an apprentice in warfare." In the rage of correction therefore he reads :

Not Neoptolemus's sire irascible.

Such a licentious conjecture deserves no attention. MALONE.

My opinion is, that by Neoptolemus the author meant Achilles himself; and remembering that the son was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, considered Neoptolemus as the *nomen gentilitium*, and thought the father was likewise Achilles Neoptolemus.

JOHNSON.

Shakspeare might have used Neoptolemus for Achilles. Wilfride Holme, the author of a poem called *The Fall and evil Successe of Rebellion*, &c. 1537, had made the same mistake before him, as the following stanza will show :

" Also the triumphant Troyans victorious,
" By Anthenor and Æneas false confederacie,
" Sending Polidamus to *Neoptolemus*,
" Who was vanquished and subdued by their conspiracie.
" O dolorous fortune, and fatal miserie!
" For multitude of people was there mortificate
" With condigne Priamus and all his progenie,
" And flagrant Polixene, that lady delicate."

In Lydgate, however, Achilles, *Neoptolemus*, and Pyrrhus, are distinct characters. *Neoptolemus* is enumerated among the Grecian princes who first embarked to revenge the rape of Helen :

" The valiant Grecian called *Neoptolemus*,
" That had his haire as blacke as any jet," &c. p. 102.

and Pyrrhus, very properly, is not heard of till after the death of his father :

" Sith that *Achilles* in such traiterous wise
" Is slaine, that we a messenger should send
" To fetch his son yong *Pyrrhus*, to the end
" He may revenge his father's death," &c. p. 237.

STEEVENS.

I agree with Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens, in thinking that Shakspeare supposed Neoptolemus was the *nomen gentilitium* ; an error into which he might have been led by some book of the

HECT. We'll answer it;[3]
The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.

AJAX. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As seld I have the chance,) I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

DIO. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish: and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

HECT. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.[4]

AJAX. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

HECT. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

time. That by *Neoptolemus* he meant Achilles, and not Pyrrhus, may be inferred from a former passage in p. 373, by which it appears that he knew Pyrrhus had not yet engaged in the siege of Troy:

"But it must grieve young Pyrrhus, *now at home*," &c.
MALONE.

[3] *We'll answer it;*] That is, answer the *expectance*.
JOHNSON.

[4] —— *your knights.*] The word *knight*, as often as it occurs, is sure to bring with it the idea of chivalry, and revives the memory of Amadis and his fantastick followers, rather than that of the mighty confederates who fought on either side in the Trojan war. I wish that *eques* and *armiger* could have been rendered by any other words than *knight* and *'squire*. Mr. Pope, in his translation of the *Iliad*, is very liberal of the latter. STEEVENS.

These knights, to the amount of about *two hundred thousand*, (for there were not less in both armies,) Shakspeare found, with all the appendages of chivalry, in *The Three Destructions of Troy*. MALONE.

AGAM. Worthy of arms![5] as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Understand more clear,
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,[6]
From heart of very heart,[7] great Hector welcome.

HECT. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.[8]

AGAM. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you. [*To* TROILUS.

MEN. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;—
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

HECT. Whom must we answer?

MEN. The noble Menelaus.[9]

[5] *Worthy* of *arms!*] Folio. *Worthy* all *arms!* Quarto. The quarto has only the first, second, and the last line of this salutation; the intermediate verses seem added on a revision. JOHNSON.

[6] —— divine *integrity,*] i. e. integrity like that of heaven. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *heart of very heart,*] So, in *Hamlet:*
"In my heart's core, ay in my *heart of heart.*"
STEEVENS.

[8] —— *most* imperious *Agamemnon.*] *Imperious* and *imperial* had formerly the same signification. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*
"*Imperious* supreme of all mortal things." MALONE.
Again, in *Titus Andronicus:*
"King, be thy thoughts *imperious*, like thy name."
STEEVENS.

[9] Men. *The noble Menelaus.*] Mr. Ritson supposes this speech to belong to *Æneas.* REED.

HECT. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:[1]
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

MEN. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

HECT. O, pardon; I offend.

NEST. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth:[2] and I have seen thee,

As I cannot suppose that Menelaus would style himself "the *noble* Menelaus," I think Ritson right in giving this speech to *Æneas*. M. MASON.

[1] *Mock not*, &c.] The quarto has here a strange corruption: *Mock not* thy affect, *the untreaded earth*. JOHNSON.

—— *the* untraded *oath;*] A singular oath, not in common use. So, in *King Richard II:*

"—— some way of common *trade*."

Under the lady's oath perhaps more is meant than meets the ear: unless the poet caught his idea from Grange's *Golden Aphroditis*, 4to. 1577, sign. M ij: "At this upper borde next unto Jupiter on the right hande sat Juno, that honourable and gracious goddesse his wyfe: Nexte unto hyr satte *Venus*, the goddesse of love, *with a* GLOVE *made of floures sticking in hyr bosome*." MALONE.

Glove, in the preceding extract, must be a corruption of some other word, perhaps of—*Globe*. A flowery globe might have been worn by Venus as an emblem of the influence of Love, which, by adding graces and pleasures to the *world*, may, poetically, be said to cover it with flowers.

Our ancient nosegays also (as may be known from several old engravings) were nearly *globular*. But what idea can be communicated by *a glove made of flowers?* or how could any form resembling a *glove*, be produced out of such materials?

STEEVENS.

[2] *Labouring for destiny*, &c.] The vicegerent of Fate. So, in *Coriolanus:*

As hot as Perseus, spur[3] thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,[4]
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;[5]
That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,[6]
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;

" ——His sword, *death's stamp*,
" Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
" He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
" Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
" The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
" With shunless *destiny*." MALONE.

[3] *As hot as* Perseus, spur—] As the equestrian fame of *Perseus*, on the present occasion, must be alluded to, this simile will serve to countenance my opinion, that in a former instance his *horse* was meant for a real one, and not, allegorically, for a ship. See p. 261, n. 4. STEEVENS.

[4] *Despising many forfeits and subduements,*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:
" And seen thee scorning *forfeits and subduements*."
JOHNSON.

[5] *When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'the air,*
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;] Dr. Young appears to have imitated this passage in the second Act of his *Busiris:*
" ——my rais'd arm
" Has *hung in air*, forgetful to descend,
" And for a moment spar'd the prostrate foe."
STEEVENS.

So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II:
" And hangs resolv'd correction in the air,
" That was uprear'd to execution."
The *declin'd* is the *fallen*. So, in *Timon of Athens:*
" Not one accompanying his *declining* foot." MALONE.

[6] ——*thy grandsire,*] Laomedon. STEEVENS.

But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

ÆNE. 'Tis the old Nestor.[7]

HECT. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

NEST. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend[8] with thee in courtesy.

HECT. I would they could.

NEST. Ha!
By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—

ULYSS. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

HECT. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

ULYSS. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;

[7] *'Tis the old Nestor.*] So, in *Julius Cæsar:*

"Old Cassius still."

If the poet had the same idea in both passages, Æneas means, "Nestor is still the same talkative old man, we have long known him to be." He may, however, only mean to inform Hector that Nestor is the person who has addressed him.

MALONE.

I believe, that Æneas, who acts as master of the ceremonies, is now merely announcing Nestor to Hector, as he had before announced Menelaus to him; for, as Mr. Ritson has observed, the last speech in p. 416, most evidently belongs to Æneas.

STEEVENS.

[8] *As they contend—*] This line is not in the quarto.

JOHNSON.

For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,[e]
Must kiss their own feet.

HECT. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

ULYSS. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

ACHIL. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou![f]—

[e] *Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"Threatening *cloud kissing Ilion* with annoy."

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"Whose *towers* bore *heads* so high, they *kiss'd the clouds.*"

Ilion, according to Shakspeare's authority, was the name of Priam's palace, "that was one of the richest and strongest that ever was in all the world. And it was of height five hundred paces, besides the height of the *towers*, whereof there was great plenty, and so high as that it seemed to them that saw them from farre, *they raught up unto the heaven.*" *The Destruction of Troy*, Book II. p. 478.

So also Lydgate, sign. F 8, verso:

"And whan he gan to his worke approche,
"He made it builde hye upon a *roche*,
"It for to assure in his foundation,
"And called it the noble *Ylion.*"

Shakspeare was thinking of this circumstance when he wrote, in the first Act, these lines. Troilus is the speaker:

"Between our Ilium, and where she resides, [i. e. Troy]
"Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood."

MALONE.

[f] *I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou!*] Should we not read—*though?* Notwithstanding you have invited Hector to

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;[2]
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.[3]

HECT. Is this Achilles?

ACHIL. I am Achilles.

HECT. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

your tent, I shall draw him first into mine. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Cupid's Revenge*, Act III. sc. i:

" —— O dissembling woman,
" Whom I must reverence *though* ——." TYRWHITT.

The repetition of *thou!* was anciently used by one who meant to insult another. So, in *Twelfth-Night*: " —if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss."

Again, in *The Tempest*:

" Thou ly'st, thou jesting monkey, *thou!*"

Again, in the first scene of the fifth Act of this play: " —thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, *thou!*" STEEVENS.

Steevens's observations on the use of the word *thou* are perfectly just, and therefore I agree with Tyrwhitt that we ought to read: "—lord Ulysses, *though!*" as it could not be the intention of Achilles to affront Ulysses, but merely to inform him, that he expected to entertain Hector before he did.

M. MASON.

Mr. Steevens's remark is incontrovertibly true; but Ulysses had not said any thing to excite such contempt. MALONE.

Perhaps the scorn of Achilles arose from a supposition that Ulysses, by inviting Hector immediately after his visit to Agamemnon, designed to represent himself as the person next in rank and consequence to the general of the Grecian forces.

STEEVENS.

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;] The hint for this scene of altercation between Achilles and Hector is taken from Lydgate. See p. 178. STEEVENS.

And quoted joint by joint.] To *quote* is to observe. So, in *Hamlet*:

" I'm sorry that with better heed and judgment
" I had not *quoted* him."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

" *Thu.* And how *quote* you my folly?
" *Val.* I *quote* it in your jerkin." STEEVENS.

ACHIL. Behold thy fill.

HECT. Nay, I have done already.

ACHIL. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

HECT. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

ACHIL. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!

HECT. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

ACHIL. I tell thee, yea.

HECT. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,[4]
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;

[4] *But, by the forge that* stithied *Mars his helm,*] A *stithy* is an *anvil*, and from hence the verb *stithied* is formed. M. MASON.

The word is still used in Yorkshire. MALONE.

A *stith* is an anvil, a *stithy* a smith's shop. See *Hamlet*, Act III. sc. ii. Vol. XVIII. STEEVENS.

But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never——

AJAX. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.[5]

HECT. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting wars,[6] since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

ACHIL. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

HECT. Thy hand upon that match.

AGAM. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive[7] we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—

[5] ——*the general state, I fear,*
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.] Ajax treats Achilles with contempt, and means to insinuate that he was afraid of fighting with Hector. "You may every day (says he) have enough of Hector, if you choose it; but I believe the whole state of Greece will scarcely prevail on you to engage with him."

To have a *stomach* to any thing is, to have an inclination to it. M. MASON.

[6] ——pelting *wars,*] i. e. petty, inconsiderable ones. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream:*

"Have every *pelting* river made so proud," &c.

See Vol. IV. p. 357, n. 5. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*convive*—] To *convive* is to *feast*. This word is not peculiar to Shakspeare. I find it several times used in *The History of Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, bl. l. no date.

STEEVENS.

Beat loud the tabourines,[8] let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.[9]
[*Exeunt all but* TROILUS *and* ULYSSES.

TRO. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

ULYSS. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

TRO. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

ULYSS. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?

TRO. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.
[*Exeunt.*

[8] *Beat loud the* tabourines,] For this the quarto and the latter editions have—

To taste your bounties.

The reading which I have given from the folio seems chosen at the revision, to avoid the repetition of the word *bounties*. JOHNSON.

Tabourines are small drums. The word occurs again in *Antony and Cleopatra*. STEEVENS.

[9] *That this great soldier may his welcome know.*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"That this great king may kindly say,
"Our duties did his welcome pay." STEEVENS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Grecian *Camp. Before* Achilles' *Tent.*

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.[1]—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.[2]

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature,[3] what's the news?

[1] *I'll heat his* blood *with Greekish wine to-night,*
Which *with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.*] Grammar requires us to read—
With Greekish wine to-night I'll heat his blood,
Which *&c.*
Otherwise, Achilles threatens to cool the wine, instead of Hector's blood. Steevens.

[2] ——*to the height.*] The same phrase occurs in *King Henry VIII:*
"He's traitor *to the height.*" Steevens.

[3] *Thou crusty* batch *of nature,*] *Batch* is changed by Theobald to *botch*, and the change is justified by a pompous note, which discovers that he did not know the word *batch*. What is more strange, Hanmer has followed him. *Batch* is any thing *baked*. Johnson.

Batch does not signify any thing baked, but all that is baked at one time, without heating the oven afresh. So, Ben Jonson, in his *Catiline:*
"Except he were of the same meal and *batch*."

THER. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

ACHIL. From whence, fragment?

THER. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

PATR. Who keeps the tent now?

THER. The surgeon's box,[4] or the patient's wound.

PATR. Well said, Adversity![5] and what need these tricks?

THER. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

PATR. Male varlet,[6] you rogue! what's that?

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612: "The best is, there are but two *batches* of people moulded in this world."

Again, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600: "Hast thou made a good *batch?* I pray thee give me a new loaf."

Again, in *Every Man in his Humour:* "Is all the rest of this *batch?*"

Thersites had already been called *cobloaf.* STEEVENS.

[4] *The surgeon's box,*] In this answer Thersites only quibbles upon the word *tent.* HANMER.

[5] *Well said,* Adversity!] *Adversity*, I believe, in this instance, signifies *contrariety.* The reply of Thersites has been studiously *adverse* to the drift of the question urged by Patroclus. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, the Princess, addressing Boyet, (who had been capriciously employing himself to *perplex* the dialogue,) says—"avaunt, *Perplexity!*" STEEVENS.

[6] *Male varlet,*] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*Male harlot*, plausibly enough, except that it seems too plain to require the explanation which Patroclus demands. JOHNSON.

This expression is met with in Decker's *Honest Whore:* "—'tis a *male varlet*, sure, my lord!" FARMER.

The person spoken of in Decker's play is Bellafronte, a harlot, who is introduced in boy's clothes. I have no doubt that the text is right. MALONE.

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o'gravel i'the back, lethargies, cold palsies,[7] raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i'the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt;[8] you whoreson indistinguishable cur,[9] no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou

There is nothing either criminal or extraordinary in a *male varlet*. The word *preposterous* is well adapted to express the idea of Thersites. The sense therefore requires that we should adopt Hanmer's amendment. M. Mason.

Man-mistress is a term of reproach thrown out by Dorax, in Dryden's *Don Sebastian, King of Portugal*. See, however, Professor Heyne's 17th *Excursus* on the first Book of the *Æneid*, edit. 1787, p. 161. Steevens.

[7] ——*cold palsies,*] This catalogue of loathsome maladies ends in the folio at *cold palsies*. This passage, as it stands, is in the quarto: the retrenchment was, in my opinion, judicious. It may be remarked, though it proves nothing, that, of the few alterations made by Milton in the second edition of his wonderful poem, one was, an enlargement of the enumeration of diseases. Johnson.

[8] ——*you ruinous butt;* &c.] Patroclus reproaches Thersites with deformity, with having one part crouded into another. Johnson.

The same idea occurs in *The Second Part of King Henry IV:*
" Croud us and crush us to this monstrous form."
Steevens.

[9] —— indistinguishable *cur,*] i. e. thou cur of an undeterminate shape. Steevens.

idle immaterial skein of sleive silk,[1] thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies;[2] diminutives of nature![3]

PATR. Out, gall![4]

THER. Finch egg![5]

ACHIL. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;[6]
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep

[1] —— *thou idle immaterial skein of* sleive *silk,*] All the terms used by Thersites of Patroclus, are emblematically expressive of flexibility, compliance, and mean officiousness. JOHNSON.

Sleive silk has been already explained. See Vol. X. p. 112, n. 9. MALONE.

[2] —— *such* water-flies;] So, Hamlet, speaking of Osrick: "Dost know this *water-fly?*" STEEVENS.

[3] —— diminutives *of nature!*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"—— be shown
"For poor'st *diminutives*, for dolts,—" STEEVENS.

[4] Out, *gall!*] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*nut*-gall, which answers well enough to *finch-egg;* it has already appeared, that our author thought the *nut-gall* the bitter gall. He is called *nut*, from the conglobation of his form; but both the copies read—*Out gall!* JOHNSON.

[5] *Finch egg!*] Of this reproach I do not know the exact meaning. I suppose he means to call him *singing bird*, as implying an useless favourite, and yet more, something more worthless, a singing bird in the egg, or generally, a slight thing easily crushed. JOHNSON.

A finch's egg is remarkably gaudy; but of such terms of reproach it is difficult to pronounce the true signification. STEEVENS.

[6] *A token from her daughter*, &c.] This is a circumstance taken from the story book of *The Three Destructions of Troy.* HANMER.

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.——
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.—
Away, Patroclus.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

THER. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds;[7] a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit,[8] turn him to? To an ass, were

[7] *And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and* oblique *memorial of cuckolds;*] He calls *Menelaus the transformation of Jupiter*, that is, as himself explains it, the *bull*, on account of his *horns*, which he had as a cuckold. This cuckold he calls the *primitive statue of cuckolds*; i. e. his story had made him so famous, that he stood as the great archetype of his character. WARBURTON.

Mr. Heath observes, that "the memorial is called *oblique*, because it was only indirectly such, upon the common supposition, that both bulls and cuckolds were furnished with horns."
STEEVENS.

Perhaps Shakspeare meant nothing more by this epithet than *horned*, the bull's horns being crooked or *oblique*. Dr. Warburton, I think, mistakes. It is the bull, not Menelaus, that is *the primitive statue*, &c. MALONE.

[8] ——*forced with wit,*] Stuffed with wit. A term of cookery. In this speech I do not well understand what is meant by *loving quails*. JOHNSON.

By loving *quails* the poet may mean loving the company of

nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew,[9] a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and fires![1]

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, *and* DIOMED, *with Lights.*

AGAM. We go wrong, we go wrong.

AJAX. No, yonder 'tis;
There, where we see the lights.

harlots. A *quail* is remarkably salacious. Mr. Upton says that Xenophon, in his memoirs of Socrates, has taken notice of this quality in the bird. A similar allusion occurs in *The Hollander*, a comedy, by Glapthorne, 1640:

" —— the hot desire of *quails*,
" To yours is modest appetite." STEEVENS.

In old French, *caille* was synonymous to *fille de joie*. In the *Dict. Comique par le Roux*, under the article *caille*, are these words:

" Chaud comme une *caille*.—

" *Caille* coeffée,—Sobriquet qu'on donne aux *femmes*. Signifie femme eveillée, amoureuse."

So, in Rabelais:—" *Cailles* coiffées mignonnement chantans;" which Motteux has thus rendered (probably from the old translation): " coated *quails* and laced mutton, waggishly singing." MALONE.

[9] —— *a* fitchew,] i. e. a *polecat*. So, in *Othello*: " 'Tis such another *fitchew*, marry a perfum'd one—." STEEVENS.

[1] —— *spirits and fires!*] This Thersites speaks upon the first sight of the distant lights. JOHNSON.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Menelaus.[2]

Ther. Sweet draught:[3] Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night,
And welcome, both to those that go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[*Exeunt* Agamemnon *and* Menelaus.

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

[2] ——*sweet Menelaus.*] Old copy, redundantly,—sweet *lord* Menelaus. Steevens.

[3] *Sweet* draught:] *Draught* is the old word for *farica*. It is used in the vulgar translation of the Bible. Malone.

So, in Holinshed, and a thousand other places. Steevens.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes
To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.
[*Aside to* Troilus.

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.
[*Exit* Diomed; Ulysses *and* Troilus *following.*

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.
[*Exeunt* Achilles, Hector, Ajax, *and* Nestor.

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound;[4] but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious,[5] there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab,[6] and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*

[4] —— *he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound;*] If a hound *gives his mouth*, and is not upon the scent of the game, he is by sportsmen called a *babler* or *brabler*. The proverb says—" Brabling curs never want sore ears."
Anonymous.

[5] —— *prodigious,*] i. e. portentous, ominous. So, in *King Richard III:*
" *Prodigious*, and untimely brought to light."
Steevens.

[6] —— *they say, he keeps a Trojan drab,*] This character of Diomed is likewise taken from Lydgate. Steevens.

SCENE II.

The same. Before Calchas' *Tent.*

Enter DIOMEDES.

DIO. What are you up here, ho? speak.

CAL. [*Within.*] Who calls?

DIO. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

CAL. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS *and* ULYSSES, *at a distance; after them* THERSITES.

ULYSS. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

TRO. Cressid come forth to him!

DIO. How now, my charge?

CRES. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. [*Whispers.*

TRO. Yea, so familiar!

ULYSS. She will sing any man at first sight.[7]

THER. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff;[8] she's noted.

[7] *She will sing any man at first sight.*] We now say—sing *at sight*. The meaning is the same. MALONE.

[8] —— *her* cliff;] That is, her *key*. *Clef*, French. JOHNSON.

DIO. Will you remember?

CRES. Remember? yes.

DIO. Nay, but do then;[9]
And let your mind be coupled with your words.

TRO. What should she remember?

ULYSS. List!

CRES. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

THER. Roguery!

DIO. Nay, then,—

CRES. I'll tell you what:

DIO. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn.—

CRES. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

THER A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

DIO. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

CRES. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Cliff, i. e. a mark in musick at the beginning of the lines of a song; and is the indication of the pitch, and bespeaks what kind of voice—as base, tenour, or treble, it is proper for.
SIR J. HAWKINS.

So, in *The Chances*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, where Antonio, employing musical terms, says:
"—— Will none but my C. *cliff* serve your turn?"
Again, in *The Lover's Melancholy*, 1629:
"——— that's a bird
"Whom art had never taught *cliffs*, moods, or notes."
STEEVENS.

[9] Nay, *but do then;*] I suppose, for the sake of metre, the word—*Nay*, should be omitted. Yet such is the irregularity or mutilation of this dialogue, that it is not always easy to determine how much of it was meant for prose or verse. STEEVENS.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cres. Diomed,——

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cress. Hark! one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great destruction;[1] come, my lord.

Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

[1] *You flow to great destruction;*] Means, I think, your impetuosity is such as must necessarily expose you to *imminent danger*. Malone.

The folio has:

You flow to great distraction;——.

The quarto:

You flow to great destruction;——. Johnson.

I would adhere to the old reading: *You flow to great destruction*, or *distraction*, means the tide of your imagination will hurry you either to *noble death* from the hand of Diomedes, or to the *height of madness* from the predominance of your own passions. Steevens.

Possibly we ought to read *destruction*, as Ulysses has told Troilus just before:

"—— this place is dangerous;
"The time right deadly." M. Mason.

TRO. I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.

DIO. And so, good night.

CRES. Nay, but you part in anger.

TRO. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!

ULYSS. Why, how now, lord?

TRO. By Jove,
I will be patient.

CRES. Guardian!—why, Greek!

DIO. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.[2]

CRES. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

ULYSS. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?
You will break out.

TRO. She strokes his cheek!

ULYSS. Come, come.

TRO. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

THER. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe finger, tickles these together![3] Fry, lechery, fry!

DIO. But will you then?

[2] —— *palter.*] i. e. shuffle, behave with duplicity. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"And *palter* in the shifts of lowness." STEEVENS.

[3] *How the devil* luxury, *with his fat rump, and* potatoe *finger, tickles these together!*] *Potatoes* were anciently regarded as provocatives. See Mr. Collins's note, which, on account of its length, is given at the end of the play. STEEVENS.

Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*
Ulyss. You have sworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, my lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!
Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.[4]

[4] —— *keep this* sleeve.] The custom of wearing a lady's *sleeve* for a favour, is mentioned in Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 12: "—One ware on his head-piece his lady's *sleeve*, and another bare on his helme the glove of his deareling."

Again, in the second canto of *The Barons' Wars*, by Drayton:

"A lady's *sleeve* high-spirited Hastings wore."

Again, in the *Morte Arthur*, p. 3, ch. 119: "When Queen Genever wist that Sir Launcelot beare the red *sleeve* of the faire maide of Astolat, she was nigh out of her minde for anger." Holinshed, p. 884, says, King Henry VIII. "had on his head a ladies *sleeve* full of diamonds." The circumstance, however, was adopted by Shakspeare from Chaucer, T. and C. l. 5. 1040: "She made him were a pencell of her *sleeve*." A *pencell* is a small *pennon* or streamer. Steevens.

In an old play, (in six acts,) called *Histriomastix*, 1610, this incident seems to be burlesqued. *Troilus* and *Cressida* are introduced by way of interlude; and *Cressida* breaks out:

"O Knight, with valour in thy face,
"Here take my skreene, wear it for grace;
"Within thy helmet put the same,
"Therewith to make thine enemies lame."

A little old book, *The Hundred Hystoryes of Troye*, tells us, "*Bryseyde* whom master *Chaucer* calleth *Cresseyde*, was a damosell of great beaute; and yet was more quaynte, mutable, and full of vagaunt condysions." Farmer.

TRO. O beauty! where's thy faith?

ULYSS. My lord,——

TRO. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

CRES. You look upon that sleeve; Behold it well.—
He loved me—O false wench!—Give't me again.

DIO. Who was't?

CRES. No matter, now[5] I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

THER. Now she sharpens;—Well said, whetstone.

DIO. I shall have it.[6]

CRES. What, this?

DIO. Ay, that.

CRES. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,

This *sleeve* was given by Troilus to Cressida at their parting, and she gave him a glove in return. M. MASON.

What Mr. Steevens has observed on the subject of *ladies' sleeves* is certainly true; but the sleeve given in the present instance was the sleeve of *Troilus*. It may be supposed to be an ornamented cuff, such perhaps as was worn by some of our young nobility at a tilt, in Shakspeare's age.

On second consideration, I believe, the sleeve of Troilus, which is here given to Diomedes, was such a one as was formerly worn at tournaments. See Spenser's *View of Ireland*, p. 43, edit. 1633: "Also the deepe smocke *sleive*, which the Irish women use, they say, was old Spanish, and is used yet in Barbary; and yet that should seeme rather to be an old English fashion, for in armory the fashion of the *manche* which is given in armes by many, being indeed nothing else but a sleive, is fashioned much like to that sleive." MALONE.

[5] *No matter, now* &c.] Old copies, redundantly,—*It is* no matter, &c. STEEVENS.

[6] *I shall have it.*] Some word or words, necessary to the metre, are here apparently omitted. STEEVENS.

And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.[7]—Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

DIO. I had your heart before, this follows it.

TRO. I did swear patience.

CRES. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you shall not;
I'll give you something else.

DIO. I will have this; Whose was it?

CRES. 'Tis no matter.

DIO. Come, tell me whose it was.

CRES. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.

DIO. Whose was it?

CRES. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,[8]
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

[7] *As I kiss thee.* &c.] In old editions:
As I kiss thee.
Dio. *Nay, do not snatch it from me.*
Cres. *He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.*
Dr. Thirlby thinks this should be all placed to Cressida. She had the sleeve, and was kissing it rapturously; and Diomedes snatches it back from her. THEOBALD.

[8] *By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,*] i. e. the stars, which she points to. WARBURTON.

So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*
"The *silver-shining queen* he would distain;
"Her twinkling *hand-maids* too, by him defil'd,
"Through night's black bosom should not peep again."
MALONE.

Milton, in his Elegy I. v. 77, has imitated Shakspeare:
"—— cœlo scintillant astra sereno
"*Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ.*" STEEVENS.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—And yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto:[9] but that that likes not you, pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!—
Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.—
[*Exit* Diomedes.
Troilus, farewell![1] one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.[2]

[9] Ther. *Nor I, by Pluto:* &c.] Sir Thomas Hanmer gives this speech to Troilus. It does not very much resemble the language of Thersites. If indeed it belongs to the former character, it should assume a metrical form, though it is here given as it stands in the folio, and the quarto 1609, "imprinted by G. Eld, for R. Bonian and H. Walley." Steevens.

[1] *Troilus, farewell!*] The characters of Cressida and Pandarus are more immediately formed from Chaucer than from Lydgate; for though the latter mentions them both characteristically, he does not sufficiently dwell on either to have furnished

Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads, must err; O then conclude,
Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

[*Exit* CRESSIDA.

THER. A proof of strength she could not publish more,[3]
Unless she said, My mind is now turn'd whore.

ULYSS. All's done, my lord.

TRO. It is.

ULYSS. Why stay we then?

TRO. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;[4]

Shakspeare with many circumstances to be found in this tragedy. Lydgate, speaking of Cressida, says only:

" She gave her heart and love to Diomede,
" To shew what trust there is in woman kind;
" For she of her new love no sooner sped,
" But Troilus was cleane out of her mind,
" As if she never had him known or seen,
" Wherein I cannot guess what she did mean."

STEEVENS.

[3] *But with my heart* &c.] I think it should be read thus:
But my heart with *the other eye doth see.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps, rather:
But with the other eye my heart *doth see.* TYRWHITT.

The present reading is right. She means to say—" one eye yet looks on thee, Troilus, but the other corresponds *with my heart*, and looks after Diomedes." M. MASON.

[4] *A proof of strength she could not publish more,*] She could not publish a stronger proof. JOHNSON.

[4] *That doth invert* the attest *of eyes and ears;*] i. e. that

As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?

ULYSS. I cannot conjure, Trojan.[5]

TRO. She was not sure.

ULYSS. Most sure she was.[6]

TRO. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

ULYSS. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

TRO. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood![7]
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn criticks—apt, without a theme,
For depravation,[8]—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

ULYSS. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?

TRO. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

THER. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

TRO. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:

turns the very testimony of seeing and hearing against themselves. THEOBALD.

[5] *I cannot conjure, Trojan.*] That is, I cannot raise spirits in the form of Cressida. JOHNSON.

[6] *Most sure she was.*] The present deficiency in the measure induces me to suppose our author wrote:

It is *most sure she was.* STEEVENS.

[7] —— for *womanhood!*] i. e. for the sake of womanhood. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *do not give advantage*
To stubborn criticks—*apt, without a theme,*
For depravation,] *Critick* has here, I think, the signification of *Cynick.* So, in *Love's Labour's Lost:*

"And *critick* Timon laugh at idle toys." MALONE.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,[9]
This was not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself![1]
Bi-fold authority![2] where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt;[3] this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth commence a fight[4]

[9] *If there be rule in* unity *itself,*] may mean—If there be *certainty* in *unity*, if there be a *rule* that *one is one*.
JOHNSON.

If it be true that one individual cannot be two distinct persons. M. MASON.

The rule alluded to is a very simple one; that *one* cannot be *two*. This woman therefore, says Troilus, this *false* one, cannot be that Cressida that formerly plighted her faith to me.
MALONE.

[1] —— *against* itself!] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—against *thyself*. In the preceding line also I have followed the quarto. The folio reads—*This* is *not she*. MALONE.

[2] Bi-fold *authority!*] This is the reading of the quarto. The folio gives us:

By foul *authority!*——

There is *madness* in that *disquisition* in which a man reasons at once *for* and *against himself upon authority* which he knows *not to be valid*. The quarto is right. JOHNSON.

This is one of the passages in which the editor of the folio changed words that he found in the quartos, merely because he did not understand them. MALONE.

[3] —— *where reason can revolt*
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt;] The words *loss* and *perdition* are used in their common sense, but they mean the *loss* or *perdition* of *reason*. JOHNSON.

[4] *Within* my soul *there doth commence* a fight—] So, in *Hamlet*:

"Sir, *in my heart*, there was a kind of *fighting*."
MALONE.

Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate[5]
Divides more wider[6] than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter.[7]

[5] —— *a thing inseparate*—] i. e. the plighted troth of lovers. Troilus considers it *inseparable*, or at least that it ought never to be broken, though he has unfortunately found that it sometimes is. MALONE.

[6] —— more *wider*—] Thus the old copies. The modern editions, following Mr. Pope, read—*far* wider; though we have a similar phraseology with the present in almost every one of these plays. MALONE.

So, in *Coriolanus*:

" He bears himself *more proudlier*."

See note on this passage. STEEVENS.

[7] *As* is *Arachne's broken woof, to enter.*] *Is*,—the syllable wanting in this verse, the modern editors have supplied. I hope the mistake was not originally the poet's own; yet one of the quartos read with the folio, *Ariachna's* broken woof, and the other *Ariathna's*. It is not impossible that Shakspeare might have written *Ariadne's* broken woof, having confounded the two names, or the stories, in his imagination: or alluding to the clue of thread, by the assistance of which Theseus escaped from the Cretan labyrinth. I do not remember that *Ariadne's loom* is mentioned by any of the Greek or Roman poets, though I find an allusion to it in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, 1607:

" —— instead of these poor weeds, in robes
" Richer than that which *Ariadne* wrought,
" Or Cytherea's airy-moving vest."

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

" —— thy tresses, *Ariadne's twines*,
" Wherewith my liberty thou hast surpriz'd."

Again, in *Mulcasses the Turk*, 1610:

" Leads the despairing wretch into a maze;
" But not an *Ariadne* in the world
" To lend a *clew* to lead us out of it,
" The very maze of horror."

Shakspeare, however, might have written—*Arachnea*; great liberties being taken in spelling proper names, and especially by ancient English writers. Thus we have both *Alcmene* and *Alcumene*, *Alcmena* and *Alcumena*. STEEVENS.

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,[8]
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.[9]

My quarto, which is printed for R. Bonian, 1609, reads—*Ariachna's* broken woof; the other, which is said to be undated, reads, as Mr. Steevens says—*Ariathna's*. The folio—*Ariachne's*. Mr. Steevens hopes the mistake was not originally the author's, but I think it extremely probable that he pronounced the word as a word of four syllables. MALONE.

[8] —— *knot, five-finger-tied,*] A knot tied by giving her hand to Diomed. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Fatal Dowry*, by Massinger, 1632:

" Your *fingers* tie my heart-strings with this touch,
" In true-love *knots*, which nought but death shall loose."
MALONE.

[9] *The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,*
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten *faith, are bound to Diomed.*] Vows which she has already swallowed *once over*. We still say of a faithless man, that he has *eaten his words*. JOHNSON.

The image is not of the most delicate kind. " Her *o'er-eaten* faith" means, I think, her troth plighted to Troilus, of which she was *surfeited*, and, like one who has *over-eaten* himself, had *thrown off*. All the preceding words, the *fragments*, *scraps*, &c. show that this was Shakspeare's meaning. So, in *Twelfth-Night:*

" Give me *excess* of it [musick]; that *surfeiting*
" The *appetite* may *sicken*, and so *die*."

Again, more appositely, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

" The commonwealth is *sick* of their own choice;
" Their *over-greedy* LOVE hath *surfeited*.—
" O thou fond many! with what loud applause
" Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
" Before he was what thou would'st have him be!

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus[1] be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek;—As much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it:[2] not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call[3],
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

" And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
" Thou, beastly *feeder*, art so *full of him*,
" That thou provok'st thyself to *cast him up*."
MALONE.

[1] *May worthy Troilus*—] Can Troilus really feel, on this occasion, half of what he utters? A question suitable to the calm Ulysses. JOHNSON.

[2] *My sword should* bite *it:*] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor:* " —I have a sword, and it shall *bite*," &c.
In *King Lear* we have also " *biting* faulchion." STEEVENS.

[3] ——— *the dreadful* spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano *call*,] A particular account of " a spout," is given in Captain John Smith's *Sea Grammar*, quarto, 1627: " A *spout* is, as it were a small river falling entirely from the clouds, like one of our water-spouts, which make the sea, where it falleth, to rebound in flashes exceeding high;" i. e. in the language of Shakspeare, to *dizzy the ear of Neptune*.
So also, Drayton:
" And down the shower impetuously doth fall
" Like that *which men the hurricano call*." STEEVENS.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.[4]

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord, adieu:—
Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head![5]

Ulyss. I'll bring you[6] to the gates.

[4] —— *concupy.*] A cant word, formed by our author from *concupiscence*. Steevens.

[5] —— *and wear a* castle *on thy head!*] i. e. defend thy head with armour of more than common security.

So, in *The most ancient and famous History of the renowned Prince Arthur*, &c. edit. 1634, ch. clviii: "Do thou thy best, said Sir Gawaine, therefore hie thee fast that thou wert gone, and wit thou well we shall soone come after, and breake the strongest *castle* that thou hast upon thy head."—*Wear a castle*, therefore, seems to be a figurative expression, signifying, *Keep a castle over your head*; i. e. live within the walls of your castle. In Urry's Chaucer, Sir Thopas is represented with a *castle* by way of crest to his helmet. See, however, *Titus Andronicus*, Act III. sc. i. Steevens.

[6] *I'll bring you* &c.] Perhaps this, and the following short speech, originally stood thus:

Ulyss. *I'll bring you to the gates*, my lord.
Tro. *Accept*
Distracted thanks. Steevens.

TRO. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, ÆNEAS, *and* ULYSSES.

THER. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A burning devil take them![7] [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Troy. *Before* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter HECTOR *and* ANDROMACHE.

AND. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

HECT. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

AND. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.[8]

HECT. No more, I say.

[7] —— *A* burning *devil take them!*] Alluding to the venereal disease, formerly called the *brenning* or *burning*.
M. MASON.

So, in *Isaiah*, iii. 24: "—and *burning* instead of beauty."
STEEVENS.

[8] *My* dreams *will, sure, prove ominous to the day.*] The hint for this dream of Andromache might be either taken from Lydgate, or the following passage in Chaucer's *Nonnes Prestes Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 15, 147:

Enter CASSANDRA.

CAS. Where is my brother Hector?

AND. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,[9]
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

CAS. O, it is true.

HECT. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

CAS. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

"Lo hire Andromacha, Hectores wif,
"That day that Hector shulde lese his lif,
"She dremed on the same night beforne,
"How that the lif of Hector shuld be lorne,
"If thilke day he went into battaile:
"She warned him, but it might not availle;
"He went forth for to fighten natheles,
"And was yslain anon of Achilles." STEEVENS.

My dreams of last night will prove ominous to the day; forebode ill to it, and show that it will be a fatal day to Troy. So, in the seventh scene of this Act:

"—— the quarrel's most *ominous to us.*"

Again, in *King Richard III:*

"———— O thou bloody prison,
"Fatal and *ominous to* noble peers!"

Mr. Pope, and all the subsequent editors, read—*will prove ominous* to-day. MALONE.

Do we gain any thing more than rough versification by restoring the article—*the?* The meaning of Andromache (without it) is—*My dreams will to-day be fatally verified.* STEEVENS.

[9] —— dear *petition,*] *Dear,* on this occasion, seems to mean *important, consequential.* So, in *King Lear:*

"———— some *dear* cause
"Will in concealment wrap me up awhile." STEEVENS.

HECT. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

CAS. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish[1] vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

AND. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,[2]
And rob in the behalf of charity.

[1] ——*peevish*—] i. e. foolish. So, in *King Henry VI.* Part II:

" ——— I will not so presume,
" To send such *peevish* tokens to a king." STEEVENS.

[2] *For we would give* &c.] This is so oddly confused in the folio, that I transcribe it as a specimen of incorrectness:

" —— do not count it holy,
" To hurt by being just; it is as lawful
" *For we would count give much to as violent thefts,*
" And rob in the behalf of charity." JOHNSON.

I believe we should read:

For we would give much, to use *violent thefts,*

i. e. to use violent thefts, *because* we would give much. The word *count* had crept in from the last line but one.

TYRWHITT.

I have adopted the emendation proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt. Mr. Rowe cut the knot, instead of untying it, by reading:

For us *to count* we *give* what's gain'd by *theft,*

and all the subsequent editors have copied him. The last three lines are not in the quarto, the compositor's eye having probably passed over them; in consequence of which the next speech of Cassandra is in that copy given to Andromache, and joined with the first line of this.

In the first part of Andromache's speech she alludes to a doctrine which Shakspeare has often enforced. "Do not you think you are acting virtuously by adhering to an oath, if you have *sworn to do amiss.*" So, in *King John:*

" ——— where doing tends to ill,
" The truth is then most done, not doing it." MALONE.

Cas. It is the purpose,[3] that makes strong the vow;
But vows, to every purpose, must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:[4]
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man[5]
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.
[*Exit* Cassandra.

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth,

[3] *It is the purpose,*] The mad prophetess speaks here with all the coolness and judgment of a skilful casuist. "The essence of a lawful vow, is a lawful purpose, and the vow of which the end is wrong must not be regarded as cogent." Johnson.

[4] *Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:*] If this be not a nautical phrase, which I cannot well explain or apply, perhaps we should read:

Mine honour keeps the weather off my fate:

i. e. I am secured by the cause I am engaged in; mine honour will avert the storms of fate, will protect my life amidst the dangers of the field.—A somewhat similar phrase occurs in *The Tempest:*

"In the lime grove that *weather-fends* our cell."
Steevens.

[5] —— dear *man* —] *Valuable* man. The modern editions read—*brave man.* The repetition of the word is in our author's manner. Johnson.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"This is *dear* mercy, and thou seest it not."
Steevens.

Brave was substituted for *dear* by Mr. Pope. Malone.

I am to-day i'the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

TRO. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion,[6] than a man.

HECT. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

TRO. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.[7]

HECT. O, 'tis fair play.

TRO. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

[6] *Which better fits a lion,*] The traditions and stories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generosity. Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, Troilus reasons not improperly, that to spare against reason, by mere instinct of pity, became rather a generous beast than a wise man. JOHNSON.

Thus, in Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, ch. 16: "The *lion* alone of all wild beasts is gentle to those that humble themselves before him, and will not touch any such upon their submission, but spareth what creature so ever lieth prostrate before him." STEEVENS.

Hence Spenser's Una, attended by a lion. *Fairy Queen*, I. iii. 7. See also Sir Perceval's lion in *Morte Arthur*, B. XIV. c. vi. T. WARTON.

[7] *When many times the captive Grecians fall,——*
You bid them rise, and live.] Shakspeare seems not to have studied the Homeric character of Hector, whose disposition was by no means inclined to clemency, as we may learn from Andromache's speech in the 24th *Iliad*:

" Οὐ γάρ μειλίκιος ἐστι πατὴρ τεὸς ἐν δαὶ λυγρῇ."
" For thy stern father never spar'd a foe." *Pope.*

" Thy father, boy, bore never into fight
" A [illegible] mind,——" *Cowper.* STEEVENS.

Hect. How now? how now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fye, savage, fye!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.[8]

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon[9] my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;[1]
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,

[8] *Hector, then 'tis wars.*] I suppose, for the sake of metre, we ought to read:

Why, *Hector, then 'tis wars.*

Shakspeare frequently uses this adverb emphatically, as in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream:* "Ninus' tomb, man: *Why*, you must not speak that yet." STEEVENS.

[9] —— *with fiery* truncheon —] We have here but a modern Mars. Antiquity acknowledges no such ensign of command as a *truncheon*. The spirit of the passage however is such as might atone for a greater impropriety.

In *Elizabetha Triumphans*, 1588, a poem, in blank verse, written by James Aske, on the defeat of the Spanish armada, the Queen appears, indeed,

"Most brauely mounted on a stately steede,
"With *truncheon* in her hand,—." STEEVENS.

[1] —— *with* recourse *of tears;*] i. e. tears that continue to course one another down the face. WARBURTON.

So, in *As you like it:*

"—— the big round tears
"*Cours'd* one another down his innocent nose ——."
STEEVENS.

Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, *with* PRIAM.

CAS. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

PRI. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

HECT. Æneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

PRI. But thou shalt not go.

HECT. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect;[2] but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

CAS. O Priam, yield not to him.

AND. Do not, dear father.

HECT. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.
[*Exit* ANDROMACHE.

[2] —— *shame respect;*] i. e. disgrace the respect I owe you, by acting in opposition to your commands. STEEVENS.

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector.[3]
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours[4] forth!
Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement,[5]
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro. Away!—Away!—

Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft:—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!

[*Exeunt severally* Priam *and* Hector. *Alarums.*

O farewell, dear Hector.] The interposition and clamorous sorrow of Cassandra were copied by our author from Lydgate. Steevens.

[4] —— shrills *her dolours*—] So, in Spenser's *Epithalamion*:
"Hark, how the minstrels gin to *shrill* aloud
"Their merry musick," &c.
Again, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:
"Through all th' abyss I have *shrill'd* thy daughter's loss,
"With my concave trump." Steevens.

[5] *Behold, destruction, frenzy*, &c.] So the quarto. The editor of the folio, for *destruction* substituted *distraction*. The original reading appears to me far preferable. Malone.

Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.[6]

As Troilus *is going out, enter, from the other side,* Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.

[6] In the folios, and one of the quartos, this scene is continued by the following dialogue between Pandarus and Troilus, which the poet certainly meant to have been inserted at the end of the play, where the three concluding lines of it are repeated in the copies already mentioned. There can be no doubt but that the players shuffled the parts backward and forward, *ad libitum;* for the poet would hardly have given us an unnecessary repetition of the same words, nor have dismissed Pandarus twice in the same manner. The conclusion of the piece will fully justify the liberty which any future commentator may take in omitting the scene here, and placing it at the end, where at present only the few lines already mentioned are to be found. Steevens.

I do not conceive that any editor has a right to make the transposition proposed, though it has been done by Mr. Capell. The three lines alluded to by Mr. Steevens, which are found in the *folio* at the end of this scene, as well as near the conclusion of the play, (with a very slight variation,) are these:

" *Pand.* Why but hear you——
" *Tro.* Hence, broker lacquey! Ignomy and shame
" Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!"

But in the original copy in quarto there is no repetition (except of the words—*But hear you*); no absurdity or impropriety. In that copy the following dialogue between Troilus and Pandarus is found in its present place, precisely as it is here given; but the three lines above quoted do not constitute any part of the scene. For the *repetition* of those three lines, the players, or the editor of the folio, alone are answerable. It never could have been intended by the poet. I have therefore followed the original copy. Malone.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ptisick, a whoreson rascally ptisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o'these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed,[7] I cannot tell what to think on't.—What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; [*Tearing the letter.*
The effect doth operate another way.—
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.

Between Troy *and the* Grecian *Camp.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Thersites.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there, in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the

[7] ——*cursed,*] i. e. under the influence of a malediction, such as mischievous beings have been supposed to pronounce upon those who had offended them. Steevens.

sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals,[8]—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a blackberry:—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism,[9] and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS *following.*

TRO. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

DIO. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

[8] *O' the other side, The policy of those crafty* swearing *rascals*, &c.] But in what sense are Nestor and Ulysses accused of being *swearing* rascals? What, or to whom, did they swear? I am positive that *sneering* is the true reading. They had collogued with Ajax, and trimmed him up with insincere praises, only in order to have stirred Achilles's emulation. In this, they were the true sneerers; betraying the first, to gain their ends on the latter by that artifice. THEOBALD.

Sneering was applicable to the characters of Nestor and Ulysses, and to their conduct in this play; but *swearing* was not. M. MASON.

[9] ——*to proclaim barbarism*,] To set up the authority of ignorance, to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer. JOHNSON.

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!
[*Exeunt* Troilus *and* Diomedes, *fighting*.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood, and honour?[1]

Ther. No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck, for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*

[1] *Art thou of blood, and honour?*] This is an idea taken from the ancient books of romantick chivalry, as is the following one in the speech of Diomedes:

"And am her knight by proof." Steevens.

It appears from *Segar on Honor, Military and Civil*, folio, 1602, p. 122, that a person of superior birth might not be challenged, by an inferior, or if challenged might refuse the combat. Alluding to this circumstance Cleopatra says:

"These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
"A meaner than myself."

We learn from Melvil's *Memoirs*, p. 165, edit. 1735, that "the Laird of Grange offered to fight Bothwell, who answered, that he was neither Earl nor Lord, but a Baron; and so was not his equal. The like answer made he to Tullibardine. Then my Lord Lindsay offered to fight him, which he could not well refuse. But his heart failed him, and he grew cold on the business."

These punctilios are well ridiculed in *Albumazar*, Act IV. c. vii. Reed.

SCENE V.

The same.

Enter DIOMEDES *and a* Servant.

DIO. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;[2]
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

SERV. I go, my lord.
[*Exit* Servant.

Enter AGAMEMNON.

AGAM. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon:[3] bastard Margarelon[4]

[2] ——*take thou* Troilus' horse;] So, in Lydgate:
"That *Troilus* by maine and mighty force
"At unawares, he cast down from his *horse*,
"And gave it to his squire for to beare
"To *Cressida*," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] *Hath beat down Menon:*] So, in Caxton's *Recuyl*, &c.: "And by grete yre assayllid the kynge *Menon*, cosyn of Achilles, and gaf hym so many strokes wyth his sword upon hys helme, that he slewe hym," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*bastard Margarelon*—] The introduction of a bastard son of Priam, under the name of Margarelon, is one of the circumstances taken from the story book of *The Three Destructions of Troy*. THEOBALD.

The circumstance was taken from Lydgate, p. 194:
"Which when the valiant knight, Margareton,
"One of king Priam's bastard children," &c.
STEEVENS.

Hath Doreus prisoner;
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,[1]
Upon the pashed[2] corses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polixenes is slain;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers;[3] haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

[1] ——*waving his* beam,] i. e. his lance like a weaver's beam, as Goliath's spear is described. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. III. vii. 40:

"All were the *beame* in bignes like a mast."

STEEVENS.

[2] ——*pashed*—] i. e. bruised, crushed. So, before, Ajax says:

"I'll *push* him o'er the face." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*the dreadful Sagittary*
Appals our numbers;] "Beyonde the royalme of Amasonne came an auncyent kynge, wyse and discreete, named Epystrophus, and brought a M. knyghtes, and a mervayllouse beste that was called SAGITTAYRE, that bebynde the myddes was an horse, and to fore, a man: this beste was heery like an horse, and had his eyen rede as a cole, and shotte well with a bowe: *this beste made the Grekes sore afrayde, and slewe many of them with his bowe.*" *The Three Destructions of Troy*, printed by Caxton.

THEOBALD.

A more circumstantial account of this Sagittary is to be found in Lydgate's *Auncient Historie*, &c. 1555:

"And with hym Guyd[o] sayth that he hadde
"A wonder archer of syght merueylous,
"Of fourme and shap in maner monstruous:
"For lyke myne auctour[s] I rede in certain,
"Fro the nauel vpwarde he was man,
"And lower downe lyke a horse y-shaped:
"And thilke parte that after man was likked,
"Of skiane was black and rough as any bere
"Couered with here fro colde him for to were.
"Passyng feute and horrible of syght,
"Whose eyen twain were sparkeling as bright
"As is a furneis with his rede leme,
"Or the lyghtnyng that falleth from y^e heauen

Enter NESTOR.

NEST. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,[8]
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls[9]

" Dredeful of loke, and rede as fyre of chere,
" And, as I reade, he was a goode archer;
" And with his bowe both at euen and morowe
" Upon Grekes he wrought moche sorrowe,
" And gasted them with many hydous loke:
" So sterne he was that many of them quoke," &c.
STEEVENS.

[8] ——*on* Galathe *his horse*,] From *The Three Destructions of Troy* is taken this name given to Hector's horse.
THEOBALD.

" Cal'd *Galathe* (the which is said to have been)
" The goodliest horse," &c. *Lydgate*, p. 142.
Again, p. 175:
" And sought, by all the means he could, to take
" *Galathe*, Hector's horse," &c.
Heywood, in his *Iron Age*, 1632, has likewise continued the same appellation to Hector's horse:
" My armour, and my trusty *Galatee*."
Heywood has taken many circumstances in his play from Lydgate. John Stephens, the author of *Cinthia's Revenge*, 1613, (a play commended by Ben Jonson in some lines prefixed to it,) has mounted *Hector* on an *elephant*. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*scaled sculls*—] *Sculls* are great numbers of fishes swimming together. The modern editors, not being acquainted with the term, changed it into *shoals*. My knowledge of this word is derived from Bullokar's *English Expositor*, London, printed by John Legatt, 1616. The word likewise occurs in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592: " He hath, by this, started a covey of bucks, or roused a *scull* of pheasants." The humour of this short speech consists in a misapplication of the appropriate terms of one amusement to another. Again, in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, B. VII. v. 399, &c.:

Before the belching whale;[1] then is he yonder,

" ——————each bay
" With fry innumerable swarms, and shoals
" Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
" Glide under the green wave, in *sculls* that oft
" Bank the mid sea."

Again, in the 26th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*

" My silver-scaled *sculs* about my streams do sweep."

STEEVENS.

Scaled means here dispersed, put to flight. See Vol. VI. p. 312, n. 5; and Vol. XVI. p. 9, n. 8. This is proved decisively by the original reading of the quarto, *scaling*, which was either changed by the poet himself to *scaled*, (with the same sense,) or by the editor of the folio. If the latter was the case, it is probable that not being sufficiently acquainted with our author's manner, who frequently uses the active for the passive participle, he supposed that the epithet was merely descriptive of some quality in the thing described.

The passage quoted above from Drayton does not militate against this interpretation. There the added epithet *silver* shows that the word *scaled* is used in its common sense; as the context here (to say nothing of the evidence arising from the reading of the oldest copy) ascertains it to been employed with the less usual signification already stated.

"The cod from the banks of Newfoundland (says a late writer) pursues the whiting, which flies before it even to the southern shores of Spain. The cachalot, a species of whale, is said, in the same manner, to pursue a shoal of herrings, and to swallow hundreds in a mouthful." Knox's *History of Fish*, 8vo. 1787. The throat of the cachalot (the species of whale alluded to by Shakspeare) is so large, that, according to Goldsmith, he could with ease swallow an ox. MALONE.

Sculls and *shoals* have not only one and the same meaning, but are actually, or at least originally, one and the same word. A *scull* of herrings (and it is to those fish that the speaker alludes) so termed on the coast of Norfolk and Suffolk, is elsewhere called a *shoal*. RITSON.

[1] ——*the* belching *whale*;] So, in *Pericles:*

" ——————the *belching* whale,
" And humming water, must o'erwhelm thy corse."

Homer also compares Achilles to a dolphin driving other fishes before him, *Iliad* XXI. v. 22:

" [illegible]
" [illegible]," &c. STEEVENS.

And there the strawy Greeks,[2] ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:[3]
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

ULYSS. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastick execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

[2] ——*the* strawy *Greeks,*] In the folio it is—the *straying* Greeks. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*the mower's* swath:] *Swath* is the quantity of grass cut down by a single stroke of the mower's scythe. So, Tusser:

"With tossing and raking, and setting on cocks,
"Grass, lately in *swathes*, is meat for an ox."

STEEVENS.

Enter AJAX.

AJAX. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*

DIO. Ay, there, there.

NEST. So, so, we draw together.[4]

Enter ACHILLES.

ACHIL. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller,[5] show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter AJAX.

AJAX. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

DIO. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

AJAX. What would'st thou?

[4] —— *we draw together.*] This remark seems to be made by Nestor in consequence of the return of Ajax to the field, he having lately refused to co-operate or *draw together* with the Greeks, though at present he is roused from his sullen fit by the cries of a friend. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson: "'Tis the swaggering coach-horse Amaides, that *draws* with us there." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *boy-queller*, i. e. murderer of a boy. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part II: "—a *man-queller* and a woman-*queller*." See Vol. X. p. 91, n. 9. STEEVENS.

DIO. I would correct him.

AJAX. Were I the general, thou should'st have my office
Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

TRO. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

DIO. Ha! art thou there?

AJAX. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

DIO. He is my prize, I will not look upon.[6]

TRO. Come both, you cogging Greeks;[7] have at you both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

[6] ——*I will not* look upon.] That is, (as we should now speak,) I will not be a *looker-on*. So, in *King Henry VI.* Part III:

"Why stand we here—
"Wailing our losses,—
"And *look upon*, as if the tragedy
"Were play'd in jest by counterfeited actors?"

These lines were written by Shakspeare. MALONE.

[7] ——*you* cogging *Greeks;*] This epithet has no particular propriety in this place, but the author had heard of *Græcia mendax*. JOHNSON.

Surely the epithet had propriety, in respect of Diomedes at least, who had defrauded him of his mistress. Troilus bestows it on both, *unius ob culpam*. A fraudulent man, as I am told, is still called, in the North, *a gainful Greek*. Cicero bears witness to this character of the ancient Greeks: "Testimoniorum religionem & fidem nunquam ista natio coluit."

Again: "Græcorum ingenia ad fallendum parata sunt." STEEVENS.

Enter HECTOR.

HECT. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

ACHIL. Now do I see thee: Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.

HECT. Pause, if thou wilt.

ACHIL. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy, that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

HECT. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

TRO. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,[8]
He shall not carry him;[9] I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

[8] ——*by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,*] So, in *King John*:

"——by the light that shines above our heads."

STEEVENS.

[9] ——carry *him*;] i. e. prevail over him. So, in *All's well that ends well*:

"——The count he wooes your daughter,
"Resolves to carry her;——" STEEVENS.

Enter one in sumptuous Armour.

HECT. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;[2]

[2] —— *I like thy armour well;*] This circumstance is taken from Lydgate's poem, p. 196:

" ——Guido in his historie doth shew
" By worthy Hector's fall, who coveting
" To have the sumptuous armour of that king, &c.
" So greedy was thereof, that when he had
" The body up, and on his horse it bare,
" To have the spoil thereof such haste he made
" That he did hang his shield without all care
" Behind him at his back, the easier
" To pull the armour off at his desire,
" And by that means his breast clean open lay," &c.

This furnished Shakspeare with the hint for the following line:

" I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek."

STEEVENS.

I quote from the original, 1555:

" —— in this while a Grekish king he mette,
" Were it of hap or of adventure,
" The which in sothe on his cote armoure
" Embrouded had full many ryche stone,
" That gave a lyght, when the sonne shone,
" Full bryght and cleare, that joye was to sene,
" For perles white and emerawdes grene
" Full many one were therein sette.—
" Of whose arraye when Hector taketh hede,
" Towardes him fast gan him drawe.
" And fyrst I fynde how he hath him slawe,
" And after that by force of his manheade
" He hent him up afore him on his stede,
" And fast gan wyth him for to ryde
" From the wardes a lytell out of syde,
" At good leyser playnly, if he maye,
" To [illegible] him of his rych arraye.—
" On horse-backe out whan he him ladde,
" [illegible]
" He caste his shelde at his backe behynde,
" To wyld him selfe at more liberye,—
" So that his brest disarmed was and bare." MALONE.

I'll frush it,[3] and unlock the rivets all,

I'll frush *it,*] The word *frush* I never found elsewhere, nor understand it. Sir T. Hanmer explains it, to *break* or *bruise*. JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Mason observes, that "Hanmer's explanation appears to be right: and the word *frush*, in this sense, to be derived from the verb *froisser*, to bruise, or break to pieces."

To *frush* a chicken, &c. is a term in carving, as ancient as Wynkyn de Worde's book on that subject, 1508; and was succeeded by another phrase, which we may suppose to have been synonymous, viz.—to "*break up* a capon:" words that occur in *Love's Labour's Lost*.

Holinshed (as Mr. Tollet has observed) employs the verb—*to frush*, in his *Description of Ireland*, p. 29: "When they are sore *frusht* with sickness, or too farre withered with age."

The word seems to be sometimes used for any action of violence by which things are separated, disordered, or destroyed. So, in Hinde's *Eliosto Libidinoso*, 1606: "High cedars are *frushed* with tempests, when lower shrubs are not touched with the wind."

Again, in *Hans Beer-pot's Invisible Comedy*, &c. 1618:

"And with mine arm to *frush* a sturdy lance."

Again, in *The History of Helyas Knight of the Swan*, bl. l. no date: "—smote him so courageously with his sworde, that he *frushed* all his helm, wherewith the erle fell backward," &c.

Again, in Stanyhurst's translation of the first Book of Virgil's *Eneid*, 1582:

"All the *frushe* and leavings of Greeks, of wrathful Achilles."

Again:

"——— yf that knight Anthe us haplye
"Were *frusht*, or remanent," &c.

Again, in Sir John Mandevile's account of the magical entertainments exhibited before the *Great Chan*, p. 283: "And then they make knyghts to jouste in armes full lustyly, &c.—and they *touchen* togidere full fiercely."

Again, in Fairfax's *Tasso*:

"Rinaldo's armour *frush'd* and hack'd they had."

STEEVENS.

The meaning of the word is ascertained by the following passage in *The Destruction of Troy*, a book which Shakspeare certainly had before him when he wrote this play: "Saying these wordes, Hercules caught by the head poor Lychas,—and

But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The same.

Enter ACHILLES, *with* Myrmidons.

ACHIL. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms.[4]
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed—Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*

threw him against a rocke so fiercely that hee to-*frushed* and all to-burst his bones, and so slew him." MALONE.

[4] —— execute *your arms.*] To *execute their arms* is to employ them; to put them to use. A similar expression occurs in *Othello*, where Iago says:

"Witness that here Iago doth give up
"The *execution* of his wit, *hands*, heart,
"To wrong'd Othello's service."

And in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Rosaline says to Biron:

"Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
"Which you on all estates will *execute*." M. MASON.

A phrase nearly similar occurs in Froissart's *Chronicle*, Vol. II. cap. lxxviii: "Then the nexte daye Syr John Holande and Syr Raynolde Roy were armed and mounted on theyr horses and soo came to a fayre place redy sanded where they sholde *doo theyr armes*." Fo. lxxxx. STEEVENS.

SCENE VIII.

The same.

Enter MENELAUS *and* PARIS, *fighting: then* THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker, are at it: Now, bull! now dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho!

[*Exeunt* PARIS *and* MENELAUS.

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.[5]

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*

[5] *A bastard son of Priam's.*] Bastard, in ancient times, was a reputable appellation. So, in *King Henry VI.* Part I:

"*Bastard* of Orleans, thrice welcome to us."

See note on this passage, Vol. XIII. p. 21. See also Pope's note on v. 93, *Iliad* V. and on v. 543, *Iliad* VIII. STEEVENS.

SCENE IX.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter HECTOR.

HECT. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!
[*Puts off his Helmet, and hangs his Shield behind him.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* Myrmidons.

ACHIL. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail[6] and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

HECT. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.[7]

[6] *Even with the* vail —] The *vail* is, I think, the *sinking* of the sun; not *veil* or *cover*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*, "*vail* your regard upon," signifies,—Let your notice *descend* upon &c. STEEVENS.

[7] *I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.*] Hector, in Lydgate's poem, falls by the hand of Achilles; but it is Troilus who, having been inclosed round by the Myrmidons, is killed after his armour had been hewn from his body, which was afterwards drawn through the field at the horse's tail. The Oxford editor, I believe, was misinformed; for in the old story-book of *The Three Destructions of Troy*, I find likewise the same account given of the death of Troilus. Heywood, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638, seems to have been indebted to some such work as Sir T. Hanmer mentions:

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike;[8] this is the man
I seek. [Hector *falls.*
So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.[9]
[*A Retreat sounded.*
Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night[1] o'erspreads the earth,

"Had puissant Hector by Achilles' hand
"Dy'd in a single monomachie, Achilles
"Had been the worthy; but being slain by odds,
"The poorest Myrmidon had as much honour
"As faint Achilles, in the Trojan's death."

It is not unpleasant to observe with what vehemence Lydgate, who in the grossest manner has violated all the characters drawn by Homer, takes upon him to reprehend the Grecian poet as the original offender. Thus, in his fourth Book:

"Oh thou, Homer, for shame be now red,
"And thee amase that holdest thy selfe so wyse,
"On Achylles to set suche great a pryse
"In thy bokes for his chivalrye,
"Above echone that dost hym magnyfye,
"That was so sleyghty and so full of fraude,
"Why gevest thou hym so hye a prayse and laude?"

Steevens.

[8] *Strike, fellows, strike;*] This particular of Achilles overpowering Hector by numbers, and without armour, is taken from the old story-book. Hanmer.

On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.]
"Η τοι ὁ μὲν νεκύων ἐπιβήσεται, ἠδὲ καὶ αὐτῷ
"Ὦ Τρῶες κύνες, ἐμὸν ἔγχος, ἐμὸν ἔγχος ἀνάγκη."
Iliad XXII. v. 395. Malone.

[1] *The* dragon *wing of night*—] See Vol. XIII. p. 309, n. 9. Malone.

And, stickler like,[2] the armies separates.
My half-supp'd sword,[3] that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—
[*Sheaths his Sword.*

[2] *And*, stickler-*like*,] A *stickler* was one who stood by to part the combatants when victory could be determined without bloodshed. They are often mentioned by Sidney. "Anthony (says Sir Thomas North, in his translation of Plutarch,) was himself in person *a stickler* to part the young men when they had fought enough." They were called *sticklers*, from carrying sticks or staves in their hands, with which they interposed between the duellists. We now call these *sticklers—sidesmen*. So, again, in a comedy, called, *Fortune by Land and Sea*, by Heywood and Rowley: "—'tis not fit that every apprentice should with his shop-club play between us the *stickler*." Again, in the tragedy of *Faire Mariam*, 1613:

"And was the *stickler* 'twixt my heart and him."

Again, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1633:

"As *sticklers* in their nation's enmity." STEEVENS.

Minsheu gives the same etymology, in his *Dictionary*, 1617: "A *stickler* betweene two, so called as putting a *stick* or staffe between two fighting or fencing together." MALONE.

Sticklers are arbitrators, judges, or, as called in some places, sidesmen. At every wrestling in Cornwall, before the *games* begin, a certain number of *sticklers* are chosen, who regulate the proceedings, and determine every dispute. The nature of the English language, as I conceive, does not allow the derivation of *stickler* from *stick*, which, as a word, it has not the remotest connection with. *Stickler* (*stic-kle-er*) is immediately from the verb *stickle*, to interfere, to take part with, to busy one's self in any matter. RITSON.

[3] *My half-supp'd sword*, &c.] These four despicable verses, as well as the rhyming fit with which "the blockish Ajax" is afterwards seized, could scarce have fallen from the pen of our author, in his most unlucky moments of composition. STEEVENS.

Whatever may have been the remainder of this speech, as it came out of Shakspeare's hands, we may be confident that this bombast stuff made no part of it. Our author's gold was stolen, and the thief's brass left in its place. RITSON.

Perhaps this play was hastily altered by Shakspeare from an

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail.[4] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

The same.

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and Others, marching. Shouts within.*

AGAM. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

NEST. Peace, drums.

[*Within.*] Achilles!
Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

DIO. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

AJAX. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was as good a man as he.

AGAM. March patiently along:—Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

elder piece, which the reader will find mentioned in p. 223, n. 2. Some of the scenes therefore he might have fertilized, and left others as barren as he found them. STEEVENS.

[4] *Along the field I will the Trojan trail.*] Such almost (changing the name of Troilus for that of *Hector*) is the argument of Lydgate's 31st chapter, edit. 1555: "How Achilles slewe the worthy Troylus unknyghtly, and after *trayled* his body through the fyelde tyed to his horse." STEEVENS.

SCENE XI.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter ÆNEAS *and* Trojans.

ÆNE. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.[5]

Enter TROILUS.

TRO. Hector is slain.

ALL. Hector?—The gods forbid!

TRO. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy![6]

[5] *Never go home;* &c.] This line is in the quarto given to Troilus. JOHNSON.

[6] ——smile *at Troy!*] Thus the ancient copies; but it would better agree with the rest of Troilus's wish, were we to read, with a former editor:

——smite *at Troy!*
I say, at once! STEEVENS.

There can be no doubt but we should read—*smite* at, instead of—*smile*. The following words, "I say, at once," make that unquestionable. To call upon the heavens to *frown*, and on the Gods to *smile*, at the self-same moment, would be too absurd even for that violent agitation of mind with which Troilus is supposed to be actuated. M. MASON.

Smite was introduced into the text by Sir Thomas Hanmer, and adopted by Dr. Warburton. I believe the old reading is the true one.

Mr. Upton thinks that Shakspeare had the Psalmist in view: "He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn; the

I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

ÆNE. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

TRO. You understand me not, that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,[7]
Cold[8] statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight[9] upon our Phrygian plains,

Lord shall have them in derision." *Ps.* ii. 4. "The Lord shall laugh him to scorn; for he hath seen that his day is coming." *Ps.* xxxvii. 13. In the passage before us, (he adds,) "the heavens are the ministers of the Gods to execute their vengeance, and they are bid to *frown on;* but the Gods themselves *smile at Troy;* they hold Troy *in derision, for their day is coming.*"
MALONE.

[7] *Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,*] I adopt the correction of Mr. [illegible] would read—*weeping*, i. e. weeping Niobes. The Saxon [illegible] participle in *ende*, for *ing*, is common in our old poets, and often corrupted in the press. So, in Spenser:

"His glitt'ring armour shined far away."

Where the common edition has—*glitter and.* WHALLEY.

There is surely no need of emendation. STEEVENS.

[8] *Cold*—] The old copy—*Cool.* STEEVENS.

[9] *pight*—] i. e. pitched, fixed. The old pluperfect preterite and participle passive of *pitch*. So, Spenser:

"Then brought she me into this desert waste,
And by my wretched lover's side me pight."
STEEVENS.

Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-siz'd coward!
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.[1]

[*Exeunt* ÆNEAS *and* Trojans.

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other side,* PANDARUS.

PAN. But hear you, hear you!

TRO. Hence, broker lackey![2] ignomy and shame[3]
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit* TROILUS.

[1] ——*with comfort go:*
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.] This couplet affords a full and natural close of the play; and though I once thought differently, I must now declare my firm belief that Shakspeare designed it should end here, and that what follows is either a subsequent and injudicious restoration from the elder drama, mentioned in p. 223, or the nonsense of some wretched buffoon, who represented Pandarus. When the hero of the scene was not only alive, but on the stage, our author would scarce have trusted the conclusion of his piece to a subordinate character, whom he had uniformly held up to detestation. It is still less probable that he should have wound up his story with a stupid outrage to decency, and a deliberate insult on his audience.—But in several other parts of this drama I cannot persuade myself that I have been reading Shakspeare.

As evident an interpolation is pointed out at the end of *Twelfth-Night*. See Vol. V. p. 419. STEEVENS.

[2] *Hence*, broker *lackey!*] Thus the quarto and folio. For *broker* the editor of the second folio substituted *brother*, which, in the third, was changed to *brothel*.

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!— O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a' work, and how ill requited! Why should our endeavour be so loved,[4] and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?— Let me see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting:
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.[5]

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester[6] would hiss:

Broker, in our author's time, signified a bawd of either sex. So, in *King John*:

"This bawd, this *broker*, this all-changing word," &c. See Vol. X. p. 108, n. 9. Malone.

[4] ——ignomy *and shame*—] *Ignomy* was used, in our author's time, for *ignominy*. See Vol. XI. p. 426, n. 9. Malone.

[4] ——*loved*,] Quarto; *desir'd*, folio. Johnson.

[5] ——*set this in your* painted cloths.] i. e. the painted canvas with which your rooms are hung. See Vol. VIII. p. [illegible]. Steevens.

[6] *Some galled goose of Winchester*.—] The publick stews were anciently under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester. Pope.

Till then I'll sweat,[7] and seek about for eases;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.
[*Exit.*[8]

Mr. Pope's explanation may be supported by the following passage in one of the old plays, of which my negligence has lost the title:

"Collier! how came the *goose* to be put upon you?

"I'll tell thee: The term lying at *Winchester* in Henry the Third's days, and many French women coming out of the Isle of Wight thither, &c. there were many punks in the town," &c.

A particular symptom in the *lues venerea* was called a *Winchester goose*. So, in Chapman's comedy of *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606: "—the famous school of England call'd *Winchester*, famous I mean for the *goose*," &c.

Again, Ben Jonson, in his poem called *An Execration on Vulcan:*

"——this a sparkle of that fire let loose,
"That was lock'd up in the *Winchestrian goose*,
"Bred on the Bank in time of popery,
"When Venus there maintain'd her mystery."

In an ancient satire, called *Cocke Lorelles Bote*, bl. l. printed by Wynkyn de Worde, no date, is the following list of the different residences of harlots:

"There came such a wynd fro *Winchester*,
"That blewe these women over the ryver,
"In wherys, as I wyll you tell:
"Some at Kaynt *Kateryns* stroke agrounde,
"And many in *Holborne* were founde,
"Some at sainte *Gyles* I trowe:
"Also in *Ave Maria Ally*, and at *Westmenster;*
"And some in *Shoredyche* drewe theder,
"With grete lamentacyon;
"And by cause they have lost that fayre place,
"They wyll bylde at *Colman hedge* in space," &c.

Hence the old proverbial simile—"As common as *Coleman Hedge:*" now *Coleman Street*. STEEVENS.

As the publick stews were under the controul of the Bishop of Winchester, a strumpet was called a *Winchester goose*, and a *galled Winchester goose* may mean, either a strumpet that had the venereal disease, or one that felt herself hurt by what Pandarus had said. It is probable that the word was purposely used to express both these senses. It does not appear to me, from

the passage cited by Steevens, that any symptom of the venereal disease was called a *Winchester goose*." M. Mason.

Cole, in his Latin *Dict.* 1669, renders a *Winchester goose* by *pudendagra*. Malone.

There are more hard bombastical phrases in the serious part of this play, than, I believe, can be picked out of any other six plays of Shakspeare. Take the following specimens: *Tortive,—persistive,—protractive,—importless,—insistare,—deracinate,—dividable*. And in the next Act: *Past-proportion,—unrespective,—propugnation,—self-assumption,—self-admission,—assubjugate,—kingdom'd*, &c. Tyrwhitt.

[7] —— *I'll sweat*,] i. e. adopt the regimen then used for curing what Pistol calls "the malady of France." Thus, says the *Bawd*, in *Measure for Measure:* "—what with the *sweat*, &c. I am custom-shrunk." See note on *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. sc. iii. Steevens.

[7] This play is more correctly written than most of Shakspeare's compositions, but it is not one of those in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is fully displayed. As the story abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention; but he has diversified his characters with great variety, and preserved them with great exactness. His vicious characters disgust, but cannot corrupt, for both Cressida and Pandarus are detested and contemned. The comick characters seem to have been the favourites of the writer; they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature; but they are copiously filled and powerfully impressed. Shakspeare has in his story followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular; but the character of Thersites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his version of Homer. Johnson.

The first seven Books of Chapman's Homer were published in the year 1596, and again in 1598. They were dedicated as follows: *To the most honoured now living instance of the Achillean virtues exemplified by divine Homere, the Earle of Essexe, Earl Marshall*, &c. The whole twenty-four Books of the *Iliad* appeared in 1611. An anonymous interlude, called Thersytes *his Humours and Conceits*, had been published in 1598. Puttenham also, in his *Arte of Englishe Poesie*, 1589, p. 55, makes mention of "*Thersites* the glorious Noddie" &c. Steevens.

The interlude of *Thersites* was, I believe, published long before 1598. That date was one of the numerous forgeries of

Chetwood the Prompter, as well as the addition to the title of the piece—" Thersites *his Humours and Conceits;*" for no such words are found in the catalogue published in 1671, by Kirkman, who appears to have seen it. MALONE.

P. 436. *How the devil* luxury, *with his fat rump, and* potatoe *finger, tickles these together.*] *Luxuria* was the appropriate term used by the school divines, to express the sin of incontinence, which accordingly is called *luxury* in all our old English writers. In the *Summæ Theologiæ Compendium* of Thomas Aquinas, P. 2. II. Quæst. CLIV. is *de Luxuriæ Partibus*, which the author distributes under the heads of *Simplex Fornicatio, Adulterium, Incestus, Stuprum, Raptus*, &c. and Chaucer, in his *Parson's Tale*, descanting on the seven deadly sins, treats of this under the title *De Luxuria.* Hence, in *King Lear*, our author uses the word in this particular sense:

" To't, *Luxury*, pell-mell, for I want soldiers."

And Middleton, in his *Game of Chess:*

" ——in a room fill'd all with *Aretine's* pictures,
" (More than the twelve labours of *Luxury,*)
" Thou shalt not so much as the chaste pummel see
" Of Lucrece' dagger."

But why is *luxury*, or lasciviousness, said to have a *potatoe finger?*—This root, which was, in our author's time, but newly imported from America, was considered as a rare exotick, and esteemed a very strong provocative. As the plant is so common now, it may entertain the reader to see how it is described by Gerard, in his *Herbal*, 1597, p. 780:

" This plant, which is called of some Skyrrits of Peru, is generally of us called *Potatus*, or *Potatoes.*—There is not any that hath written of this plant:—therefore, I refer the description thereof unto those that shall hereafter have further knowledge of the same. Yet I have had in my garden divers roots (that I bought at the Exchange in London) where they flourished until winter, at which time they perished and rotted. They are used to be eaten roasted in the ashes. Some, when they be so roasted, infuse them and sop them in wine; and others, to give them the greater grace in eating, do boil them with prunes. Howsoever they be dressed, they comfort, nourish, and strengthen the bodie, procure *bodily lust, and that with great greediness.*"

Drayton, in the 20th Song of his *Polyolbion*, introduces the same idea concerning the *skirret*:

"The *skirret*, which, some say, in sallets *stirs the blood*."

Shakspeare alludes to this quality of *potatoes* in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "Let the sky rain *potatoes*, hail kissing comfits, and snow eringoes; let *a tempest of provocation* come."

Ben Jonson mentions *potatoe pies* in *Every Man out of his Humour*, among other *good unctuous meats*. So, T. Heywood, in *The English Traveller*, 1633:

"Caviare, sturgeon, anchovies, pickled oysters; yes
"And a *potatoe pie*: besides all these,
"What thinkest rare and costly."

Again, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633: "—truly I think a marrow-bone pye, candied eringoes, preserved *dates*, or *marmalade* of cantharides, were much better harbingers; *cock-sparrows* stew'd, dove's brains, or swans' pizzles, are very *provocative*; ROASTED POTATOES, or boiled skirrets, are your only lofty dishes."

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635: "If she be a woman, marrow-bones and *potator-pies* keep me," &c.

Again, in *A Chaste Maid of Cheapside*, by Middleton, 1620:

"You might have spar'd this banquet of eringoes,
"Artichokes, *potatoes*, and your butter'd crab;
"They were fitter kept for your own wedding dinner."

Again, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611: "—a banquet of oyster-pies, skirret-roots, *potatoes*, eringoes, and divers other whet-stones of venery."

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

"*Potatoes* eke, if you shall lack
"To corroborate the back."

Again, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601: "—by Gor, an me had known dis, me woode have eat som *potatos*, or ringoe."

Again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Love and Honour*, 1649:

"You shall find me a kind of sparrow, widow;
"A barley-corn goes as far as a *potatoe*."

Again, in *The Ghost*, 1640:

"Then, the fine broths I daily had sent to me,
"*Potatoe* pasties, lusty marrow-pies," &c.

Again, in *Histriomastix, or the Player whipt*, 1610:

"Give your play-gull a stool, and your lady her fool,
"And her usher *potatoes* and marrow."

Nay, so notorious were the virtues of this root, that W. W. the old translator of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, 1595, has introduced them into that comedy. When Menechmus goes to

the house of his mistress Erotium to bespeak a dinner, he adds, "Harke ye, some oysters, a mary-bone pie or two, some artichockes, and *potato-roots;* let our other dishes be as you please."

Again, in Greene's *Disputation between a Hee Coneycatcher and a Shee Coneycatcher*, 1592: "I pray you, how many badde proffittes againe growes from whoores. Bridewell woulde have verie fewe tenants, the hospitall would wante patientes, and the surgians much woorke: the apothecaries would have surphaling water and *potato-roots* lye deade on their handes."

Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson: "—'tis your only dish, above all your *potatoes* or oyster-pies in the world."

Again, in *The Elder Brother*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"A banquet—well, *potatoes* and eringoes,
"And as I take it, cantharides—Excellent!"

Again, in *The Loyal Subject*, by the same authors:

"Will your lordship please to taste a fine *potato?*
"'Twill advance your wither'd state,
"Fill your honour full of noble itches," &c.

Again, in *The Martial Maid*, by Beaumont and Fletcher: "Will your ladyship have a *potatoe-pie?* 'tis a good stirring dish for an old lady after a long lent."

Again, in *The Sea Voyage*, by the same authors:

"————Oh, for some eringoes,
"*Potatoes*, or cantharides!"

Again:

"See provoking dishes, candied eringoes
"And *potatoes*."

Again, in *The Picture*, by Massinger:

"———— he hath got a pye
"Of marrow-bones, *potatoes* and eringoes."

Again, in Massinger's *New Way to pay old Debts:*

"——'tis the quintessence
"Of five cocks of the game, ten dozen of sparrows,
"Knuckles of veal, *potatoe-roots* and marrow,
"Coral and ambergris," &c.

Again, in *The Guardian*, by the same author:

"———— Potargo,
"*Potatoes*, marrow, caviare—."

Again, in *The City Madam*, by the same:

"——prescribes my diet, and foretells
"My dreams when I eat *potatoes*."

Taylor the Water-poet likewise, in his character of a Bawd, ascribes the same qualities to this genial root.

Again, Decker, in his *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: "*Potato-pies* and custards stood like the sinful suburbs of cookery," &c.

Again, in Marston's *Satires*, 1599:

" —— camphire and lettice chaste,
" Are now cashier'd—now Sophi 'ringoes eate,
" Candi'd *potatoes* are Athenians' meate."

Again, in Holinshed's *Chronicle*, *Description of England*, p. 167: "Of the *potato* and such *venerous* roots, &c. I speake not."

Lastly, in Sir John Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596: "Perhaps you have been used to your dainties of *potatoes*, of caveare, eringus, plums of Genowa, all which may well encrease your appetite to severall evacuations."

In *The good Huswives Jewell*, a book of cookery published in 1596, I find the following receipt *to make a tarte that is a courage to a man or woman:* "Take two *quinces*, and twoo or three *barre* rootes, and a POTATON: and pare your POTATON and scrape your roots, and put them into a quarte of wine, and let them boyle till they bee tender, and put in an ounce of *dates*, and when they be boiled tender, drawe them through a strainer, wine and all, and then put in the yolkes of eight eggs, and the braynes of three or four *cocke-sparrowes*, and straine them into the other, and a little rose-water, and seeth them all with sugar, cinnamon, and ginger, and cloves, and mace; and put in a little sweet butter, and set it upon a chafing-dish of coles between two platters, to let it boyle till it be something bigge."

Gerard elsewhere observes, in his *Herbal*, that "*potatoes* may serve as a ground or foundation whereon the cunning confectioner or sugar-baker may worke and frame many comfortable conserves and *restorative* sweetmeats."

The same venerable botanist likewise adds, that *the stalk of clotburre*, "being eaten rawe with salt and pepper, or boiled in the broth of fat meat, is pleasant to be eaten, and *stirreth up venereal motions*. It likewise strengtheneth the *back*," &c.

Speaking of *dates*, he says, that "thereof be made divers excellent cordial comfortable and nourishing medicines, and that procure *lust of the body very mightily*." He also mentions *quinces* as having the same virtues.

We may likewise add, that Shakspeare's own authority for the efficacy of *quinces* and *dates* is not wanting. He has certainly introduced them both as proper to be employed in the wedding dinner of Paris and Juliet:

" They call for *dates* and *quinces* in the pastry."

It appears from Dr. Campbell's *Political Survey of Great Britain*, that *potatoes* were brought into Ireland about the year 1610, and that they came first from Ireland into Lancashire. It was, however, forty years before they were much cultivated

about London. At this time they were distinguished from the Spanish by the name of Virginia *potatoes*,—or *battatas*, which is the Indian denomination of the Spanish sort. The Indians in Virginia called them *openank*. Sir Walter Raleigh was the first who planted them in Ireland. Authors differ as to the nature of this vegetable, as well as in respect of the country from whence it originally came. Switzer calls it *Sisarum Peruvianum*, i. e. the *skirret of Peru*. Dr. Hill says it is a *solanum*; and another very respectable naturalist conceives it to be *a native of Mexico*.

The accumulation of instances in this note is to be regarded as a proof how often dark allusions might be cleared up, if commentators were diligent in their researches. COLLINS.

END OF VOL. XV.

Printed by S. Hamilton, Weybridge.